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The Lady's Last Stake

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BOOK I.

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LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, PASSIONIST.

BOOK I.

F. Ignatius, a Young Noble.

CHAPTER I.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

SAINT PAUL gives the general history of childhood in one sentence: "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." The thoughts and ways of children are wonderfully similar; the mind is not sufficiently developed to give direction to character, and the peculiar incidents that are sometimes recorded to prove "the child the father of the man," seem more the result of chance than deliberation. With all this, we like to bask our memory in those sunny days: we love to look at our cradles, at where we made and spoiled our little castles, and we recall the smallest incidents to mind, as if to try and fancy we could be children again. This natural sentiment makes us anxious to know all about the infancy and childhood of those whose life has an interest for us;

although knowing that there can be nothing very strange about it; and even, if there be, that it cannot have much weight in moulding the character of our hero, and less still in influencing our own. The childhood of Father Ignatius forms an exception to this. It is wonderful; it shaped his character for a great part of his life. Its history is written by himself, and it is instructive to all who have charge of children. Before quoting from his own autobiography, it may be well to say something about his family; more, because it is customary to do so on occasions like the present, than to give information about what is already well known.

His father was George John, Earl Spencer, K.G., &c., &c. He was connected by ties of consanguinity and affinity with the Earl of Sunderland and the renowned Duke of Marlborough; was successively member of Parliament, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and succeeded Lord Chatham as First Lord of the Admiralty on the 20th of December, 1794. This office he retained until 1800, and, during his administration, the naval history of England shone with the victories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile. Perhaps his term of office was more glorious to himself from the moderation and justice with which he quelled the mutiny at the Nore, than from the fact of his having published the victories that gave such glory to his country. He married, in 1781, Lavinia, the daughter of Sir Charles Bingham, afterwards Earl of Lucan. Five sons and three daughters were the issue of this marriage. Two of them died in infancy. The oldest, John Charles, Lord Althorp, succeeded his father in 1834, and died childless in 1845; the second, Sarah, is the present Dowager Lady Lyttelton; the fifth, Robert Cavendish, died unmarried in 1830; the sixth, Georgiana, was married to Lord George Quin, son to the Marquis of Headfort, and died in 1823; the seventh, Frederick, father of the present earl, succeeded his elder brother in 1845. The youngest, the Honourable George Spencer, is the subject of the present biography.

He was born on the 21st of December, 1799, at the Admiralty in London, and baptized according to the rite of

the Church of England, by the Rev. Charles Norris, prebendary of Canterbury. Whether he was taken to Althorp, the family seat in Northamptonshire, to be nursed, before his father retired from office in 1800, we have no means of knowing; but, certain it is, that it was there he spent his childhood until he went to Eton in 1808. We will let himself give us the history of his mind during this portion of his existence: the history of his body is that of a nobleman's child, tended in all things as became his station:—

"My recollections of the five or six first years of my life are very vague,—more so by far than in the case of other persons; and whether I had any notions of religion before my six-year-old birthday, I cannot tell. But it was on that day, if I am not mistaken, that I was taken aside, as for a serious conversation, by my sister's governess, who was a Swiss lady, under whose care I passed the years between leaving the nursery and being sent to school, and instructed by her, for the first time, concerning the existence of God and some other great truths of religion. It seems strange now that I should have lived so long without acquiring any ideas on the subject: my memory may deceive me, but I have a most clear recollection of the very room at Althorp where I sat with her while she declared to me, as a new piece of instruction, for which till then I had not been judged old enough, that there was an Almighty Being, dwelling in heaven, who had created me and all things, and whom I was bound to fear. Till then, I believe, I had not the least apprehension of the existence of anything beyond the sensible world around me. This declaration, made to me as it was with tender seriousness, was, I believe, accompanied with gracious expressions, which have never been, in all my errors and wanderings, obliterated. To what but the grace of God can I ascribe it, that I firmly believed from the first moment this truth, of which I was not capable of understanding a proof, and that I never since have entertained a doubt of it, nor been led, like so many more, to universal scepticism; that my faith in the truth of God should have been preserved while for so long a time I lived, as I afterwards did, wholly without its influence?

"I continued, with my brother Frederick, who was twenty months older than myself, under the instruction of this same governess, till we went to Eton School. I do not remember the least difficulty in receiving as true whatever I was taught of religion at that time. It never occurred to me to think that objections might be made to it, though I knew that different religious persuasions existed. I remember being told by our governess, and being pleased in the idea, that the Church of England was peculiarly excellent; but I remember no distinct feelings of opposition or aversion to the Catholic religion. Of serious impressions I was at that time, I believe, very susceptible; but they must have been most transient. I remember, more than once, distinctly saying my prayers with fervour; though, generally, I suppose, I paid but little attention to them. I was sometimes impressed with great fear of the Day of Judgment, as I remember once in particular, at hearing a French sermon read about it; and, perhaps, I did not knowingly offend God, but I could not be said to love God, nor heartily to embrace religion, if, as I suppose, my ordinary feeling must have corresponded with what I remember well crossing my mind when I was about seven years old,—great regret at reflecting on the sin of Adam; by which I understood that I could not expect to live for ever on the earth. Whatever I thought desirable in the world,—abundance of money, high titles, amusements of all sorts, fine dress, and the like,—as soon and as far as I understood anything about them, I loved and longed for; nor do I see how it could have been otherwise, as the holy, severe maxims of the Gospel truth on these matters were not impressed upon me. Why is it that the truth on these things is so constantly withheld from children; and, instead of being taught by constant, repeated, unremitting lessons that the world and all that it has is worth nothing; that, if they gain all, but lose their souls, they gain nothing; if they lose all and gain their souls, they gain all? Why is it that they are to be encouraged to do right by promises of pleasure, deterred from evil by worldly fear, and so trained up, as it seems, to put a false value on all things? How

easily, as it now appears to me, might my affections in those days have been weaned from the world, and made to value God alone? But let me not complain, but bless God for the care,—the very unusual care, I believe,—which was taken of me, by which I remained, I may say, ignorant of what evil was at an age when many, I fear, become proficients. This blessing, however, of being wonderfully preserved from the knowledge, and consequently from the practice, of vice, was more remarkably manifested in the four years of my life succeeding those of which I have been now writing."

The instilling into young minds religious motives for their actions was a frequent topic of conversation with Father Ignatius in his after-life. He was once speaking with some of our young religious on this subject in general; one of them remarked how easy it was to act upon holy motives practically, and instanced his own childhood, when the thought that God would love or hate him kept him straight in his actions: this was the simple and perpetually repeated lesson of his mother, which he afterwards forgot, but which finally stopped him in a career of ambition, and made him a religious. The old man's eye glistened as he heard this, and he sighed deeply. He then observed that it confirmed his opinion, that parents ought to instruct their own children, and never commit them to the mercies of a public school until they were perfectly grounded in the practice of virtue and piety. The next chapter will show why he thought thus.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR FIRST YEARS AT ETON.

"THE 18th of May, 1808, was the important day when first I left my father's house. With a noble equipage, my father and mother took my brother Frederick and me to the house of the Rev. Richard Godley, whom they had chosen to be our private tutor at Eton. He lived, with his family, at a place called the Wharf, about half a mile from the college buildings, which we had to go to for school and chapel across the playing-fields. Oh! how interesting are my recollections whilst I recall the joys and sorrows of Eton days; but I must not expatiate on them, as my own feelings would lead me to do with pleasure. What I have to do now is to record how the circumstances in which I was then placed have contributed to influence my religious principles, and formed some links in the chain of events by which I have arrived at my present state, so different from all that might then have been anticipated. Mr. Godley I consider to have been, what I believe my parents likewise regarded him, a strictly conscientious and deeply religious man; and I must always account it one of the greatest blessings for which, under God, I am indebted to their wisdom and affection, that I was placed in such hands at so critical a time. I do not intend, in all points, to declare my approbation of the system which he pursued with us: but how can I be too grateful for having been under the strict vigilance of one who did, I am convinced, reckon the preservation of my innocence, and the salvation of my soul, his chief concern with me? I remained with Mr. Godley till the Midsummer holidays of 1812. My brother left Eton and went to sea in the year 1811.

"Those who know what our public schools are, will reckon it, I believe, almost incredible that I should be four years at Eton, and remain, as I did, still almost ignorant of what the language of wickedness meant. Mr. Godley's yoke I certainly thought at the time to be a heavy one. Several times each day we were obliged to go across the playing-fields to school, to chapel, or to *absence* (which was the term by which Etonians will yet understand the calling over the names of the boys at certain times); so that during the daytime, when in health, we could never be more than three hours together without appearing with the boys of the school. Mr. Godley, however, was inexorable in his rule that we should invariably come home immediately after each of these occasions: by this we were kept from much intercourse with other boys. Most grievous then appeared my unhappy lot, in the summer months especially, when we had to pass through the playing-fields, crowded with cricketers, to whom a lower boy, to fag for them and stop their balls, was sure to be an important prize, whose wrath we incurred if we dared despise their call, and run on our way; whilst, if we were but a few minutes late, the yet more terrible sight awaited us of Mr. Godley's angry countenance. We had not exemption from one of these musters, as most boys had who lived at a distance from the school, yet none of them were bound like us to a speedy return home. It seemed like an Egyptian bondage, from which there was no escape; and doubtless the effect was not altogether good upon my character. As might be expected, the more we were required to observe rules and customs different from others, the more did a certain class of big bullies in the school seem to count it their business to watch over us, as though they might be our evil geniuses. A certain set of faces, consequently, I looked upon with a kind of mysterious dread; and I was under a constant sense of being as though in an enemy's country, obliged to guard against dangers on all sides. Shrinking and skulking became my occupation beyond the ordinary lot of little schoolboys, and my natural disposition to be cowardly and spiritless was perhaps increased. I say *perhaps*, for other

circumstances might have made me worse; for what I was in the eyes of the masters of public opinion in the school, I really was—a chicken-hearted creature, what, in Eton language, is called a *sawney*. It may be, that had I been from the first in free intercourse among the boys, instead of being a good innocent one, I might have been, what I suppose must be reckoned one of the worst varieties of public school characters, a mean, dishonourable one. Whatever I may have lost from not being trained, from the first of my Eton life, in the perfect spirit of the place, could I possibly have escaped during that time in any other way the utter corruption of my morals, at least the filling of my mind with familiar images of all the most foul iniquity? For, alas! where is the child from the age of eight till twelve who, without one compassionate friend, already strong in virtue to countenance and to encourage him, shall maintain the profession of modesty and holiness against a persecution as inveterate and merciless in its way as that which Lot had to bear at Sodom? Was not the angel of God with me when He preserved me for so long from all attacks of this kind in such a place as Eton was in my time? How can I remember Godley but with veneration and gratitude, who, though, it may be, not so considerately and wisely as might be possible (for who is as wise as he might be?), kept me, I might say, almost alone untainted in the midst of so much corruption.

"Yet, till the last year of my stay with him, I did not learn decidedly to love religion. It was still my task and not my pleasure. At length, my brother Frederick being gone to sea, and two other boys, Mr. Godley's stepsons, who were with us under his instructions, being sent to school elsewhere, I remained his only pupil, and, I may almost say, his chief care and joy. He felt with me and for me in the desolation of my little heart, at being parted from my first and hitherto inseparable mate, and I became his almost constant companion. It is not difficult to gain the confidence of a simple child: he spoke almost continually of religious subjects, and I learnt to take his view of things. I certainly did not begin to lose my pleasure in life. Death

was an idea which still was strange to me; and I did not come to an understanding of the great doctrines of Revelation. I remember not to have taken much notice of any peculiar articles of faith; but still believed implicitly, without argument or inquiry, what I was taught. I can now hardly give an account of what were the religious ideas and impressions which began so greatly to engage my mind, except that I took my chief delight in hearing Mr. Godley speak about religion, that I had a great abhorrence and dread of wickedness, thought with pleasure of my being intended to be a clergyman, as I was always told I should be, and admired and loved all whom I was taught to look upon as religious people. All these simple feelings of piety, which were often accompanied with pure delight, were greatly increased in a visit of six weeks which I paid, with Mr. Godley, to his mother and sisters at Chester. He was a Prebendary of that cathedral, and of course had to spend some time there every year in residence. Usually, when he went from home, from time to time, he was used to get one of the other tutors at Eton to hear my brother's and my lessons, and to look over our exercises; but in the last summer I staid with him, with my father's consent, he took me with him. Mr. Godley's sisters, who showed me great kindness, like him, I suppose, had no wish concerning me than to encourage me in becoming pious and good, and I got to read a few pious books which they recommended. 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Doddridge's 'Life of Colonel Gardiner,' Alleine's 'Alarm,' were some which I remember taking great effect upon me; so that when I returned from Chester to Eton, though I cannot recall many particulars of my feelings, I know that the chief prevailing one was, an ardent desire to keep myself untainted at Eton, and to keep from all fellowship with the set of boys whom I knew to be particularly profane mockers of piety. I bought a book of prayers, and during the three weeks that I yet remained with this tutor, after our return from Chester, and when first I went home to the summer holidays, I took no delight like that of being by myself at prayer. Ah! how grievous would be the thought if we could but understand how to

lament such a calamity as it deserves, of a pious child's tender, pure soul defiled, made forgetful of all its good, and hardened. O God, grant me wisdom to understand the magnitude of such an evil, grant me a heart now at length to mourn over the devastation and uprooting which it was, at this time, Thy holy will to permit, of all those fair flowers of grace which Thy hand had planted in my heart; and grant me to mourn my fall, that I may now once at last recover that simplicity of childlike piety, the feelings of which I now recollect, indeed, though faintly, but never have since again enjoyed. Oh! God, if a child's love, pure through ignorance of sin, is never to be mine again, oh! give me at least that depth of penance for which my fall has given me such ample matter.

"It occurred not to my mind to consider whether the new thoughts which occupied my mind, and the books in which I took such pleasure, would be approved of at home. I took them with me to the holidays. It was judged, as was to be expected, by my parents, that Mr. Godley's views of religion were not such as they would wish to be instilled into me; and it was determined that I should leave his house and be placed with one of the public tutors at Eton. It is a difficult thing to classify religious Protestants, and so I do not here pronounce Mr. Godley and his sisters to have been Evangelical, or Calvinistic, nor give them any distinctive title. They did not, as far as I remember, inculcate upon me any peculiar notions of religion, but they certainly were not in the way which is usually called orthodox Church of England religion, though indeed it is difficult to define exactly what this is. It was likely, or rather morally certain, that while with Mr. Godley, I should follow his guidance, and take his views; so I was to be placed among the other boys, as I imagine with the idea likewise, that I should gain in this way more of the advantages supposed to belong to the rough discipline of a public school. I do not understand how it was that I received the intimation of this change with so little sadness. Distant evils, as we all know, lose their sting strangely; and, having the holidays before me when this change was declared, I

felt no trouble about it then. It is easy to talk a docile child into agreement with any plan made for him by those whom he is used to confide in; and so I remember no difficulty when my books were taken away, and I had no more persons by to bring my former thoughts to remembrance, in quietly discontinuing my fervent practices."

CHAPTER III.

HIS TWO LAST YEARS AT ETON.

"In the course of September, 1812, I began a new stage of my life by entering at the Rev. * * *'s, where I was, alas! too effectually to be untaught what there might be unsound in my religion, by being quickly stripped of it completely. The house contained, I think, but about ten or twelve boys at the time I went to it, a much smaller number than the generality of boarding houses about the school; and, dreadful as was its moral condition, it was respectable in comparison to others. There is no doubt that it was recommended to my parents because its character stood high among the rest. The boys were divided into three or four messes, as they were called. Each of us had a room to himself and a separate little establishment, as the boys had allowances to provide breakfast and tea for themselves, and we did not meet in common rooms for private study, as in some schools. In order to make their means go farther, two or three would associate together and make a joint concern; and very comfortable some would make themselves. But comfort was not what I had now to enjoy.

"I have adverted already to the system of fagging at our public schools. The law is established immemorially at Eton that the upper boys, those of the fifth and sixth class, have an authority to command those below them. This law, though understood and allowed by the masters, is not enforced by them. They will interfere to check and punish any great abuse of the power of the upper boys; but the only power by which the commands of these masters are to be enforced is their own hands; so that a boy, though by rank in the school a fag, may escape the burdens to be imposed if he have but age and strength and spirit to main-

tain his independence. Each upper boy may impose his commands on any number of inferiors he may please at any time and in any place, so that an unhappy lower boy is never safe. Nothing exempts him from the necessity of immediately quitting his own pursuits and waiting on the pleasure of an unexpected master, but being under orders to attend his tutor, or a certain number of privileged excuses in matters about which those potentates condescend to consider the feelings of the subalterns, and where public opinion would condemn them if they did not—such as being actually fagging for some one else, being engaged to play a match at cricket which his absence would spoil. It was this sort of out-of-door casual service which alone I had to dread as long as I was in Mr. Godley's house. When I went to Mr. * * *, I had to serve my apprenticeship in domestic fagging, which consisted in performing to one or more of the fifth or sixth form boys in the house almost all the duties of a footman or a waiter at an inn. The burden of this kind of servitude of course depended, in the first place, on the temper of one's master, and then on the comparative number of upper and lower boys in a house. During the time I had to fag at Mr. * * *'s, but especially in the latter part of it, the number of fags was dismally small, and sometimes heavy was my yoke.

"But it is not this which gives to my recollection of that period of my life its peculiar sadness. I might have made a merry life in the midst of it, like that of many another school-boy, and I was merry sometimes, but I had known better things. I had once learnt to hate wickedness, and I never could find myself at ease in the midst of it, though I had not strength to resist it openly. The first evening that I arrived at this new tutor's house, I was cordially received to mess with the set of three or four lower boys who were there. These were quiet, good-natured boys; but, to be one with them, it was soon evident that the sweet practices of devotion must be given up, and other rules followed from those I knew to be right. I was taken by them on expeditions of boyish depredation and pilfering. I had never been tempted or invited before to anything like this, and

it was misery to me, on account of my natural want of courage as well as my tender conscience, to join such enterprises. Yet I dared not boldly declare my resolution to commit no sin, and I made a trial now of that which has been so often tried, and what has often led to fatal confusion—to satisfy the world without altogether breaking with God. One day we went to pick up walnuts in a park near Eton; another day to steal beans or turnips, or the like, from fields or gardens; then, more bold, to take ducks and chickens from farmyards. It is a common idea that this kind of school-boys' theft is not indeed a sin. At Eton it certainly was not so considered. A boy who stole money from another boy was disgraced, and branded as a wretch almost beyond forgiveness, whereas for stealing his school-books, he would not be blamed; and for robbing orchards or farmyards he would be honoured and extolled, and so much the more if, in doing it, one or two or three together had violently beaten the farmer's boy, or even himself. But where is the reason for this distinction? The Word of God and a simple conscience certainly teach no such difference. At any rate, I know, to my sorrow, that the beginning of my fall from all that was good, was by being led to countenance and bear a part, though sorely against my better will, in such work as this.

"This was not the worst misery. My ignorance in the mysteries of iniquity was soon apparent. However much I strove to keep my countenance firm, I could not hear immodesties without blushing. I was, on this account, a choice object of the fun of some of the boys, who took delight in forcing me to hear instructions in iniquity. One evening after another, I well remember, the quarters would be invaded where I and my companions were established; all our little employments would be interrupted, our rooms filled with dirt, our beds, perhaps, tossed about, and a noisy row kept up for hours, of which sometimes one, and sometimes another of our set was the principal butt. I was set up as a choice object, of course, on account of my simplicity and inexperience in their ways, so that some of the partners of these plagues with me would blame me for being so silly

as to pretend ignorance of what their foul expressions meant; for they could not believe it possible that I should really be so simple as not to understand them. I maintained for some time a weak conflict in my soul against all this flood of evil. For a little time I found one short space of comfort through the day, when at length, after an evening thus spent, I got to bed, and in secret wept and prayed myself to sleep; but the trial was too strong and too often repeated. I had no kind friend to speak to.

"Mr. Godley still lived at the Wharf, and though he seemed to think it right not to press himself upon me, he asked me to come and dine when I pleased. Two or three times I went to dine with him, and these were my last really happy days, when for an hour or two I could give my mind liberty to feel at ease, and recollect my former feelings in this kindly company. But I could not, I dared not, tell him all I was now exposed to, and so I was left to stand my ground alone. Had any one then told me that by myself I must not hope to resist temptation, and rightly directed me how to call on God for help, I have since thought I might have stood it; but I had not yet known the force of temptation, nor learnt by experience the power of God to support the weak. My weakness I now felt by clear experience, and after a short conflict,—for this battle was soon gained by the great enemy who was so strong in the field against me,—I remember well the conclusion striking my mind, that the work of resistance was useless, and that I must give up. Where were you, O my God, might I now exclaim, to leave me thus alone and unprotected on such a boisterous sea? Ah! my Lord, I have never found fault with thy divine appointments in thus permitting me to fall. Only I say, as before, give me grace now fully to recover what I lost; and I will ever bless thee for allowing me to have known so much evil, if it be but that I may warn others.

"It might be, perhaps, ten days after my arrival at Mr. * * *'s, when I gave up all attempt to pray; and I think I did not say one word of prayer for the two years and more that I afterwards continued there. I remember

once being by, when one of the most rude and hard of my tormentors was dressing himself, and, to my surprise, turned to me, and, with his usual civility, said some such word as, 'Now hold your jaw;' and then, down on his knees near the bed, and his face between his hands, said his prayers. I then saw for a moment to what I had fallen, when even this fellow had more religion than unhappy I had retained; but I had no grain of strength now left to rise. One would think that in the holidays my change would have been discovered; for I imagine that I never knelt down even at home except in the church. But, alas! little did my family suspect what a place was Eton; or, at least, if a suspicion comes across parents' minds of what their children are exposed to in public schools, they generally persuade themselves that this must be endured for a necessary good, which is, to make them learn to know the world.

"When I had ceased attempting to maintain my pious feelings, the best consolation I had was in the company of a few boys of a spirit congenial to what mine was now become. All the time that I remained at Eton I never learnt to take pleasure in the manly, active games for which it is so famous. It is not that I was without some natural talent for such things. I have since had my time of most ardent attachment to cricket, to tennis, shooting, hunting, and all active exercises: but my spirit was bent down at Eton; and among the boys who led the way in all manly pursuits, I was always shy and miserable, which was partly a cause and partly an effect of my being looked down upon by them. My pleasure there was in being with a few boys, like myself, without spirit for these things, retired apart from the sight of others, amusing ourselves with making arbours, catching little fishes in the streams; and many were the hours I wasted in such childish things when I was grown far too old for them.

"Oh! the happiness of a Catholic child, whose inmost soul is known to one whom God has charged with his salvation. Supposing I had been a Catholic child in such a situation—if such a supposition be possible—the pious feelings with which God inspired me, would have been under

the guidance of a tender spiritual Father, who would have supplied exactly what I needed when about to fall under that sense of unassisted weakness which I have described. He would have taught me how to be innocent and firm in the midst of all my trials, which would then have tended to exalt, instead of suppressing, my character. I would have kept my character not only clear in the sight of God, but honourable among my fellows, who soon would have given up their persecution when they found me steadfast; and I might have brought with me in the path of peace and justice many whom I followed in the dark ways of sin. But it is in vain to calculate on what I might have been had I been then a Catholic. God be praised, my losses I may yet recover, and perhaps even reap advantages from them."

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVATE TUITION UNDER MR. BLOMFIELD.

"HAD the public masters of the school been attentive to the advancement of the scholars in learning while negligent of their morals, and had I been making progress in my studies while losing my innocence, I might have continued longer in that place; for I did not fall into gross, outward, vicious habits, and it is possible that no difference was perceived in my behaviour at home. But I suppose my father saw a wide difference between the care which Mr. Godley bestowed on me and that which boys in the public tutors' houses could receive. I know not exactly the reasons that led to the change; but, in the Christmas holidays at the end of the year 1813, Mr. Blomfield was invited to Althorp, and he was pointed out to me as my intended future tutor. Many of my readers will know at once that he is now* the Protestant Bishop of London. My father had presented him somewhat before this period with the rectory of Dunton, in Buckinghamshire, having been led to do so by the distinguished character which he heard of him from Cambridge; for he did not personally know him when he offered him this piece of preferment. From the time that I made his acquaintance, and received some directions from him for private reading at Eton during the remaining time of my stay there, I began to take some more decided interest than I had yet done in advancing myself in literary knowledge. This, as well as my growing older and more independent of other boys, and falling in

* This was written in 1836. See Preface. Dr. Blomfield died in 1857.

with more sensible companions, gave to my mind a more satisfactory turn during my last year at Eton. There was no return, though, to religion whilst I remained there, nor was there likely to be; and so, most blessed was the change for me when, before Christmas 1814, I left Mr. * * *'s, and, after remaining at home for about three months in company with my brother Frederick, returned for the first time from sea, I went to Mr. Blomfield's in March, 1815. I staid there till near the time of my first going to Cambridge, which was in the summer of 1817. Simplicity and purity of mind, alas! are not regained with the readiness with which they are lost: the falling into bad company and consenting to it will utterly ruin all innocence. The removal of occasions may prevent the growth of evil habits and the farther increase of corruption; but this alone will not restore that blessed ignorance of evil which was no longer mine. My residence with Blomfield was, however, the means to me of great good. Here I was confirmed in that love for study and knowledge of which I have already noticed the commencement. He had himself, as is well known, though still young, gained a reputation for classical learning among the scholars of England and the Continent; and his example and conversations inspired me with desires for the like distinctions, to which he gave all possible encouragement. This I reckon to have been a considerable advantage to my religious welfare; for, although the motive I set before me was merely worldly, and the subjects which I studied had little of a good and much of a bad tendency, as must needs be the case with pagan literature, yet, by gaining a habit for study, I was directed in a line widely distinct from the most vicious of the society through which I was afterwards to pass; and, by being a reading man at Cambridge, I was saved from much perversion."

We shall be pardoned for interrupting the course of this interesting narrative, by inserting an anecdote, which shows how unchanged was his opinion on the merits of pagan literature. In a conversation with his religious companions, shortly before he died, he happened to say something about the discoveries of Cardinal Mai among the Bobbio manu-

scripts. Some one remarked that it was nothing less than Vandalism for the old monks to erase one of the classic authors, and write some crude chronicle or other over it. "Well," replied Father Ignatius, "I suppose the monks had as much respect for Virgil and Ovid as the angels have."

To resume.

"But what was of the chief importance to me at this time was, being in a house and with company, where, if subjects of religion were not so much put before me as with Mr. Godley, and if I was not constantly exhorted and encouraged in simple piety, I and my fellow pupils felt that no word of immorality would have been anywise tolerated. Prayers were daily read in the family, the service of the Church was performed with zeal and regularity, the Sunday was strictly observed, and a prominent part of our instruction was on matters of religion. It was also to me an invaluable benefit, that the companion with whom I was principally associated, during the chief part of my time at Dunton, was one who, like me, after a careful education at home, where he had imbibed religious feelings, had gone through the corruptions of another public school, but was now, like me, happy to find himself in purer air.

"With him I was confirmed at Easter, 1816, by Dr. Howley, then Protestant Bishop of London, now Archbishop of Canterbury. It was an incalculable blessing to me, slave as I was to false shame, and cowardly as I was to resist against bold iniquity, that I now had had a period granted me, as it were, to breathe and gain a little vigour again, before the second cruel and more ruinous devastation which my poor heart was shortly to undergo. I prepared seriously for my confirmation, and for receiving the Sacrament from time to time, and recovered much of my former good practices of private devotion. I remember especially to have procured once more a manual of prayers, and during the last months of my stay at Dunton I spent a long time in self-examination by the table of sins in that book, somewhat similar to our Catholic preparation for confession. But, alas! I could go no further than the preparation. Oh! the great enemy of our souls knew well what he was

doing in abolishing confession. As before, when I first lost my innocence and piety at Eton, confession would, I am convinced, have preserved me from that fall; so now that I was almost recovering from the fall, if I had had the ear of a spiritual father to whom I might with confidence have discovered the wounds of my poor soul, he would have assisted me utterly to extirpate the remains of those evil habits of my heart. He would have shown me what I knew so imperfectly, the horrible danger of the state in which I had been—so near eternal damnation; he would have made me feel that holy shame for my sins, which would have overcome that false earthly shame by which I still was ready to be mastered; and he would, in short, have poured in that balm and oil which the ministers of God possess, to heal, and strengthen, and comfort me for my future trials, so that I might have stood firm against my enemies. But it pleased Thee, O my God, that once more, by such sad experience, I should have occasion to learn the value of that holy discipline of penance, the power and admirable virtue of the divine sacraments, with the dispensation of which Thou hast now entrusted me, that I may be a more wise and tender father to Thy little ones whom Thou committest to my care."

CHAPTER V.

HE GOES TO CAMBRIDGE.

YOUNG Spencer went with Mr. Blomfield to Cambridge in the spring of 1817, and was entered fellow commoner of Trinity. He returned, immediately after being matriculated, to his family, and spent the summer in cricketing and sea-bathing, in Ryde, Isle of Wight, and hunting or shooting at Althorp. On Saturday, October 18th, he came to London with his parents. He and his brother Frederick went about shopping, to procure their several outfits for the University and the sea. On the morning of the 21st October, he set out from his father's house to Holborn, to catch the seven o'clock fly for Cambridge. This vehicle, which has been so long superseded by the Eastern Counties Railway, was filled with passengers before the Spencer carriage arrived. He then took a post chaise at ten o'clock, and arrived in Cambridge a little before six in the evening. All that remained of that day, and the greater part of the next, was spent in getting his rooms furnished, hiring his servant, making a few acquaintances, meeting those he knew before, and the other employments of a freshman. His tutor in classics was Mr. Evans, who long continued in the same capacity at Cambridge, and had the reputation of being a most upright man. For mathematics he had a Mr. Peacock, who afterwards became Dean of Ely, and restored the cathedral there. He fell into good hands, seemingly, as far as his studies were concerned. He does not seem to have been less fortunate in the choice of his companions. He is very slow in making friends; one he does not like for being "too much of the fine gentleman;" another invites him, and he remarks: "I suppose I must ask him to dinner or something

else; but I should not wish to continue acquaintance with him, for though he is good-natured, he is likely to be in a bad set." He also goes regularly to visit Mr. Blomfield, who resided in Hildersham, and advises with him about his proceedings. He also avoids needless waste of time, and says in his journal: "They all played whist, in their turns, but Bridgman and myself; which I am glad I did not, for I like it so well that I should play at it too much if I once began." Besides these precautions, and a feeling of indignation that bursts out now and again when he has to note a misdemeanour in his associates, he reads seven hours a day on an average. These conclusions are collected from the notes of a journal he wrote at the time; they mark a very auspicious beginning; and, being clear facts, will serve as a kind of glass through which one may read the following from his autobiography.

"My intentions were now well directed (on entering Cambridge). I began well, and for a time did not give way to the detestable fashions of the place, and was not much ashamed in the presence of the profligate. I was very happy likewise. I found myself now for the first time emerged from the condition of a boy. I was treated with respect and kindness by the tutors and fellows of the college; my company was always sought, and I was made much of by what was supposed to be the best—that is, the most well-bred and fashionable, set in the University. I had all the health and high spirits of my age, and I now enjoyed manly amusements, being set free from the cowardly feeling of inferiority which I had to oppress me at Eton. My first term at Cambridge—that is, the two months that passed before the first Christmas vacation after my going there—was, as I thought, the happiest time I had yet known. I find it difficult, however, now to understand that happiness, and still more to understand the religious principle which had more or less some influence over me, when I remember one circumstance which by itself proves my religion to have been absolutely nugatory, and which, I remember well, most grievously spoiled my happiness. As to my religion, I do not remember that at that time I said any private prayer.

I suppose I must have discontinued it when I left Mr. Blomfield's, or soon after. Yet I had a sort of principle which guarded me from joining in the profane contempt of God's worship which prevails generally in the College chapels at Cambridge, and for a long time from consenting to the practice of open immoralities, or even pretending to approve them, though almost all the young men whom I knew at Cambridge either notoriously followed or at least sanctioned them."

He alludes to "one circumstance" in the last extract as being a test of his depth in religious matters, which it will be interesting to have in his own words. It occurred before his entering Cambridge; but as it considerably influenced his feelings during his stay there, it may as well find its place here.

"The circumstance to which I allude was something of an affair of honour, as the world blindly calls it, into which I got engaged, and which had so important an influence upon my religious feelings for about two years that I will here particularly relate the circumstances of it. In the last summer vacation, before my going to Cambridge, I attended, with my father, the Northampton races, in our way from the Isle of Wight to visit my brother at his place in Nottinghamshire. I had begun, at that time, to be extremely fond of dancing, as well as cricket, shooting, and the like amusements. At this race ball at Northampton, I enjoyed myself to the full; but, unwittingly, laid the foundation for sorrow on the next day. Fancying myself a sort of leader of the gaiety, in a set which seemed to be the most fashionable and smart of the evening, I must needs be making up parties for select dances; which proceeding was, of course, taken by others as intruding on the liberties of a public entertainment; and it happened that, without knowing it, I barred out from one quadrille which I helped in forming, the sister of a young gentleman of name and fortune in the county. I was in the mean time making up a party for a match at cricket on the racecourse for the next day, and this gentleman was one of my chief helpmates. The next day, while busy in collecting our cricketers to go

to the ground, I met him in the street, and he gave me the hard cut. I knew not what it meant, and simply let it pass; but on the morning after, I was surprised at receiving a letter from him to tell me what was my offence: it ended with the words (which are deeply enough impressed on my memory not yet to be forgotten), 'If I did not look upon you as a mere boy, I should call you in a more serious manner to account for your rudeness.' He then told me where he might be found the following day. Without much reflecting on this unpleasant communication, I showed it to my father, who was near me, with several other gentlemen of the county, when I received it. He asked me whether I had meant any rudeness, and when I told him I had not, he bid me write an apology, and particularly charged me not to notice the concluding taunt. He afterwards mentioned it to two others of these gentlemen, who both agreed that I had done right in sending such an answer. But soon after my mind fell into such a torment as I had never yet known. The answer was certainly right according to Christian rules, and I suppose the laws of honour would not have required more; but, at the time, I know not whether it would not be esteemed in his mind and that of the friends whom he might consult, to be too gentle for a man of courage. A most agonizing dilemma I was now in, neither side of which I could endure. On the one hand, I could not bear to look on death, and standing to be shot at was what nothing but a fit of desperation could bring me to. On the other, that awful tyrant, the world, now, as it were, put forth his hand and claimed me for his own. To lose my character for courage, and be branded as a coward, was what I could not anyways endure. I went with my father in the carriage to sleep at Loughborough; and when, at the inn, I retired from him to my bedroom, the tumult of my mind was at its height. I had all but determined to set off and go that very night to the place assigned me by this gentleman, who by one disdainful expression had now mysteriously become, as it appeared, the master of my doom; and, renewing the quarrel, take my chance of the consequence. But again, I saw this would

not save my honour, if it were already compromised. It was clear that a change of mind like that would hardly satisfy the world, which does not forgive a breach of its awful laws on such easy terms. I finally slept off my trouble for the present; but my soul remained oppressed with a new load, which almost made me weary of my life. I remained convinced that I had not reached the standard of courage in this affair; and I felt, therefore, that it depended on the good-nature of this gentleman whether my character should be exposed or not. He did not reply to my letter of explanation. Was he satisfied or not? During my first term at Cambridge he was expected there, and I was even invited to meet him at a wine party, as one who was known to be one of his neighbours and friends. I dared not show any reluctance to meet him, lest the whole story should be known at Cambridge; and if I did meet him, was he again to treat me with disdain? If he did, how should I avoid a duel? I knew that having anything to do with a duel was expulsion by the laws of the University; but if I, coward as I was, had not yet made up my mind, as I had, that I must run the chance of his shot, if he chose still to resent the affront, no wonder, if the spoiling of my prospects in life, by expulsion from Cambridge, was not much regarded. The present distress was evaded by his not coming, as was expected. After this I desired one person who knew him as a friend, and to whom alone I had explained my case, to write and ask whether my apology had appeared to him sufficient. The answer to this was an assurance that the thing had been no more thought of; but it was two years before I met him in person, and by his courteous manner was finally satisfied that all was right between us. I might think it impossible, that the great question could be overlooked by men, what is to become of them in eternity, if I had not had the experience of my own feelings in such an occasion as this. In that memorable evening at Loughborough, I did not indeed altogether overlook the moral question—Is a duel wrong? I had made the most of what I had heard said in palliation of it by some moralists; I could not find any ground, however, to think it right before

God; yet the thought of having, perhaps before the next day was past, to answer in the presence of God for having thrown away my life in it, was not the consideration which deterred me from the rash resolution. Now, how stands the world in England on this question? It is clear that a Catholic, whether ecclesiastic or layman, has no choice. He must either utterly renounce his religion or duelling. A maintenance of the abominable practice by which duelling is justified would deprive him of communion with the Church. But how stand Protestants? The clergy are exempted from this law by the world. But how many Protestant laymen are there of the rank of gentlemen who dare to proclaim that they detest duelling, and that they would sooner bear the disgrace of refusing a challenge than offend God by accepting it, or run the risk of offending God? for I suppose the greater part would try an argument to prove that it may be excusable. The clergy generally, I believe, reckon it decidedly a wicked worldly law, yet they receive laymen to communion without insisting on this enormous evil being first abjured. I do not, however, here propose a further discussion of the question generally. To this law of the world, miserably as it tormented me for a time, I believe I am indebted spiritually more than can well be understood: at least to the misery which it occasioned me. I have heard it related of blessed (now Saint) Alphonsus Maria di Liguori that he owed his being led to bid adieu to the world and choosing God for the portion of his inheritance, to making a blunder in pleading a cause as an advocate. Having till that time set his happiness on his worldly reputation for talent, he then clearly saw how vain were the promises of the world, and once for all he gave it up. I knew not, alas! whither nor how to turn for more solid consolation, and thus the spoiling of my happiness, which had resulted from a mistake in a ball-room, did not teach me to be wise; but it contributed materially, and most blessedly, to poison my happiness at this time. Yet, in a general way, I went on gaily and pleasantly enough, for serious reflections, on whatever subject it might be, had no long continuance."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FIRST YEAR IN CAMBRIDGE.

WHAT strikes a Catholic as the most singular feature in Protestant education is the want of special training for the clergyman. A dozen young men go to the University for a dozen different purposes, and there is the same rule, the same studies, the same moral discipline for all. Such, at least, was the rule in the days of Mr. Spencer's college life. It seems extraordinary to the Catholic student, who has to learn Latin and Greek only as subsidiary instruments to his higher studies; who has to read two years philosophy and four years theology, and pass severe examinations nine or ten different times in each, besides a general one in all, before he can be qualified to receive the priesthood. The clerical training with us is as different from that through which young Spencer had to pass as one thing can be from another.

His life for the first year may be very briefly told. He hears from Mr. Blomfield that he is to attend divinity lectures, and he forthwith begins. He is advised by a Professor Monk, afterwards Protestant Bishop of Gloucester, to stand for a scholarship, and he does so after getting Blomfield's consent. This makes him study very hard for some time, and though he did not succeed, the taste he had acquired by the preparation did not leave him till the end of the year, when he came out in the first class, having left his competitors, with one exception, far behind. He also spends some hours every day in athletic exercises, is very fond of riding, goes now and again to London and Althorp to amuse himself with attending the theatres, dining out, shooting partridge, and playing at Pope Joan. He relaxes

in his determination to avoid whist, and indulges so far that he puts a note of exclamation in his journal at having returned to his chambers one night without having had a game. This seems to be the regular course of his life at Cambridge, a course edifying indeed, if compared with the lives of his companions. He says :—

"I have observed before that the example and conversation of Mr. Blomfield, while I remained with him, gave an impulse to my mind towards the love of literary pursuits. I did not think, however, of exerting myself particularly in that way till the end of the first term, when I was persuaded by Mr. Monk, the Greek professor, now Protestant Bishop of Gloucester, to be a candidate for a university scholarship. Dr. Monk was four years senior to Mr. Blomfield, and I understood from him that he had been of great service to him in the same way, when at college, encouraging his exertions and studies. I was told that I passed this examination creditably, but I did not stand so high among the competitors as to make it desirable that I should repeat the attempt afterwards, and the only honours that I tried for were confined to Trinity College. I was thus stimulated during this time to more than common exertions ; it gave me a disposition to study which continued through my time at Cambridge, and was the only good disposition which was encouraged in me. I have reason then to remember with gratitude those who helped me in this way ; though it is a lamentable thing that, being there professedly as a student for the church, in what is the proper seminary for ecclesiastics of the Church of England, I cannot call to mind one word of advice given me by anyone among my superiors or companions to guard me against the terrible dangers with which I was surrounded of being entirely corrupted, or to dispose me towards some little care of my spiritual concerns.

"My studies I followed with great zeal all the time I was at Cambridge ; but, as is generally the case there with those that aim at places in the public examinations, I managed them without proper distribution of time. By running through the journal I kept at the time I find that, when

first I began to read hard, I have often sat without moving from my table and read the clock round, that is, from three or four in the afternoon to the same hour the next morning, for the sake of doing what was counted an extraordinary feat. There is no doubt that reading with regularity a smaller number of hours every day would be more available for the attainment of learning than these immoderate surfeits of study, as one may call them; I only interposed a few days of amusement, when hardly any work was done. In the long run, such a course as mine could not answer, for it was sure to hurt the health and prevent the attainment of the real end of all a young man's studies, which is, acquiring knowledge to be turned to account in after life. Few young men at Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose, have wisdom enough to calculate this in advance. The object which they aim at is present distinction, and outstripping their fellows in the race for college prizes; and, as far as my experience goes, a glut of reading, if the health does but stand it without breaking down, is the way to make the most of one's chance at a public examination.

"The time of my being at Cambridge is one so interesting to me in the recollection, that I cannot satisfy myself, when giving an account of my progress through life, without dwelling at some length upon it. My college course was not very long. At the time when I was at Cambridge, honorary degrees were conferred on the sons of noblemen at the end of two years' residence, by which they came to the enjoyment of the rank and all the privileges of a Master of Arts, which title was not to be attained, in the ordinary course, in less than six or seven years. And what shortens the college life much more is the extravagant length of the vacations; so that what is reckoned one year at Cambridge is not more than five months' actual residence in the University. Yet this is a most important and critical period, and the short two years during which I was an undergraduate at Cambridge were of immense importance in my destiny. How vast is the good, of which I have learned the loss, but which I might have gained, had I then known how to direct my views! On the other hand, how

may I bless God for the quantity of evil from which I have been preserved, and how wonderful has been my preservation! When I remember how destitute I was of religion at this time, I must say that I have to wonder rather at my being preserved from so much evil, than at my having fallen into so much. And how can I bless God for his exceeding goodness of which I am now reminded, when I think how, against my own perverse will, against my foolish, I must say mad wishes, I was prevented by his Providence from being at this time irrevocably ruined and lost? What can I return to Him for this blessing? One principal intention in my present work is to record the sentiments of gratitude, however weak and most unworthy, with which I at least desire my soul to be inflamed, and which I hope will engage all the powers of my soul throughout eternity. Most gladly, if it were for His honour and for the edification of one soul which by the narrative might reap instruction, I would enter before all the world into a more detailed explanation of this my wonderful deliverance; but this I must not do, for I must not be the means that others, hitherto in the simplicity of holy ignorance, should be made acquainted with the dark iniquity of which the knowledge has once infected my own unhappy understanding. Be this enough to say on this point, which I was obliged to touch, lest it should seem unreasonable that I should speak of my case as one of most marvellous and almost unparalleled mercy, when the circumstances which I may now detail, and what are generally known among my most intimate companions, do not justify such feelings in the review of it.

"By the great mercy of God, I had provided for me a refuge and, as it were, a breathing time, between Eton and Cambridge. At Mr. Blomfield's, my progress in evil was checked, and I had time to prepare myself for the University with good resolutions, though I knew not what sort of trials I should meet with there, nor had I learnt how unavailing were my best resolutions to support me, while yet I had not wholly put my confidence in God's grace. The vacation which came between my leaving Dunton and going to Cambridge I spent chiefly in the Isle of Wight, and my

soul was almost wholly occupied that summer about cricket. I never became a great cricketer myself; I had lost the best time for gaining the art while at Eton; but, this summer, what perseverance and diligence could do to make up for lost time, I think I did. Oh! that I might have the same degree of zeal now in serving the Church of God, and collecting and instructing a faithful flock, as I then had in seeking out, and encouraging and giving and procuring instruction for my troop of cricketers. The occupation of my mind on this subject was enough to drive away any ardent attention to religion as well as to study. I may say, in favour of this passion for cricket, that it was one of the pursuits which I took to at the recommendation of my mother. I remember generally that when anything in the way of amusement or serious occupation was suggested to me by her, or anything else but my own fancy, nothing more was required to make me have a distaste for it. Otherwise, how many useful accomplishments might I have gained which would now have been available to the great objects I have before me. My dear mother wished me to learn fencing when I was at Eton, and a good deal of time I spent, and a good deal of money must have been paid by my father to Mr. Angelo, the fencing-master who came to Eton. It might have been better for me to have gained perfection in this exercise, by which it is related that St. Francis of Sales acquired in part that elegance of manner and nobleness of carriage through which he gained so many souls to Christ. While other boys made fencing their amusement, I always would have it as a task, and of course gained nothing by it. At a later period, when we were at Naples, and I had a weakness in my eyes which made such an employment suitable, my mother would have had me learn music. She gave me a guitar, and would have paid for my lessons; but I could not take to it, and have thus lost the advantage which, since I have become a Catholic, I should have so much valued of understanding the science of music, seeing that the trifling knowledge I do possess is of so much use. There is the apology, then, for my cricket mania; that she proposed my taking to it in the

summer I speak of. I was surprised to find myself willing to acquiesce in the suggestion. What I did take to I generally followed excessively, and she did not calculate on the violence with which I followed up this. I got into very little bad company by means of this pursuit, and perhaps, on the whole, I rather gained than lost by it. It was manly and healthful, and though, when in the heat of it, I thought it almost impossible I should ever give it up, yet when I took Orders I did give it up; and if it was in itself of no use, I hope that one sacrifice, among the many I was obliged to make and, thank God, did willingly make to more important objects, it was not without value. Thus much for my cricketing; I mention it here as being the only distinct cause to which I can attribute my losing before I went to Cambridge the habits of serious thought and of regular prayer, which I have observed I regained in a good degree towards the latter part of my Dunton time.

"I nevertheless was full of good purposes. I desired and was resolved to keep myself from giving countenance to immorality as well as practising it, though after having once given way at Eton, I hardly ever dared to say a word or even to give a look in disapproval of whatever might be said or done before me by bold profligates. I could not bear to appear out of the fashion; so that when other boys at Eton used to talk of the balls and gay parties which they had been to in their holidays, I was quite ashamed, when asked what I had done, to say that I had been to no balls; for to my mother I am greatly indebted for her wise conduct in this respect, that she did not, as was done by others, make us men before our time. So, although I detested and from my heart condemned the fashionable immoralities of the young men with whom I came to be associated about the time of my going to Cambridge, I hardly dared declare my mind, except sometimes, almost in confidence, to one who seemed to be like myself. Oh! what good might I have done had I then known the value of God's grace, and, despising the world, boldly stood up for the cause of virtue, at the same time continuing to be gay and cheerful with my companions, and taking a leading part

in all innocent and manly diversions, and in the objects of honourable emulation which were set before me and my fellows. I know how much I might have done by supporting others, weak like myself, by acting at this time as I ought to have done, by what I felt myself on one or two occasions when such support was given me. I thank God that the memory of my brother Robert, who died in 1830, commanding the *Madagascar*, near Alexandria, now rises before me to claim my grateful acknowledgment as having twice given me such help at a critical time. Never was a man more calculated than he to get on, as it is said, in the world. He was brave and enterprising, and skilled in all that might make him distinguished in his profession; at the same time he was most eager in the pursuit of field sports and manly amusements; and in society was one of the most agreeable and popular men of his day. Once I remember complaining to him that I was ashamed of having nothing to say before some ladies about balls, when I was about sixteen. 'What a wretched false shame is that!' said he to me. From that time I became more ashamed of my shame than I had been before of my want of fashion. More important yet was the service he did me when he was about to go on one of his cruises as commander of the *Ganymede*. I was talking with him, the last evening before he left London, about the Easter before I went to Cambridge. He knew well what I should be exposed to better than I did; and charged me to take care never to laugh or look pleased when I was forced to hear immoral conversation. What rare advice was this from the mouth of a gay, gallant young officer; and if there were more of his character who were not ashamed to give it to their young brothers and friends, how many might be saved, who are now lost, because they do not see one example to show how a manly, fashionable character can be maintained with strict morality and modesty. These few words from him were of infinite service to me. They made deep impression on me at the time I heard them, and the resolution which I then made continued with me till after I had been some time at Cambridge, when the battle I had to bear against the universal fashion

of iniquity once more, as formerly, at Eton, proved too strong for me, and I again gave way. My fall now was gradual. I began with the resolution to avoid all expenses which would embarrass me with debts, and to keep from several fashionable amusements which would engage too much time. For awhile, on this account, I would not play at cards; but in less than half-a-year this determination failed, and I wasted many an evening at whist of my short college life. I soon grew careless, too, about my expenses, and should have been involved in great embarrassments, had it not been for my brother's (Lord Althorp's) generosity, who, hearing from me at the end of my first year that I was in debt, gave me more than enough to clear it all away; and, thus having enabled me to set my affairs again in order, was the means of saving me from ever afterwards going beyond my means extravagantly. I might, however, have given way in some such resolutions as not playing at cards; I might have entered into some expenses which I shunned at first, without losing my peace of mind, and again defiling my conscience, of which the good condition was partly restored; but these were not the crying evils of the place. In the set with which I was now associated in the University, gambling was not at that time much practised, and not at all insisted on. There were occasional drunken parties, and it was with difficulty that I kept out of them; but the system of violently forcing people to drink, as well at the Universities as throughout genteel society in England, had fallen off before my time. There were some sets where drinking was practised at Cambridge much more excessively than in what called itself the best set of all. I could not help, without offending the laws of society, being present at a considerable number of dinners and suppers where men drank immoderately, but I was permitted to keep myself sober without much difficulty; one or two gave me countenance thus far, though any intimation of disapproving of what others did, on religious or moral grounds, I felt would not have been anyways tolerated; and so I ventured not. Swearing was among them rather unfashionable than

not. Some undergraduates were notorious for profane and impious language; and this was excused, and tolerated, and made fun of, but it was not common, and many among us made no difficulty of condemning it. I therefore never fell into this habit. The crying, universal, and most frightful evil of the place was open immorality. There was at Cambridge, in my time, a religious set, who were sometimes called Simeonites, from Mr. Simeon, one of the great leaders and promoters of the Evangelical party in these latter days, who was minister of one of the small churches in Cambridge, and for many years attracted into his influence a certain number of young men. Among these open vice was not countenanced; but not so the set to which I principally belonged, and these were as distinct as if they had not belonged to the same University. I was introduced to some few of these, and rather valued myself on having an acquaintance with them, as well as with many of the purely reading men; and my fashionable friends did not altogether object to it, though I was generally a little ashamed at being seen with any of them, and avoided any frequent intercourse with them. I have wondered since that, if it were only from mere curiosity, I should never once have gone to hear Simeon preach, but so it was. I understood nothing whatever of what is in England called Evangelical religion. Indeed, I thought nothing of religion; had I paid any attention to it at this time, I could hardly have escaped seeing how desperate was the course which I was following, and I might perhaps have taken a strong resolution, and have joined the serious party at once; but, very likely, I should have found the power of fashion at that time too great, and, by knowing more of religion, should only have made my conscience more guilty; and so I believe it may be better that none ever spoke to me on the subject all the time. I repeat it, that in our set, whatever other deviation from the most established fashion was tolerated, any maintenance of chastity or modesty was altogether proscribed. It was not long, then, before I found myself beat out of the position I endeavoured to maintain. During the first term I stood my ground rather better. One reason for this was,

that among what were called the freshmen—that is, those who entered with me on my college life, there were several who were not initiated in vicious practices. These, remaining for a time more or less in their simplicity, gave me some countenance in not going at once in the way of the veteran professors of evil. But as I saw some of them grow by degrees shameless and bold, and soon beginning to join their older brethren in upbraiding my weakness and folly for not being like the rest, I found all my resolution failing, and, alas! many a deliberation did I take whether I should not at length enter the same way with them. I was still withheld, though it was not the fear of God which restrained me. I knew that my entering a course of open profligacy would not be tolerated by my parents. I had a character for steadiness among the tutors and fellows of the college, which I was ashamed to lose; though even before them I found it sometimes to answer best not to appear different from other young men. Besides, as I had resisted the first period of attacks, and established among my companions a kind of character of my own, I felt that even they would be astonished if I at last declared myself as one of their sort. I could not bear the thought of their triumph, and the horrid congratulations with which I should be greeted, if once I was found going along with them in open feats of iniquity. Oh! how grievous is the reflection that by such motives as these I was restrained. I was longing often to be like them. I could not bear the taunts which were sometimes made at me. Here again some of the old Etonians perhaps would bring up the remembrance of my ancient propensity to blush, and would take pleasure in putting me again to confusion. Occasionally, by strange interpositions of Divine Providence, I was hindered from accomplishing purposes of evil which I had, in a sort of desperation, resolved by myself to perpetrate, by way of being decided one way or other, like a man on the brink of a precipice determining to throw himself down in order to escape the uneasy apprehension of his danger. One way or another I was restrained, so that it has afterwards appeared to me as if I had but barely stopped short of

taking the last decisive steps by which I might be irrevocably ranked among the reprobate. I never thought at the time of this danger, otherwise I could hardly have borne my existence; but, as it was, my mind at times was gloomy and miserable in the extreme. To make me yet more so, at the end of my first year I began to be afflicted with bilious attacks, arising, perhaps, from my imprudent management in regard to study, to diet, and to hours; and these occasioned exceeding depression of spirits, under which I used to fancy myself the most unhappy of creatures. I had no knowledge of the power of religion to set me free, and make me superior to all external sensible causes of depression, and I knew no better than to give myself up to my low feelings when they came upon me, till some distraction removed them; or till the fit passed away of itself. Many times at Cambridge, in order to hold up my head in a noisy company after dinner, I drank wine to raise my spirits, though not to great excess, yet enough to teach me by experience how mistaken is the calculation of those who, when in sorrow, seek to cheer themselves in that way, or in any way but by having recourse to God by prayer and acts of resignation. I remember well once being told by a good aunt of mine, that it was quite wrong to give way to my depression, about which I one day complained to her, and that religion would surely cure it; but the time was not come for me to understand this truth, and I took no notice of her words.

"In the meantime I continued zealous about my studies. I did not stop to ask *cui bono* was I working in them. Had I seen how utterly vain was a first-class place or a Trinity prize-book, which I had set before me as the object of my labours, I should have found but little consolation and refreshment to my melancholy reflections in these pursuits. On the contrary, I should only have pined away with a more complete sense of the truth of the Wise man's sentence which Almighty God was teaching me in His own way, and in His own good time: '*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity,*' but to serve Thee only. I do not mean that if rightly followed, such academical honours are worth nothing. I wish

I had followed them more prudently and effectually. They were the objects set before me by my superiors at the time, and I should say to another in my place that he should do his best to gain the highest place in a spirit of obedience, and for the honour of God, to whom we owe all the credit and influence in the world which, by just and honourable exertions, we can gain. In recollecting, therefore, how I exerted myself, and succeeded in these attempts, I am dwelling on one of the most happy points of view which that part of my life suggests to me; for though I did not do this *as* I ought, yet I was doing *what* I ought, and by doing so was preserved from much evil, and God knows how far the creditable footing I gained at Cambridge in the studies of the place may yet be available for a good end."

It is hard to believe young Spencer was so utterly devoid of religion as he here describes himself to be; we draw a more favourable inference from a journal he kept at the time. Noticing the death of the Princess Charlotte, he says: "It appears to be the greatest calamity that could have befallen us in public, and it is a deplorable event in a private point of view. It must be ascribed to the interposition of Providence, which must have some end in view beyond our comprehension." He speaks of the death of Mrs. Blomfield thus—"It is for her a happy event, after a life so well spent as hers has been." A few pages further on he has these words about the death of another friend of his. "I was extremely shocked to-day at hearing that James Hornby died last Friday of apoplexy. It was but a short time past that I was corresponding with him about the death of Mrs. Blomfield; and little he or I thought that he would be the next to go. The last year and a half I stayed at Eton I lived in the greatest intimacy with him, which had afterwards fallen away a little; but he was very clever and promising, and I always was fond of him. It must be a wise dispensation of Providence, and may be intended as a warning to us, in addition to those we have lately had in the deaths of Maitland and Dundas. God grant it may be an effectual one!"

These are not the spontaneous expressions of one alto-

gether a stranger to piety, though they may very well be put down as the transient vibration of chords that had long lain still in his heart, and which these rude shocks must have touched and made audibly heard once more. This conclusion is more in accordance with other remarks found scattered here and there in the same journal. He criticises sermons and seems to like none; he is regular at chapel and puts on his surplice on the days appointed; but he refuses to take the sacrament for no conceivable reason but that he does not care about it, and hears it is administered unbecomingly. He is shrewd and considerate in his remarks upon persons and things; yet there is scarcely a line of scandal or uncharitableness in the whole closely written volume. When he records a drunken fit or a row, he suppresses the names of the rioters; and if he says a sharp word about a person in one page, he makes ample amends for it in many pages afterwards; by showing how mistaken he was at first, and how agreeable it was to him to change his opinion upon a longer acquaintance. This might not appear very high praise; but let us take notice of his age and circumstances, and then perhaps it may have its value. He was a young man, just turned eighteen; he had been brought up in splendour at home, and in a poisonous atmosphere at school. That he was not the vilest of the vile is to be wondered at more than that he preserved as much goodness as he did. Where is the young man, of even excellent training, who will be able to contend, unaided and taunted, against a whole college of the finest youth of any country? His motives may be beneath a Christian's standard, but the fact that with this weak armour, the bare shadow of what it might be, he made such noble resistance and passed almost unscathed through the furnace into which he was cast, only shows what he would have done had he been imbued with the teachings of a higher order. The very human respect and worldly considerations that succeeded in keeping him from vice, acquire a respectability and a status in the catalogue of preservatives from the fact of their being successful in his case. His was a fine mind, and one is moved to tears at seeing this noble material for sanctity thus tossed

about and buffeted by a herd of capricious companions who could not see its beauty. Let us take up any young man's journal of his age and read some pages of it, what shall we find? Jokes played upon green freshmen, tricks for outdoing proctors, records of follies, or perchance pompous unreality put on to conceal all these or worse. His diary is the generous utterance of a noble mind; it is candid, true, conscientious, and puts a failing and a perfection of the writer side by side. It is no wonder that he was loved and courted, and that his companions had acquired an esteem for him in college, which years and toils have not succeeded in lessening. His keen grief at the deficiencies of his college life only shows to what height of sanctity he had reached, when what another might boast of wrung from him these lamentations.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION OF HIS FIRST YEAR IN CAMBRIDGE.

THE events recorded in his journal at this time could very conveniently be swelled into chapters, if one had a mind to be diffuse. To trace the fortunes of the gentlemen he comes in contact with — Denison, Wodehouse, Carlisle, Hildyard, Brougham, and a host of others, who afterwards shone in different circles, High Church controversies, pleadings at the bar, parliamentary debates, and Irish Lord-lieutenancies,—would form some very interesting episodes. We should add many titles to the 'off-handed' surnames of the collegian's journal, and say a few words about how those dignities were procured, earned, and worn by the possessors. It might be, perhaps, interesting to some readers to know how many gay young noblemen were enticed into becoming sons-in-law to some very reverend doctors. All this and more Mr. Spencer notes down in the journal, but it is not our theme.

"I have before observed that about my first Christmas I was encouraged by Mr. Monk and by Mr. Blomfield, who had removed from Dunton and lived then about ten miles from Cambridge, to undertake a contest for a University prize; but from this I afterwards drew back. I followed up then principally the object of getting into the first class at the Trinity College examinations, which took place at the end of each year, and which is an honour much esteemed, on account of that College standing so high in the University, though of course it is not on a level with the honours gained in examinations where competitors are admitted from the whole body of students in the University. It was one object of silly ambition at Cambridge to do well in the examinations without having appeared to

take much trouble about it. During my second term I fell into the idea of aiming a little at this, and I went to many more parties, and took more time for various amusements, particularly cards, than I allowed myself in the first term. Had I not been checked for this, I should probably have lost much ground in my race. But a check did come to me at Easter, when I went to town, and one evening expressed to my father and mother something of self-congratulation for having united so much amusement with my studies. My mother saw the danger I was now falling into, and, as it seemed to me, with too great severity, for an hour together represented to me the absurdity of my notions, and upbraided me with going the way to disappoint all their prospects. I had no thought of bringing such a reproof upon myself, and went to bed actually crying with mortification. However, it had its effect, and I was thankful for it afterwards. The next term, which was the last and critical one before the examination, I spent in very severe and regular study, and cared not how some idle ones might derogate from my success, and comfort themselves for their inferiority by the thought, that I had read so hard as to take away from my merit. At length, on the 18th May, 1818, the very day, as I observed, on which, ten years before, I had gone to Eton, I went into the examinations in which was to be gained the little share of credit in this way which was to fall to my lot. They lasted for a week; and, a day or two after, I received a note from Mr. Amos, now a distinguished . . . . . in London, who was one of the examiners, and a great friend of mine, which filled me with exultation: 'I have the greatest pleasure in informing you that you are in the first class. Ollivant is only eight marks above you, and you and he have left all the rest of the class at a long, very long, distance.' I afterwards learnt that the highest number of the marks was between 1,600 and 1,700, and that while Ollivant and I were near together at the head, the next to me was at the distance of 291. Lord Graham, now Duke of Montrose, was one of the first class, and if he had read as much as I did, there is no doubt he would have been before

me. I was told at the same time that I learnt the above-named particulars, as I find it in my journal, that 'I was best in mathematics, and Grahame next, although Grahame was first in algebra;' after which I thus expressed my ambition at the time: 'I hope that Grahame will not read for next year's examination, and if my eyes last out (for at that time I was under some apprehension on that point) I may have a chance of being first then, which would be delightful.' Such is all earthly ambition, and, as in my case, so always its effects—disappointment and mortification. Had I offered all my studies to God, and worked for Him, depending on His help, I should have done much more. I should have enjoyed my successes more purely, and should have been guarded from all disappointment. The second year's examination is much more confined to mathematics than to classics, and had I been wise and regular and well-disciplined in my mind, I might have gained that *first* place which I was aiming at, for Grahame did not read for it. As it was, Ollivant, who was some way behind me in the first year, got up his ground, and beat me in the second year's examination, in which, though I was second again, I had no remarkable superiority over the one who came next to me."

Spencer formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Fremantle while they were both at Dunton under the charge of Mr. Blomfield. Fremantle went to Oxford and he to Cambridge, but they continued the intimacy, begun here, to which Spencer pays cordial tributes of unfeigned gratitude. Sir Thomas was a welcome guest at Althorp; he and George used to spur each other on to renewed exertions in the pursuit of literary honours. Spencer formed a plan for the long vacation, and went, on March 25, to Oxford, to lay the subject before Fremantle; it was, that they should go somewhere and read together. Spencer got into the coach in London, and arrived in Oxford at twelve at night. He lionised the place next day, was introduced to different celebrities, and dined and "wined" in the most select companies his friends, Fremantle and Lord Wilton, could muster for his reception. He lived during the time in the rooms of a

fellow commoner of Oriel. He did not leave a single department unvisited. He played at tennis with a Mr. Denison; compared the agreements and disagreements of their ways there with those of Cambridge; the only thing noteworthy he chose to put down in his diary, as the result of his comparison, is, that (when he plays cards in W * * *'s rooms, where there are four tables) "they play high, and I do not like the kind of party so well as those at Cambridge."

Spencer continued in Cambridge, and read, or idled, as the tone of his mind directed, until the 31st of July, 1818. This morning he set off, at half-past five, in the *Rising Sun*, for Birmingham; he falls in with a brilliant Etonian, who recounts the progress of things at his old school; and has to sleep in what he calls "the most uncomfortable and uncivil inn I have ever seen." He sets off on another coach next morning for Shrewsbury, and finds, to his agreeable surprise, that Fremantle travelled by the inside of the same vehicle. They both travel together into Wales, having first procured a supply of candles, tea, and other commodities for housekeeping, which they did not hope to find at hand where they were going to. After many long stages, up-hill and down-hill, among Welsh mountains, and strange fellow-travellers, they arrive at Towyn, at ten o'clock at night on the 2nd of August, having been nearly three days performing a journey which can now be accomplished in a few hours.

Towyn is a little town in Merionethshire, situated on the sea coast, on a neck of land formed by a graceful little creek, into which the River Doluny empties itself, and a kind of sloping arm of the channel. Here Spencer and Fremantle took up their residence for the long vacation, in a nice little house for which they paid ten guineas a month. They had the whole premises to themselves, with a waiting-man named Davis, and a maid Kitty. Their mode of life was very regular. They rose early, bathed in the sea, which rolled its waves against their premises, breakfasted, and studied till two o'clock. It was customary with them then to go out exploring with dog and gun until dinner, dine at five, take another stroll, and read again until they thought it time to take tea,

and chat until bed-time. Each in turn was steward for a week; they purchased their own provisions in the little town, thus making a regular home there for the term of their stay. They read pretty well for the first week or two; afterwards they got so fond of brisk air and the adventures they came across in their daily walks, that the reading became less agreeable, and soon irksome. The first adventure recorded in the journal is the following. They were both returning home after a two hours' vain pursuit of game, and came across a gouty old gentleman, who asked them a number of impertinent questions. He then asked them to dine, but finding out on inquiry that he was "a notorious blackguard," although great in lands and money, they politely declined his invitation. Another time they rode a great way up the country and stopped at a pretty place, which they found, to their chagrin, not to be a fairy castle exactly, but "a grand shop for gossip, kept by two old ladies, assisted by a third," at whose qualifications in point of age the reader is left to make guesses. Another day they went out to shoot, and met another serious adventure, which is thus noted: "I got an immense ducking in a black mud ditch, which came up to my middle or higher, and Fremantle got a wetting too, but not so serious as mine." Things go on smoothly now for about a week; they receive several visits from neighbouring gentry, and the way in which the return to some of them is described gives us a fair specimen of the flow of spirits Spencer enjoyed at the time. "Saturday, Aug. 15.—We made ourselves greater bucks than usual to-day, and set off at two to call on Mr. Scott, near Aberdovey. He takes pupils there. We came home to dinner at half-past five; and after dinner (still greater bucks) we went to drink tea at Bodalog, with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys, and came home at half-past ten (14 miles walking)." The next adventure was one in which they tried their hands at shooting on the river with Mr. Jeffreys' long gun; whether the weight of the instrument, or an effort to reach the game that it killed, drew them nearer the water than they intended, he tells us that they "got quite soused in the water," and figured at the gentleman's dinner-table in two complete sets of the apparel of

the old man, to the no small amusement of the company. Nothing remarkable occurred after this to the two friends, except a trip to Aberystwyth, where they lodged a few days, met a few old acquaintances, and enjoyed a ball that was given to the ladies and gentlemen who were there for the season; until the 14th of September. This day they had a great battle of words with their landlord, who did not like their leaving him so soon: in this, however, they came off victorious. They both travel through Wales, visit Snowdon, Carnarvon, and meet a body of Cambridge men reading with a tutor at Conway.

September 29th, he took the mail to London, and thus ended his long vacation. He stays at Wimbledon with his own family until the time for returning to Cambridge again. He relates in the journal that a man comes to teach Lady Spencer, his mother, how to bind books. This may be thought a strange kind of recreation for a lady of high rank; but it will not when we read that "this was the same person who set off the fashion of *shoemaking!*"

He concludes his first year in Cambridge thus:—"This day's journal completes a year from the time I began to keep my history. It has indeed been an important year in my life—the first in which I have been my own master, and have, I fear, settled my character with all its faults. Several things which I have both done and undone I shall never cease regretting. I have only to *thank God* that there is no more reason for regret. With my reading, on the whole, I am as well satisfied as I ever expected." Two words are underlined in this extract; they were often on his lips till the day of his death, and frequently formed the subject of his sermons. If his character had its faults settled with it in his own estimation, it is pleasing to see the habit of resignation existing as a virtue in him even at this age. It was one that was confirmed in him afterwards, to an eminent degree.

CHAPTER VIII.

SECOND YEAR IN CAMBRIDGE—TAKES HIS DEGREE.

DURING the first term of his second year in Cambridge, his average hours of reading decreased; yet he had still a taste for study, and had not yet thrown aside what remained of his former ambition to distinguish himself. He and the Duke of Montrose declaim on the respective merits of Charles V. and Francis I.; they tossed up for sides, and Charles V. fell to Spencer. This keeps him at hard study for some time; meanwhile he hears Ollivant declaim, and thinks he will get both prizes. After the declamation, in which he comes off more creditably than he expected, he has half a hope of a prize, which he says he should be surprised though delighted to receive. He did get one, but not so high as he expected. Here and there in his journal at this time a few expressions of discontent escape from him about Cambridge; the cause being partially what has been related in the chapter before last. This had also, conjointly with another circumstance, the effect of cutting short his University career. He writes in the autobiography:—

"I made some good progress during this year, but I should have done much more had I been constantly regular. I must have suffered great loss by my interruptions, as I find by my journal that for about four weeks at the end of the long vacation, when I had come home and was taken up with shooting, I did not make one hour's study; and two more long intervals of cessation from reading took place in the Christmas and Easter vacations, when a little steady application, if it were but for three hours a-day, would have kept my mind attentive, and given me a great advantage. After my first examination, I entertained some thoughts

of waiving my privilege of taking an honorary degree, and going through the Senate House examinations with a view to University honours; but I lost all wish to remain at Cambridge towards the end of the second autumn. I was at times quite disgusted with the place, for such reasons as I have stated; besides which, my father and mother had made a plan, which pleased me greatly, of going for a year on the Continent, in which I was to accompany them. My brother Frederick, who was come home about this time, was to be of the party likewise, and happy was I in the prospect of being again some time in his company; but as an opportunity occurred for him to go to South America, with Sir Thomas Hardy, with the hope of being made Commander, this professional advantage was justly preferred."

Some of the heads at Cambridge as well as Lady Spencer urged him at this time to stand for a fellowship, but he gave up the idea, and it ended in his joining a new club they had formed—the Eton club. These clubs at the Universities are looked upon with no great favour by proctors and others who have charge of the morals of the students. Their dinners entail great expenses on the members, and they end as the first meeting did in his case: "They all made an enormous row, and I too, by the bye." He came to spend the Christmas of 1818 at Althorp, and closes the year with a succession of parties, Pope Joan, and bookbinding. There is one little incident recorded in his journal at this time which gives us a perfect insight into his character. One might expect that at this age, nineteen, he would be very romantic and dreamy, and that we should find many allusions to those topics which engross so much of the time of novel-reading youths and maidens nowadays. Nothing of the sort. There is an affair of the heart, but his conduct in it, with his remarks on it, are worthy of a sexagenarian. At a party, which took place at his father's, he dances with various young ladies, among the rest a certain Miss A., who, he says, "was a great flame of mine two years ago; she is not so pretty as I thought her then, but she is a delightful partner. I was again in love, but not violently to-night." Two or three days after this, he is at another party, and

dances with a new set of partners to the extent of three quadrilles. Of one of these he thus speaks—"I was delighted with Miss B., who is a pleasant unaffected girl, and I am doomed to think of her I suppose for two or three days instead of Miss A. I was provoked that she would not give me her fan at parting." Was it not cool and thoughtful of him to mark out the time such a change of sentiment was likely to last? The next page of the journal brings the subject before us still more clearly. His mother took him for a walk around Althorp, and told him that she was planning a house for the parsonage at Brington: "Which they say is to be mine when I am old enough; it might be made a most comfortable and even a pretty place, and if I live to come to it I can figure to myself some happy years there with a fond partner of my joys, if I can meet with a good one. 'Here then, and with thee, my N.'* would have been my language some time ago; but how my opinions even of such important things change with my increasing years. This thought often occurs to me, and will I hope prevent me from ever making any engagements which cannot be broken, in case my fancy should be altered during the time which must elapse before the completion of them." It will be seen, further on in the biography, how this affair ended. There is a very good lesson in what he has left for young men of his age. If reason were allowed to direct the affections, many would be preserved from rash steps that embitter their whole lives. It seems amusing to a Catholic to find the prospects of a clergyman's happiness so very commonplace; but it will be a relief to learn by-and-by how very different were his ideas when he became a clergyman, and built and dwelt in that identical parsonage that now existed only in his own and his mother's mind. He gets a commission in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry before returning to Cambridge for Hilary term this year.

Studies seem to him a necessary evil now, and he writes with a kind of a sigh of relief when he notes, a few pages on, that he has taken his last compulsory lesson in Latin.

* A quotation, as the reader may remember, from *Guy Mannering*.

Balls and parties of all kinds are his rage. George and a friend of his had notice of a ball coming off in Northampton in a few days, and he heard that his "ladye love" would be one of the company, so they determined to be there. He writes letters, gets an invitation for his friend, and makes all the preparation possible for a week previous. The day comes, it is rainy; but, no matter, they pack their best suits into trunks, bring the necessary apparatus for making a good appearance, they search the town for a conveyance, and at length procure a team for a tandem at Jordan's. Off they go, eighteen miles the first stage, then eight more; they bait their horses and dine; off again for full sixteen miles. He has also to run the risk of a cross-examination from whatever members of his family he may happen to meet at the ball, and to answer the difficult question, "What brought you here?" It is raining in torrents, it is a cold February day; but all difficulties appear trifles to the two young adventurers as they urge their team over the hills and plains of Northamptonshire. Even Spencer boasts in his journal that he is now a first-rate whip. They arrive in high glee, forgetting their hardships in the glow of anticipation, and are greeted with the bad news, as they jump from their conveyance, that the ball has been put off until next month. To make matters worse, the bearer of these unfavourable tidings assured them that he wrote to them to give this information, and they had an additional motive to chagrin in the fact of their having forgotten to ask for their letters in the hurry and anxiety to come off. He notes in the journal—"Feb. 10. We set off again in our tandem for Cambridge, truly *dimissis auribus*, but with a resolution to try again on the 5th March." On the 5th of March they faithfully carried out this resolution. The ball took place, but the ladies they were anxious to meet did not come, so they only half enjoyed the thing. Spencer took a hack and rode off to Althorp to make his appearance at his father's. He was very nervous about the prospect of a meeting with his parents, and having to give an account of himself. Fortunately the Earl was deep in some measure for furthering George's happiness, and looked upon his son's

arrival as an auspicious visit. Everything thus passed off smoothly, and the youngsters arrived in Cambridge with their tandem "without accidents, but with two or three narrow escapes." His journal here has few incidents out of the ordinary line of his daily life; he learns to wrestle with success; so as to bring his antagonist to the ground with a dilapidation of the *res vestiaria*. He practises a good deal at jumping, and one day, in clearing a hedge, a bramble caught his foot, which brought him with violence to the ground; by this mishap his eye was ornamented with a scar which gave him some trouble afterwards. He also gets a shying horse to ride: this noble charger had a particular dislike to carts: he shied at one in the market-place in Cambridge, and soon left his rider on the flags. Spencer mounted again, but found on his return, after a good ride, that his toe was sprained, and it kept him indoors for five or six days. This chapter of accidents was amply counterbalanced by the agreeable fact that he had just attended his twenty-fifth divinity lecture, and had obtained the certificate which was to insure him the imposition of his bishop's hands, whenever he might think it convenient to put himself to the trouble of going through the ceremony. His course is now coming to an end; he becomes a freemason, and rises four degrees in the craft before the end of June. A bishop visits Trinity College, and standing in solemn grandeur, with a staff of college officers dressed out in their insignia encircling him, his lordship delivers a grave expression of his displeasure at the stupidity some twenty students gave evidence of during their examination. Spencer comes out in the first class once more; his brother Frederick is in Cambridge at the time, and as soon as the result is known they take coach for London. Here they spend their time agreeably between dining at home and abroad, going to Covent Garden, and taking sundry lessons from an Italian dancing-master, until July 5th, when George returns to Cambridge to take out his degree. We will hear himself now giving an account of this great event.

"My college labours terminated with the end of the second year's college examination for the classes, which took

place on the 1st of June, 1819. On the 5th of June the result was declared, when, as I have before said, I was in the first class again, and second to Ollivant. This was rather a disappointment, and gave me some reasonable discontent. For the cause of my not being, as I might have expected, as far above the others as I had been the year before, I saw clearly was a degree of carelessness in my reading, especially of one subject—that is, the three first sections of Newton's Principia, which were appointed for the second year's reading, and for which I had not had a taste as for other parts of mathematics. However, the time was now past to recover my place, and soon the importance of this little matter vanished into nothing. I then went to London till the beginning of July, when I returned to Cambridge to receive my degree as Master of Arts from the Duke of Gloucester, who came in person at the commencement of this year to confer the degrees as Chancellor of the University, and to be entertained with the best that the colleges could raise to offer him in the way of feasts and gaieties. My Cambridge cares and troubles were now well-nigh past, and I enjoyed greatly the position I held at this commencement as steward of the ball, and a sort of leader of the gaieties in the presence of the Royal personages, because I was the first in rank of those who received their honorary degrees.

"From this time there has been a complete cessation with me of all mathematical studies, and almost of all my classical, to which I have hardly ever again referred. For when I again returned to regular study, I had nothing in my mind but matters of theology. It was at this time, after leaving Cambridge, when I remained principally fixed as an inmate in my father's house, till I was settled in the country as a clergyman, that I was in the character of what is called a young man about town. It was with my dear brother Frederick, who was at home at the time, as I before observed, that I began in earnest to take a share in the enjoyment of London life. I have seen the dangers, the pleasures, and the miseries of that career, though all in a mitigated degree, from the happy circumstance of my not

being left alone to find my way through it, as so many are at the age of which I speak. With many, no doubt, the life in London is the time for going to the full depth of all the evil of which Oxford or Cambridge have given the first relish. My father and mother were not like many aged veterans in dissipation—whom in the days when the fashionable world was most accounted of by me, I have looked on with pity—who to the last of their strength keep up what they can of youth, in pursuing still the round of the gay parties of one rising generation after another. They (my parents) hardly ever went into society away from home. They kept a grand establishment, when in London, at Spencer House, as well as at Althorp in the winter, when the first society, whether of the political, or the literary and scientific, were constantly received. It would, therefore, have been unreasonable in me to be fond of going out for the sake of society, when, perhaps, none was to be met with so interesting as that at home; besides this, my father and mother were fond of being surrounded by their family circle; and if I or my brothers, when staying with them in London, went out from home several times in succession, or many times a week, they would generally express some disappointment or displeasure; and though I used at the time to be sometimes vexed at this kind of restraint, as I was at other restraints on what I might have reckoned the liberty of a young man, I used generally, even then, to see how preferable my condition was. I now most clearly see that the feelings of my parents in this matter were most reasonable, and that it was a great blessing to me that I was situated in such circumstances. They were desirous that we should see the world, and when any amusement was going on, or party was to take place, which she thought really worthy of attention, as not being so frivolous as the general run of such things, my mother zealously assisted in procuring us invitations, and providing us with needful dresses; as, for instance, at this time she gave to my brother Frederick and me very handsome full-dress uniforms (his being, of course, that of a naval officer, mine of the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, in which I then held a com-

mission), that we might appear at balls and parties where full-dress was required, such as foreign ambassadors sometimes gave. These were, she thought, really worth going to on account of extraordinary or remarkable characters who came to them, whether English or foreigners. Thanks to their regular domestic habits, and to the strict authority which my mother still kept over us all, while being at Spencer House, I should have found it almost as difficult as in a well-regulated college to go into any extravagant irregularities, and so I was hardly tempted to do so. My feeling habitually was to try and avoid invitations and engagements from home, far from seeking them eagerly."

The incidents we are able to add from his journal during the interval between leaving Cambridge and going abroad are very meagre, yet, since they are characteristic of the man's feelings, a few will be inserted. From the journal: "Tuesday, July 20. We got up and went to a dreadful formal breakfast at 10½. At one we were dressed, and the company began to arrive for a public breakfast, to be given to-day to the people of the county in honour of the marriage of Lord Temple. The collation was in the greenhouse, and lasted off and on till about 6!" He goes through the particulars of the entertainment, the quadrilles and country dances, the partners' perfections, &c., &c.; but when Lady Buckingham asked himself and his brother to stay a little while longer, much as they liked it, they would not do so, because their mother desired them to be home at a certain time. One must admire his obedience even at the expense of his enjoyment, when he might calculate upon the implicit consent of his mother to their acceding to such a request, and from such a quarter. Another thing we gather from this is, that F. Ignatius, even when a youth, could never bear what was formal or ultra-refined; he always liked natural ease and unaffected simplicity. We find him turn away from a blue-stocking, and steal three days' thoughts from his "flame" to bestow them on one more unaffected and simple. The next incident he chooses to record is, that the clergyman of the church he used to attend had gone to spend his honeymoon, and that a preacher whom he did not admire took his pulpit

in his absence. There are some partings of friends, and a great variety of amusements, to fill up the pages for a month or so. Father Ignatius used to tell a very remarkable anecdote about this period of his life; he used it to illustrate the sacrifices that people can willingly make for the law of fashion, and how reluctant they are to make even the smallest for the love of God. There was a great ball to be given somewhere in London; it was to be a most splendid affair, full in all particulars of dress and etiquette, and one of those that the Countess Spencer thought really worth going to. A celebrated *coiffeur* was imported direct from Paris, and he had a peculiar style of hair-dressing that none of that craft in London could hope to imitate with success. All the *belles*, marchionesses of high degree, who intended figuring at the ball, hired the French *coiffeur*. He accepted all the engagements, but found they were so many that it would take twenty-four hours' hard work, without a moment's repose, to satisfy all. He had to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day preceding the ball, and Father Ignatius knew one lady who was high upon his list. She had her hair dressed about four, and, lest it might be disarranged, slept in her arm-chair, with her neck in stocks, for the night. This lady, be it remembered, was no foolish young *belle*, but a matron who might have conveniently introduced her granddaughter to the circle she attended. "These people," he used to say, "laugh at the folly of St. Peter of Alcantara and other mortified saints; and we, who aspire to be saints, will undergo with difficulty what worldlings cheerfully endure for vanity and folly." He often laughed at this, and often laughed others into seriousness at his comments on it.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT.

SPENCER'S thoughts now seemed perpetually fluttering around the expectation of going abroad and seeing wonders. This idea comes out at most unexpected times in the journal, it forms a parenthesis in everything he considers bearing seriously upon his welfare. At one time he is disappointed in not having his brother for companion, at another he hopes his parents will not consider this trip travelling enough for him; he expects, too, that the parental reins will be slackened somewhat; and even it crosses his mind, as a kind of remote probability, that he may perchance be allowed to take a tour by himself. All that was hopeful in these day-dreams was gratified, and some of them to an extent that he was very far from imagining at the time. The great day did arrive at last; the evening before, the different branches of the family came to dine at Wimbledon, where the Earl was then staying. They were very serious, as they were going "on a formidable expedition next morning." In the morning, the different articles of luggage were sent before them on a van; and, after parting with Lords Althorp, Lyttelton, and their families, the party started for the Continent. It consisted of Lord and Lady Spencer in one carriage, George and the physician in another, and the servants in a third. They had a courier employed, Luigi Cavani, whose office it was to ride ahead of the cavalcade, and provide horses and other necessaries at the next stage. They set sail at Dover at six o'clock on the evening of the 14th September, and, after what was called a favourable passage, arrived in Calais the next morning at half-past seven o'clock. One can leave London Bridge nowadays at the time they left Dover Harbour, and be in Paris before they landed.

He says in the autobiography: "It was on the 15th of September, 1819, that we landed at Calais; a day most interesting to me, as I then considered, because the first of my setting foot in a foreign land, but much more, I now must reckon, as being the first on which I trod Catholic ground and entered a Catholic church." In the journal he says: "Dr. Wilson and I walked about a little (in Calais) to the market-place and the church, both which were extraordinary to the greatest degree in my eyes. Sept. 16. We breakfasted at eight, and then started on our journey. 1st went my father and mother in their carriage with 4 horses; 2ndly. Dr. Wilson and I in a hired *calèche* with two horses. 3rd. Drewe and the maids, in one with three horses; and last, the *fourgon*, with 3. This was the order of march. I was amused extremely by the difference of this and our English posting. The appearance of the postilions is so new to me, as they crack their long whips over their heads, and the little horses with their rope harness look so mean. Luigi rode post to order horses and manage everything for us, and was always found waiting at every relay."

We quote this in full to give an idea of how noblemen travelled in the not very olden time. If George was much surprised at the church in Calais, his wonder knew no bounds when he entered the Cathedral in Amiens, and saw "Mass performed by separate Priests at different Altars, and people at each." This is a mystery to Protestants who see Catholic rites for the first time. They are taught to look upon true worship as consisting in the meaning of some well-written sentences, pronounced with emphatic unction, and responded to with some degree of fervour. The service, the fine old psalms, anthems, and collects of the Prayer-Book, issuing forth in melodious accents from the lips of a God-fearing man, is about the highest kind of public worship they can have any notion of. The sermon is first with some, second with others; but whatever place the peculiar excellence of the preacher, and the effects of it on a given occasion, may gain in the heart of an individual, it may be taken for granted that the service comes before the sermon in the abstract. But service and sermon must be heard, and

listened to, and understood. With this idea in their minds, and accustomed to see the minister assume a manner and mien calculated to produce prayerful thoughts in his congregation, they are surprised, if not shocked, at the Catholic Mass. They find the Priest hurrying off through Latin prayers, and producing breathless attention by his own silence; they see him arrayed in unintelligible attire, moving one way and another, bowing, genuflecting, standing still, or blessing. They scarcely understand a word or gesture, and feel perfectly sure that the old woman who beats her breast and counts her beads by the side of their staring effrontery is as much in the dark as themselves, if not more. They have seen one evidence more of the humbug of Popery, and bless God that Cranmer procured them another ritual. It is not our object to explain Catholic mysteries, but it may be as well to hint that if a stranger to Jerusalem happened to wander to Calvary on the great day of the Crucifixion, and believed in the divinity of the Victim who hung upon the Cross, he would find more devotion in kneeling in silence at His feet, than in listening to the most eloquent declamation he could hear about it. Such is the case with the Catholic now as then; he knows the same Victim is offered up still, and when the great moment arrives in the middle of the Mass, he would have everything to be hushed and silent, except the little bell that gives him notice of the awful moment. A reason why there should be people at the different altars lies in this: that there is the same Sacrifice on each, and one may happen to come into the church at a time when it would be more convenient to hear Mass at some one place than at another. The course of their journey lay through Paris, which they entered from St. Denis by Montmartre. They remained some days there to see Notre Dame, and Paris from its summit, admire the length of the Louvre, and visit Fontainebleau. In the course they took by Auxerre, Maison Neuve, Dijon, Poligny, and Morey, in order to cross Mount Jura and to see Mont Blanc on their way to Switzerland, they have to endure many privations. The inns are bad, the cooking is inferior, and they have to undergo discomforts while sleeping in

the *châlets* of mountaineers, who were not accustomed to have their quiet invaded by such state visits every day. All this they bore manfully until they arrived in Geneva, which they find "crammed with English." It strikes George as extraordinary that the Genevese should have their shops in the top story of their houses. He misses the morning service in the Calvinist Church on Sunday; thinks their afternoon function very like the Scotch, and sensible. He gives vent to his indignation at finding "a number of blackguard fellows playing cards and smoking, publicly, at a café, whilst there were only twenty at church." He is disappointed, therefore, at not finding Geneva the devout, religious place he imagined it to be. He sees a few of the sights with Dr. Wilson, and they cross the Lago Maggiore in a boat, whilst the rest of the company go round it by land. They all meet together in Milan; there they find Lord Lucan. He goes to see the *Duomo*, *Brera*, theatres; and admires the fine streets, shops, &c., and says the Cathedral is unique. He had the pleasure of meeting the famous Angelo, afterwards Cardinal, Mai at the Ambrosian Library. He went to the Cathedral on Saturday to see *Mass performed*, and was disappointed at not hearing the organ. He had, however, quite enough of the rite on Sunday, October 17th :—"At 10½ I went to the *Duomo*, and got into a little gallery over the choir, from whence I saw the ceremonies for the anniversary of the consecration of the church. There was a procession all round the building, with incense burning, and with the Priests singing anthems all the time, and a quantity of *other mummery*, the sight of which might well have driven Calvin to the extremities which he went to in the contrary way. The whole service is always in Latin, so that the people may not reap even the smallest benefit from it." We shall give another extract from the journal, as it shows the state of his mind at the time :—"This day completes the second year of my journal. How quick are they flown! those two years which are supposed to be the happiest in life. I think any time in life is happy if one knows the secret of making

it so. I have not learnt it yet, and have had a great deal of unhappiness since going to College. But for what? Nothing but my own imagination and weaknesses, for everything which generally gives happiness I have enjoyed. I have made several friends, been successful enough in my College studies, and have never wanted anything; but I have a morbid constitution which makes me raise phantoms of unhappiness where there is none, and clouds the fairest scenes with a veil of melancholy. This must be conquered, somehow or other, or I shall be a creature useless to others and tormenting to myself."

He feels much distaste at what he terms the dirty style in which an Italian gentleman chooses to live, because that gentleman finds himself quite comfortable without such furniture and appliances as are deemed essential in England. He happened to be a man fond of books, and spent his spare time in libraries and academies.

The travellers leave Milan after a fortnight's stay, and proceed through Placentia, Parma, Modena, and Bologna. Here the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti called upon them, and Spencer remarks that the only thing worth seeing, as far as he has gone, in Italy, are churches and their ornaments. He singled out one of those latter for special remark, as we find by the following passage :—

"Oct. 30. At nine o'clock Dr. Wilson's friend, a lawyer, took him and me up to a church on the mountain, near the town, famous for a picture—done, as they say, by St. Luke! There is a fine arcade to it for 2½ miles, and pilgrims go by this to adore this nonsense!"

Their next stay is at Florence, where he had the ill-luck of not providing against mosquitoes, who took the liberty of biting him heartily the first night he slept there. News reaches him next day that a great friend of his at Cambridge, a Mr. Gambier, has obtained a fellowship in Trinity. This makes him merry all the evening. They halt again for some rest at Perugia. All he says about this classic town is, "Before breakfast the Doctor and I saw a gallery of frightful old pictures, and other *maraviglia* of

Perugia, and then set off, still through mountainous country, to Spoleto. They start for Rome next day, they see it fifteen miles off, but he does not seem to have had a single spark of enthusiasm as he looks upon the great mistress of the world for the first time. Of course Rome, as the capital of Christendom, was not likely to stir up his best feelings, when we remember the then frame of his religious mind. At all events, cold and listless as it might be, he entered Rome on Wednesday, the 10th November, 1819. The first thing he and his father with the Doctor did on arriving, was to pay a visit to St. Peter's. "We saw it inside and out. It was most glorious: but its size from some reason or other disappoints me, as it does all strangers; it improves upon acquaintance, I fancy." How like Byron's opinion. "Childe Harold:" Canto IV. 65 :—

> "Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? it is not lessened: but thy mind,
> Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal, and can only find
> A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
> Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
> Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
> See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
> His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

He visits next the Capitoline, the ancient Forum, and the Coliseum; he remarks; "this last is quite stupendous, and quite answers my expectations. I could not yet understand the plan of the staircases and seats. *The Pope has stuck it all over with little chapels.*" He meets Tom Moore, and spends a day with him and other merry companions in Tivoli.

He stayed in Rome this time only a week: for on the 17th November they all started for Naples. In passing through Terracina he meets what Catholics will recognize as a *svegliarino*. It is customary, when a mission is being given in some parts of Italy, for one of the missioners to go out, accompanied by a bell, and such companions, lay and clerical, as wish to take part in the ceremony, go

around the village, and preach from a table in three or four different places. This has a remarkable effect—the listless loungers who prefer basking in the sun, or swallowing maccaroni, to going to the church for the sermons, are thus roused so far as to put their heads out of the window or door and ask what's the matter. By-and-bye the crowd thickens, one looks inquisitively at the other, and when their curiosity has been worked upon sufficiently, the missioner gets up, and in a fiery zealous discourse puts the fear of God into his hearers. Thousands are brought to repentance by these means every year. The sermon, of course, is not a polished oration, with points of rhetoric to suit the laws of criticism. It is rather broken and inflamed, short and telling sentences, and delivered with all that unction and impetuosity for which Italians are remarkable; and which is anything but intelligible to an Englishman, who is accustomed to the measured discourses of a London Churchman. Accordingly we find this proceeding thus dotted down in the journal :—"At Terracina we were very much *amused* by a procession of penitents with the Bishop of Terracina, and an extravagant sermon preached by a priest from a table before the inn." At that time, how little could he foresee that he should afterwards give such a mission in Italy himself, and further, to the utmost of his power, with equal zeal, though with more sedateness, even such an *extravaganza*, as it now appeared to him. His style of preaching, however, as we shall hereafter see, was never such as to qualify him for an emphatic *svegliarino*.

On November 21 they arrive in Naples, not very pleasantly, as Lady Spencer had suffered from the roughness of the road, and was obliged to rest a night in Capua, and George was suffering from a soreness in his eye. These inconveniences were forgotten for a moment on meeting Lord George Quin and his lady, daughter to Lord Spencer. Young Spencer was delighted with the children, though they could only speak French or Italian. The soreness of his eye keeps him at home next day, which he enjoys as he has full opportunity of chatting with his sister, whom he

seems to have loved very much. He has already alluded to the plan his mother formed for his learning to play on the guitar ; so we shall not quote any of the handsome greetings which the guitar-master receives as he comes to inflict the penance of making his pupil tune the strings of this romantic instrument.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLISH LIFE IN NAPLES.

THE English who wintered in Naples at the same time with the Spencer family seemed to have formed, as they generally do, a special caste. They dined together, drove out together, they laughed at the churches, and crowded the opera. Their conduct in the latter place did not seem to be very edifying to the Neapolitans, who, perhaps, may have thought it was an English custom to see a nobleman "tumbling tipsy one night into Earl Spencer's box," to the no small disedification of the whole family, who were models of sobriety and decorum. The English, by forming their own circles in this exclusive manner, and by their external deportment on various occasions, keep away the higher and more pious grades of society in Catholic cities. The scoffers at monachism and priestly rule are freely admitted within the English pale, and pay for their hospitality, by catering to the worst prejudices of their entertainers, and maligning their neighbours. It is very often a repetition of the fable of the sour grapes. For this we have ample testimony in the writings of our contemporaries, which we will strengthen by quoting Father Ignatius's own words a little later. The better Italians sometimes laugh at all this, so that John Bull is become a by-word among them for exclusiveness and arrogant, selfish pride. The blame lies with the English.

They sometimes found disagreeable incidents from the clashing of tastes and customs. On the 8th of December they made the round of the churches, but were sorely piqued that the Neapolitans had too much respect for our Blessed Lady to open the operas and theatres on the evening

of the Feast of her Immaculate Conception, so they had to content themselves with whist, and discordant notes from George's guitar. Another of these crosses occurred a few days after. George made a lame excursion to Vesuvius, and when groaning from toothache on his return, heard that the father of his bosom friend, Sir Thomas Fremantle, senior, was dead. To make matters worse, the remains could not be interred in a cemetery, and the *Inglesi* had to pay the last sad rites to their friend in a private garden. On Christmas Day they had service at the Consul's, and then they walked about, and had their whist for the rest of the day. The old year was danced out at a grand quadrille party, of which more hereafter; and George tells us very carefully that "a set of us drank in the new year in *diavolone*." How remarkable, at every turn, and even by such chance and off-hand expressions, to note the contrast between the George Spencer of that day and the subject of divine grace he afterwards became!

It is a relief to begin the new year 1820 with recording an exception made to the general custom above. George was presented by his father to King Ferdinand, and all the *nobili Inglesi* were invited to join in the festivities with which it was customary to usher in the new year. For the rest, the evenings and early part of the mornings are spent in a continual whirl of amusement, and it would require a page to number up the balls and dances he figured in. He visits also the Carthusian and Camaldolese monasteries, but makes no comments. He goes two or three times to see Vesuvius and the crater and the lava, of which he gives a very nice description; after this he is allowed, by special favour, to be at the Royal chase: this puts him in great humour, for, besides the sport it afforded in the way of getting shots at such choice game as wild boars, it gave him an opportunity of seeing the "King and all his court, to which nothing can be similar."

Towards the end of January, Lord and Lady Spencer determined on returning to England, and offered to leave George to travel through the sights of Southern Italy. He perceives, in a few days, the tokens of an inclination in his

parents to have his company, and goes straightway to the Honourable Augustus Barrington, who was to be his fellow-traveller, and breaks off the plan they had formed. It was only after very pressing instances from his father and mother that he could be persuaded to take up the first plan anew. A portion of his autobiography will throw some light upon many things we have only just touched upon, and, therefore, it is better to quote it here, though it might come in more opportunely at the conclusion of his first tour abroad.

"It is extraordinary, indeed, that I should have remained a whole year on the Continent, and never once have seriously taken into consideration the subject of the Catholic religion. Such was the case; and I returned to England, as far as I can remember, without one doubt having crossed my mind whether this was the true religion or not. . . . And now for a little recollection of the state of my mind during this period of travelling, and its moral effects upon me. During all this time I continued, thank God, wholly convinced that a course of iniquity would not answer; and had I met with any among the young men, my associates, who would have dared to speak out fully in favour of morality, I should, I believe, have been ready to agree with him. But where were such to be found? I had now grown so far more independent of the world, that I had not open assaults to bear continually against for not running with the rest. Many of the young men who maintained their character as free licentious livers, yet professed some degree of moderation and restraint in their indulgences. Some I remember, who professed to keep clear of immoral practices, and no doubt their sincerity in this might be depended on; for where no credit but dishonour would be the reward of steady conduct, there was no temptation to pretend to it falsely. But I remember now but one who dared to allude in my hearing—and that was but once, I think, in private—to the consequence of this sin in another world, and to maintain that it was better to avoid it for fear of punishment hereafter. While, then, I still knew that the way of evil was all wrong, and would have been most happy if the fashion of wickedness could have been at

an end; and though I never once, as far as I know, was the first to introduce immodest conversation, and hardly ever heard it introduced by others without inward repugnance, and seldom joined in it; yet I never dared declare how much I hated it, and was still in the most awful and desperate state of wishing I had been like the worst, sooner than be thus subject to the torment of being put to shame before bold profligates. While with my parents, I have before said, I was under good surveillance, and could not think of being detected by them in any evil. How shall I ever be thankful enough for all this? My father's character was such that though many who were often in his company were men whom I have known, when out of it, to delight in most abominable things, I knew of none who ever dared in his sight to do more than covertly allude to them. I was therefore happy in this respect whenever he was near; but when once more left to myself, I again returned to those fearful deliberations of which I have before spoken—of, as it were, selling myself, for a time at least, to work wickedness without restraint. It may be well conceived how miserably fallen and corrupt must have been my heart when such purposes were entertained within it; and if, partly through some remains of the holy impressions of my childhood, which still operated on my poor, degraded heart as a kind of habit not yet quite worn off; partly by a sense of the shame and misery I should have before my family and some more whom I knew in the world, who would be themselves most afflicted if they heard of my fall from the good dispositions which they had known in me; partly from a fear of ridicule, even from the profligate, if, after all, I was to fall; partly by the wonderful providence of God, which (I acknowledge) most wisely and most tenderly, yet strongly interposed at times to baffle the madness of my designs when about to be accomplished—if, I say, thus I have been in a degree preserved, God knows I have no credit due to me: God knows that from my heart I take only shame and confusion of face to myself in the remembrance of my very preservation. Towards the latter part of my stay abroad, I began to be in some way weary of this uncertain state of mind. I

was always expecting to take Orders when I should reach the age; and as I knew that then I should not be expected by the world to join in its fashionable vices, and should even suffer in public estimation if I did, my thoughts began to be rather better directed, and I took pains from time to time to overcome some of the evil that was in me."

"It is wonderful that any good disposition should have lived within me, when every remembrance of religion seems to have been put out of my mind. I now could hardly understand how this should have indeed been the case, if I had not a clear remembrance of certain circumstances which plainly show what was the state of my mind. On the 27th January, 1820, I went up Mount Vesuvius with Dr. Wilson, when, as we were looking into the crater of the volcano, a discharge of red-hot stones took place. I heard them whistle by me as they ascended, and, though it was of no use to attempt to get out of the way, I hurried back a few steps by a natural impulse, and immediately saw a lump of red-hot stuff twice the size of one's head fall on the spot where I had been standing just before. We immediately ran down the side of the mountain, and reached a place about a quarter of a mile distant from the mouth of the crater, from whence we could see the upper cone of the mountain. Just then a grand explosion took place, which shook the whole mountain, and a vast quantity of these masses of fiery red stuff was spouted out from the crater, which in its return appeared entirely to cover the whole space over which we had been running five minutes before. Here was an evident escape which, in a mind possessed with any religion at all, could not fail of awakening some serious reflections. Alas! I never thought of the abyss into which I must have fallen had not the good angel, who watched and guided me through so many perils which I thought not of, then preserved me. When I came down in the evening to Naples, the only effect was that I was pleased and vain at having a good adventure to relate, and showing off a spirit of bravery and indifference, when some blamed me for my rashness.

"Another circumstance I may record to show how free from all religious fear my mind was. I have before noticed

the fits of melancholy which became habitual to me during the last part of my Cambridge life. These came, I think, to their greatest height in the last half of the time I spent at Naples. The interesting excitement of our journey, the company of my sister when I first came to Naples, and the gaieties of which I had my fill there, and which at first had all the charm of novelty, kept me from much thought of any kind, and I enjoyed the balls, the concerts, the grand operas, the enchanting rides of Naples, for a month or six weeks, almost without a cloud. At least I used always to count that my brightest period in the way of enjoyments. Unhappy those who have health and spirits and talents to enable them to please and be pleased long together in such a round of vanity! To my great vexation I found myself again attacked with my old enemy, melancholy; do what I would, I could not drive away those fits of gloom. They were caused partly by the effect on my health of too much good living, and bad hours; but the chief cause was the intrinsic worthlessness of all such pleasure, which will discover itself sooner or later to every one even of its most devoted lovers, and which happily showed itself to me sooner than others. Oh! what frivolous causes did my happiness then seem to depend on! Not dancing to my satisfaction in one quadrille, fancying that some of my favourite partners were tired of my conversation, and that the nonsense of some other silly youth pleased her better, was enough to turn what I flattered myself was about to be a bright and pleasant evening into gloom and sadness. Sometimes, without an assignable cause, my spirits failed, as at others an equally frivolous reason would remove my clouds and make me bright again; but gradually the gloomy moods gained ground, and grew more dark and tedious. I remember comparing notes with another young man, who was like me a victim of the dumps, and finding some satisfaction in the sympathy of a fellow-sufferer, who, with a smile at the absurdity of such feelings, of which he was well sensible while he avowed them, exactly described to me my state of mind when he said that under them he fancied himself the most unfortunate of mankind, and would willingly have

changed places with the most despicable and wretched of men, not to say with any animal almost. Poor blind fools that we were! We could not between us suggest the way to be happy which is open to all.

"I remember well coming home one night from a ball, which, by my journal, I find to be on the 25th January, when, as I wrote at that time, I was more miserable than ever I was in that way. I went to bed, and heard a noise like a creak in the ceiling of my room. I felt a wish that it would break through and crush me. How I used to wish at that time I had the sort of bold, firm heart which appeared through some of the young manly faces which I used daily to meet—to whom low spirits was a thing unknown. I knew not that I was quarrelling with the most choice of God's mercies to me, without which I should probably have been irrevocably lost. I still, to this day, am used to the visits of my feelings of dejection, but, thank God, I know better how to receive them; and, far from wishing them away, I rather fear their departure, and desire they may never leave me. For if I have within me one bright, heavenly desire, I owe it to these feelings, which first poisoned my pleasure in the world, and drew me at length to seek for it elsewhere, and now I wish never to have peace within my breast while one desire lives there for anything but God.

"Yet that thought of wishing even to be crushed, that I might escape from my miserable feelings, shows how far I was at that time from knowing how great a cause for sorrow I really had in the state of my soul—which, if I had known it, must have driven away all imaginary griefs—nor from what quarter I should seek for happiness; and it is a wonder that it took so long a time, and so many repetitions of the same lesson, before I began to correspond with the gracious purpose of my Heavenly Teacher; of Him who was thus correcting me, that I might at length love Him, and love Him willingly. How was it that I could have lived so long without being awakened to one sentiment of religious fear? . . .

"But now we must return to the Catholic Faith. The main object of this memoir being to trace the steps of my

progress towards Catholicity, it would be expected that the period of my residence for a whole year in Catholic countries must be most interesting. Indeed it is wonderful that this year of my life should have been, as it appears to me to have been, quite neutral in its effects. I certainly made no progress towards my present faith. This would not be extraordinary; for how many Protestants by their travels abroad not only make no progress towards Catholicity, but are made its violent enemies. But, undoubtedly, this was the effect produced on me. It seems that at this time I was under the influence of altogether other objects and notions from any connected with religion. What I sought was, first, my own pleasure—next, only general information; what I was chiefly controlled by was human respect. Having no care at all about religion in any form, the question of which was the right form never troubled me, and so the observations which I could not help making on the Catholic religious practices which I saw, were very superficial. It might be interesting to transcribe a few passages from my journal which show what was my mind.

"It is remarkable how easily one's mind takes in and rests contented in the belief of false and prejudicial representations of things. I never had had much pains taken with me to set me against the Catholic religion; but though I knew nothing of what it was, I rested in the conviction that it was full of superstition, and, in fact, as good as no religion at all. I never opened my mind all the time I was abroad to the admission of any idea but this; and so I looked on all the Catholic ceremonies which I saw, in this perverted light. I did not fall in the way of anyone to set me right; for I was contented to go on in the stream of the English society with which almost all the towns in Italy were filled, and if any really zealous exemplary Catholics are sometimes mingled with them, they do not find it available or prudent to introduce the mention of religion; while there will be always some who have no objection to seek to please them by encouraging their prejudices, which they do effectually by telling stories—some true, perhaps, some obviously false—of the Priests and Religious. Such a person,

who bore the title of Abbate, and therefore must have been professedly a true Catholic, we fell in with at Milan; he assisted my father in his search after curious books. I remember some of his conversations, and I find notice in my journal of his dining with us, and being 'very amusing in some stories about the Catholic processions.' The impression on my mind was that the whole system of religion which we saw was mere formality, people being taught to content themselves with fulfilling some external rules, and the clergy making it their business to keep them in the dark. I took little notice of religious matters till we entered Italy. There Milan was the first town we stopped at. On the Sunday after our arrival was the anniversary of the consecration of the church. I saw the ceremonies in the Cathedral, the very place where St. Augustine's heart was moved and his conversion begun, by hearing the strains of holy music, perhaps the same which I then heard. But very different was the effect on me; here are the wise remarks inserted in my journal."*

The autobiography breaks off abruptly here; but in order to fit the remarks to the events which they concern, we have kept one or two paragraphs in reserve for another place.

* The passage is given in page 60.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUATION OF HIS TRAVELS.

After staying about three months in Naples, Spencer sets out with Barrington, to travel through Sicily, on the 27th February. The voyage was very smooth until they came to Stromboli, and passed near the cave of Æolus, who "puffed at them accordingly," and delayed their landing at Messina until March 2. He goes to a ceremony in the cathedral there, and says, "the priests seem flourishing and very numerous here." On his way to Mount Etna he remarks, with a kind of incredulous air, that he went to see the lions of the five chesnuts and the bridge, which has the same legend attached to its origin as the Devil's Bridge in Wales, "dogs being, in both cases, sent over first to pay the forfeit for having built it."* He chiefly lodges in convents

* The most circumstantial legend bearing upon the remark in the text is that about the Bridge of Rimini. Here there was a fearful rapid, without a stone within the distance of 70 miles that was available for building purposes. The bridge-builder of the town may or may not have had the contract; but, at all events, he set down in a confused state of mind as to how it might be done. The devil appeared to him and contracted for the building of the bridge on these easy terms—getting the first that crossed it for his own. The bargain was struck, and in the twinkling of an eye some thousands of infernal imps were scampering down the mountains with a gigantic stone on the shoulder of each. One-third of them were quite sufficient, and the arch-fiend who presided over the building cried out, that no more were wanted: when each devil threw down his load where he happened to be when the master's yell reached his ears. This is said to account for the rocks one sees strewn about near this bridge. The bridge itself is a circle, and was built in one night, and indeed some kind of infernal machine would seem necessary to remove the blocks of stone of which it is composed. Now came the trial. The Christian builder of

during his rambles through Sicily, the inns being so very bad that they drive travellers away. He and his companion sleep in different convents, and are very well treated; but that scarcely evokes a word of thanks. Poor monks! they have a bad name in Protestant nations, and what would be praiseworthy in others is only an equivocal quality in them. This is very sad; that men who have bid farewell to the world should, on that very account, be considered hardly entitled to the bare rights of human beings. Yet go on, poor souls, in your vocation; your Master before you received the same treatment from the world, and you are not greater than He. Spencer meets one or two monks whom he likes pretty well—one was the superior of the Carmelites at Girgenti. The rest he calls "stupid friars," "lazy monks," and so forth, according to the tone of mind he happens to be in. In one monastery they shut the door of the room allowed them in the face of one of the brethren, because, forsooth, they were "bored by visits from the monks." His journey does not always lie through convents, and he meets others who are not monks; one of these was a wine-merchant at Marsala, a native of England. It seems the pair of tourists were received as handsomely by their countryman as they had been by the "stupid friars," for he is thus described in the journal: "He seems to think himself commissioned to keep up the English character in a strange land, for he is a John Bull in caricature in his manner." We are also told, a little lower down, that he is very hospitable to all English who pass by that way. They had the novelty of seeing an

bridges had no fancy for going to hell, and he was too charitable to send anyone else there. He bethought him of an expedient, and calling out his dog he took a small loaf, and threw it across the bridge with all his might. The dog, of course, ran after it. Whereupon the devil seized him, and in a rage flung him up to somewhere near the moon, and the dog falling from this height upon the bridge, made a hole in its only arch which cannot be filled up to this day. The legend embodies at least a specimen of the Catholic instinct: viz., the anxiety of the devil for our destruction, and how all hell thinks it cheap to turn out for a day's hard labour in the hopes of gaining one single soul.

Italian Good Friday in Marsala; the impression is thus noted: "Friday, Mar. 31.—This was Good Friday. The first, and I hope the last, I shall spend without going to church; not that I should not like to be abroad another year. We were reminded of the day by quantities of groups representing the Passion and Crucifixion, almost as large as life, carried about on men's shoulders, which, absurd as they are, seemed to make an impression on the populace. Men dressed in black accompanied them, with crowns of thorns and crosses. It strikes me as direct idolatry, nearly. The gentry were all in mourning, and the sentinels had their muskets with the muzzles inverted. We all three (Sir H. Willoughby accompanied Barrington and Spencer) took a walk up to the top of Monte di Trapani, the ancient Eryx, where is a town of the same name. We examined what was to be seen there, and came down again to dinner. We dined at 6½, and had *some meat*, which we have not been able to get for some days, it being Passion Week." He spent Easter Sunday in Palermo, and here are his comments on its observance: "Sunday, April 2, Easter-day.—We set off from Ahamo about 7¼. I walked on for an hour, and then rode forward all the way to Monreale, where I stopped an hour till the others came up. We then proceeded together to Palermo. In the villages we passed, the people were all out in their best clothes, which was a very pretty sight. Bells were clattering everywhere, and *feux de joie* were fired in several villages as we passed, with a row of little tubes loaded with gunpowder, in the market-places, and processions went about of people in fancy dresses with flags and drums. This religion is most extraordinary. It strikes me as impious; but I suppose it takes possession of the common people sooner than a sensible one." He completed the tour of the island by arriving in Messina, after a most successful attempt to see Mount Etna, on the 14th of April. They left Sicily for Reggio in a boat, and arrived there "with a good ducking." They both went to visit Scylla, which was guarded as a citadel by armed peasants. The sturdy yeomen refused to admit them, whereupon George, with true English curiosity, climbed up the wall to

get a peep at the sea, and perhaps inside. Scarcely had he got half-way up when he was taken prisoner by the sentinel. He was accordingly invited to visit the interior of the castle, and had to gaze at the bleak walls of its keep for an hour, until Willoughby procured his release from the commandant. They travelled on, and George does not seem to be satisfied with the people of Salerno, whom he designates as "surly and gothic." He heard his companions had to get an escort of gendarmes, to save them from robbers, all along here. Returns to Naples, April 26, delighted at being safe in life and limb; he goes to the old lodgings to a party, and reflects thus on his return: "I came home about one, rather sad with seeing the representation of what I had enjoyed in the winter—but all the people changed. *Gaiety after all does not pay.*" This last sentence is not underlined by Spencer himself. It is done to point a moral that may be necessary for a certain class of persons. It is often supposed that monks, and the like people, paint the world blacker than it is in reality, and that it is a kind of morose sourness of disposition that makes recluses cry down the enjoyments of those outside convent-walls. This line will perhaps defend F. Ignatius from such an imputation. He wrote that after the pure natural enjoyment of scenery had been compared with the excitement of a ball-room; if he thought, in his wildness, that gaiety did not pay, no wonder that his opinion was confirmed in the quiet tameness of his after-life. A passage from the autobiography, omitted above, comes in here opportunely. He was speaking of the absence of the fear of God from his miserable mind:—

"This was almost true concerning the entire perio. One occasion I will mention when I was impressed with some shame at my wretched state. While I was making the tour of Sicily, my father and mother left Naples in the *Révolutionnaire*, a fine frigate which had been placed at their disposal, and by which they went to Marseilles, to shorten their land journey homewards. When I returned to Naples I found a long letter from my father, full of kindness and affection for me, in which he explained to me his wishes as to the course of my journey home. This letter I believe I

have not kept, but I remember in it a passage nearly as follows: 'As to your conduct, my dear George, I need not tell you how important it is for your future happiness and character that you should keep yourself from all evil; especially considering the sacred profession for which you are intended. But, on this subject, I have no wish concerning you but to hear that you continue to be what you have hitherto been.' 'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'how horrible is the difference between what I am and what this sentence represents me.' But worldly shame was yet more powerful in me than godly shame, and this salutary impression did not produce one good resolution."

On May 3rd, 1820, he came to Rome a second time. His first visit this time also was to St. Peter's, which, he says, "looked more superb to me than ever." He attended Cardinal Litta's funeral from curiosity, and has no remark about it worth extracting. There are two passages in the journal relating to the ceremonies of Ascension Thursday and Corpus Christi, which may be interesting as being indicative of his notions of Catholic ritual:—

"Thursday, May 11.—Got up early, and wrote till breakfast. At 9½ went off with Barrington and Ford to St. John of Lateran, where there were great ceremonies to take place for the Ascension Day. The old Pope was there, and was carried round the church blessing, with other mummeries. It was a fine sight when he knelt down and prayed (or was supposed to do so) in the middle of the church, with all the Cardinals behind him. Now this goes for nothing in comparison to what it must have been when the Pope was really considered infallible (*sic*). We then all went out of the church to receive the blessing, from the principal window in the façade. The Pope came to this in his chair, and performed the spreading of his hands very becomingly. The whole thing was too protracted, perhaps, to be as striking as it should; but I was not as disappointed as I expected to be. The cannonry of St. Angelo and the band certainly gave effect; and the crowd of people on the space before the church was a scene to look at."

"Thursday, June 1.—To-day is the feast of Corpus

Domini, one of the greatest in the Catholic Church; so at eight we went, having breakfasted [a fact, by the bye, he seldom omits to mention], to St. Peter's, to see the *funzioni*, which are very grand on this occasion. There was a great procession round the *cortile*—first of the religious orders, about 450 monks only; and the boys of St. Michael's Hospital, of the Collegio Romano, &c. Then came curates, and priests temporal and secular, prelates, and monsignores, the ensigns or canopies of the seven basilicas with their chapters, and the priests belonging to them following; next came bishops, then cardinals, and then the Pope, carried on four men's shoulders. He was packed up on the top of the stand with his head out alone. He seemed more dead than alive, and worse than on May 11 at S. Giovanni's. The group of people about him, with their robes and splendid mitres, made a very brilliant sight. The former part of the procession rather showed the decadence of the Church from a great height, than its present glory. After the Pope came the *guardia nobile*, and other soldiers, in splendid uniforms. After the procession there were functions in the Church, and a benediction from the Altar, and which I did not see so well. St. Peter's never showed so well as with a crowd of people in it, when one may estimate its dimensions from the comparison of their littleness."

This is a fair specimen of how a candid, prejudiced Protestant stares at Catholic services. He puts down as undisputed that all is absurd before he goes, and if the Man of Sin himself, the poor Pope, is in the middle of it, it rises to the very highest pitch of abomination. A man who could consider holiday attire and exultation impious on Easter Sunday, and the mourning and fasting and processions of Good Friday something worse, cannot be very well qualified to comprehend the Ascension and Corpus Christi in Rome. Catholics *do* believe in the authority of the Pope and the power of the Keys, and also in the Real Presence; will it not follow, as a natural conclusion, that the four quarters of the globe should get its spiritual Father's blessing one day in the year, and that we should try to find out the best way of honouring our Incarnate God in the Blessed Sacrament?

But consistency is not a gift one finds among Protestants, especially when they give their opinion on what they think too absurd to try to understand. They must admit the Catholic ceremonial is imposing; but then it is only to quarrel with it for being so. They can understand pageantry and pomp in honouring an earthly monarch; but does it occur to them that every best gift is from above, and that the King of kings should be honoured with every circumstance of splendour and oblation a creature can offer?

One or two of the salient points of his character come out in a few extracts we shall produce from the journal now. He says, on leaving Rome—"How delightful, and yet how melancholy, was my walk about those dear rooms at the Vatican; after next Thursday I believe I am never to see them again, so farewell to them now." This illustrates his better nature; he was very affectionate, and could love whatever was really worth loving; he was not very demonstrative of this feeling, but when it came to leave-taking, he had to give vent to it. A peculiar caste of his mind was to listen to every proposition, and weigh the reasons adduced to support it. If they were unanswerable, he at once admitted it, and, if possible, tested it by experience. This was the great key to his conversion and subsequent life. In conversation, perhaps, with a medical friend, he was told that it was far the best way, whilst on the move in travelling, neither to eat nor drink. This was supported by reasons drawn from the digestive principles, and so forth. He thought it was well proved, and could find no valid objection against it, so he determined to try it, and travelled from Rome to Sienna without tasting a morsel for forty-two hours, and says in his journal—"It is much the best way in travelling." In Florence we have other tokens of the regret with which he parts from his friends; and in the same page a very different feeling on parting with some Franciscans. These "entertained him uncommonly well for mendicants," and showed him all their treasures of art and piety with the greatest kindness; yet it did not prevent him calling them "lazy old monks" when they let him away at three o'clock in the morning.

He walks about the country a good deal, and finds it pleasant, "as the common people here are much more conversable than ours." This striking difference between a Catholic and a Protestant peasantry is patent to the most superficial observer. The poor Irish, French, or Italian labourer, who can neither read nor write, is quite at his ease with the merchant or the noble. He will have his joke and his laugh, very often at the expense of his superior, and never outstep the bounds of due respect. He is light-hearted and gay everywhere, and the exact opposite of the English navvy.

The real cause of the difference is the want of religion in the poor Briton. The Catholic religion inculcates humility on the great. It brings the Lord of the Manor and his servant to the same confessional and the same altar: they may be as far asunder as pole from pole outside the church, but inside it they are both on a level. The works of mercy are insisted on, and high-born ladies are most frequently the ministering angels of the poor man's sick-bed, and the instructors of his children, and nurses of his orphans. "Blessed are the poor" is not a dead letter in Catholic theology, and until it be, and that poverty becomes felony, the same ease and happiness will pervade the peasantry of Catholic countries, which now gives them such grace and beauty. The doctrine of self-worship and money-adoration can never fuse races; there is a wide wide chasm between the upper and the lower orders in Protestant countries, which no amount of mechanics' lectures, and patronizing condescension, can bridge over, as long as the germs of the worldly system remain rooted in the education and manners of the people. Of course, these remarks do not apply to the general state of things, for there is oppression in Catholic countries as well as elsewhere; they simply concern the working of a Christian principle, if it get fair play.

He visits Pisa, Lucca, Carrara, Sestri, and stops at Genoa. A bit of the Protestant breaks out here. "We went to see that foolish *sacro catino* at the Cathedral, which I have no doubt is glass instead of emerald." He says

again: "It makes me rather onked to be alone now, though sometimes I wish to be so. But the only solitude that is disagreeable is among numbers in a large town. The solitude of the Apennines, and such places as last night's habitation, is a pleasure to me." Now one *vetturino* hands him over "to another more blackguard than himself" on his way to Bologna, where he has a very satisfactory meeting with Mezzofanti once more. Off he starts through Ferrara, Rovigo, and Padua, for Venice; he visits the Piazza S. Marco, and is told complacently by a French doctor, who proved to be a terrible bore by-and-by, that it is nothing to the Palais Royal. He visits Mantua on a pilgrimage to Virgil's birthplace, and says of a sight he saw by accident: "I was amused by a figure of S. Zeno, just like a smiling Otaheitan idol of the largest dimensions, which is the great protector of the town." It is not hard to tell which way his devotion lay. Spencer and a Mr. Lefevre, who was now his travelling companion, go to a *villegiatura* here, and are splendidly entertained for a couple of days. They travel on for Germany through the Tyrol; from Verona to Riva they chiefly travel by the Lago di Garda, and the only incidents he chooses to record, until they come to "dem goldenen Adler" (the golden Eagle) at Brixen, are the cicerone's opinions of Catullus, whom that well-informed individual thought to have been a brigand chief. They had to bring the bill of fare before the police in Riva, but were not successful in getting a single charge diminished; he enjoyed a good deal of idyllic life along here, and did not seem to think much *pro* or *con.* of the little town of Trent, though one should fancy he would say something, if it were only a few angry words about the Great Council.

He considers the Germans more honest than the Italians, and was inclined to admire their solidity and steadiness; but his driver fell asleep on their way to Innspruck, and let the reins fall on the horse's neck when descending a steep, and he veers round to the opinion that if they were a little livelier, it would be much better. On his way through Bavaria to Munich he thinks the country very like England—well cultivated and flourishing. "The costumes extraordinary,

but not so pretty as the Tyrolese. The people themselves, both men and women, are the ugliest race I ever saw." They had letters of introduction to Prince Lœwenstein and Count Peppenheim, two aides-de-camp of the King of Bavaria; they were invited to a royal *chasse*. Perhaps it is as well to give the whole account from the Journal, as it conveys an idea of German sports too fine to be overlooked.

"Monday, Aug. 21.—At 4½ this morning we started for the *chasse* in the mountains about three leagues off. At the end of two leagues we were stopped and obliged to walk, as the road became too narrow for the King to pass us, in case we had been in the way when he came up. So we walked the rest till we came to the toils where Lœwenstein received us. The *chasse* was in a deep valley, shut in on the sides by precipitous rocks: into this they had tracked about 80 or 90 head of deer, and shut them in by toils at both ends; then little green enclosures were made for the guns to be posted in. We had one of these guns given us in conjunction with other spectators, the shooter who was to have been there not having arrived. Before the line was a broad course of a torrent, and beyond that was a wood into which they had forced the game, and from which they drove it again with dogs, and even into the way of the guns. This went on for 4 or 5 hours, during which they cannonaded very quick, but with little effect, for I never saw a much greater proportion of misses. The result was about 70 head of deer. We were much surprised in the middle of the time at seeing Devon walk up. He came from Salzburg for the purpose of this *chasse*, and stayed with us through it. After it we were standing near the place where the King was counting out the game, when Peppenheim presented us to him, and he asked us to dine at Berchtesgaden. As our carriage was so far off, we were obliged to be carried as we could, and I was taken in by Lœwenstein, who is, by the bye, about the fattest man in Bavaria. We dressed directly, both ourselves and Devon, who had nothing here; and even so we were late for dinner. However, the King was so gracious and good-humoured that it all went off capitally. It was an interesting dinner for the faces that

we saw. Eugene Beauharnais, Prince Schwartzenberg, Reichenbach, engineer, Maréchal Wrede, and about 16 more, were there. We stayed till about 6, and then came home.

"Tuesday, Aug. 22.—To-day we again followed the motions of the Court. Devon came over with horses from Hallein, where he had returned last night; and so we went about comfortably. Schwartzenberg took us to a famous machine of Mr. Reichenbach's, without the King. This machine is employed to raise the salt water, which is brought from the mines here, and convey it over the mountains to Reichenhall, about 3 leagues distant, where is a manufactory for extracting the salt. The reason of this is, that there is not enough wood for consumption here. It is a vast forcing-pump, which is worked by fresh water from a height of 400 feet, and raises the salt water 1,200. This water is in the proportion of 53 to 44 heavier than fresh water. I did not understand the whole explanation, being in German, but I admired the machine, which works in a room so quietly as actually not to be perceptible from the noise, except a little splashing. After this we came to a miserable dinner at the inn, which was too full to attend to us. At 1½, about, we started again to a romantic lake, König See, where another scene of this royal drama was to be enacted. The King came, with his whole party, an hour after us, and we were invited by Lœwenstein into his royal boat, which was rowed by 11 men and one pretty damsel. We went all down the lake, with several other boats full following, one of which had 4 small cannons, which they constantly discharged for the echo. The thing we came though for was, two artificial cascades from the top of the mountains, one in the course of a small torrent, which had been stopped above and made into a lake, full of large pieces of timber, which were precipitated all at once with surprising effect. The other was a dry cascade, down which two heaps of timber were discharged, like the launching of a ship from an inclined plane, the smallest of which, as I could judge from below, was twice the height of a man, and four times the length at least. The finest part of this was the prodigious

splashing at the bottom, which resembled, in appearance and sound, a line of cannonading. By way of sport, this is the most superb child-amusement one could conceive. We rowed back in the same boat, and disembarked about sunset. We proceeded directly to a salt-mine, without the King, where was to be an illumination. We all were decked out in miners' habits, and embarked, in little carts drawn by two men, down a shaft 1,800 feet long, lighted by candles all the way, ourselves having one each, like white penitents. At the end of this we were surprised by entering a large chamber, perhaps 200 yards round, with a gallery at the top; the whole was surrounded by festoons of lamps, and below it was a rich star of fire, which showed the depth of the mine off to great advantage. A band of music was playing, and mines were exploded at the bottom with really tremendous noise. Altogether, this scene pleased me more than any I have seen here, or perhaps anywhere.

"Wednesday, August 23.—At 5 we started in the carriage, with Devon's servant, for the second *chasse* (of chamois); we found ourselves among a long train of other carriages also going there. We passed through the *chasse* of Monday, and went about 3 miles further on foot. We found that of 60 chamois which had been collected in the toils, 40 had escaped; so the *chasse* was but of about an hour's duration before they were all killed. The stands of shooters were confined, so we were made to climb up a little mountain, or rather a large rock, from which we had an excellent view of everything. The scenery was superb and wild. Before, behind, and everywhere, were immense mountains of solid and shagged rock, 9,000 feet high above the sea, with nothing like vegetation but patches of stunted firs, which did not, even so, reach halfway up their height, and looked like moss. It made a contrast with the tameness of the *chasse*, where about 16 chamois were driven about and killed out of little boxes, in an enclosure of a few acres. It was not so fine in that respect as the deer *chasse*. The King asked us again to dinner, near a small house in the valley of the deer *chasse* (Wimbach). The table was put on a platform under a sycamore-tree in a glorious situa-

tion. I was unexpectedly called upon to sit next to Prince Schwartzenberg, and always called *milord*, which probably was the original mistake. The whole business went off very satisfactorily. The King's manners are most affable, and made everything comfortable about him."

After this grand performance, our tourists took a ride through a salt-mine, astride of a plank, with a man before and behind running as fast as could be; they come finally to daylight, and shortly afterwards to Salzburg. They travelled the country to Lintz, and sailed down the Danube to Vienna, where they found the police "ridiculously strict about passports." A few days after their arrival in Vienna they took a drive through the *Prater*, and "during the drive we conversed on the subject of family calamities, and on one's means of bearing them. Soon after we came home, Lord Stewart's *attaché*, Mr. Aston, called with a letter for me from Mr. Allen, which told me of the horrible news of my brother Bob's death in America, killed in an affray with his first lieutenant! How strangely fulfilled were our yesterday's prognostics. This is a sort of thing that is too great and deep an accident to feel in the common way. I hardly understand it at this distance: I shall though before long. I went with Lefevre after dinner to Lord Stewart's, where I found a German courier was to start soon for England. I shall accompany him." This is from the Journal; we shall now give an extract from the Autobiography:—

"My first tour abroad was suddenly terminated at Vienna by a letter which I received to recall me home, from the Rev. J. Allen, now Bishop of Ely. This letter gave me notice of the supposed death of my brother Robert, in South America, who, it was reported, had been killed in an affray with his first lieutenant. This most strange story, for which there was not the slightest foundation in truth, was conveyed to our family in England in such a way as gained it entire belief, and all had been for two or three weeks in deep mourning and under the greatest affliction, when the falsehood of the report was discovered. This affliction was considered a sufficient cause for gathering together all the

members of the family who were at liberty to come home; and so I was desired to return immediately. I bought a carriage at Vienna, and, travelled for some nights and days without ceasing, during which I thought to try an experiment on how little nourishment I could subsist; and from a sort of curiosity to amuse myself, for I can hardly attribute it to a better motive, I accomplished a fast which it would appear a dreadful hardship to be reduced to by necessity, and a very small approach to which, in these times, would be by most persons looked on as a most unreasonable austerity. I passed those successive intervals of 38, 50, and 53 hours, as I find in my journal, without touching the least particle of food to eat or drink; and what I took between the intervals was only a little tea and bread and butter. This matter is not worth noticing, except to show that, as I went through this, while travelling, which is rather an exhausting employment, without the least detriment to my health, and without a feeling of hunger almost all the time, it is a sad delusion for people in good health to fancy they need so many indulgences and relaxations to go through the fasts appointed by the Church.

"It was when I got to Calais that I went to the English news-room to see further accounts in the newspapers of my brother's death, the report of which, though at first I had some suspicions it might be false, I afterwards had made up my mind entirely to believe. My joy was exceeding great at finding an explicit contradiction to it in one of the latest papers. I remember going on my knees to thank God, in the news-room, when I found myself alone, which I believe was the first occasion for a long, long time I had made a prayer of any sort, or gone on my knees, except in church-service time. This I never gave up entirely, and during this time I never gave up receiving the Sacrament explicitly, though I do not find that I received it all the time I was abroad. I did not intend to commit acts of hypocrisy, but must have gone on from custom and a certain sense of propriety, without considering that I was mocking God."

On his arrival at Althorp he found the family all in the

most joyous mood possible. A little passage of his Journal gives an idea of the character of the noble family in their relations with the tenantry :—"Friday, Sept. 22.—Bread and meat given to the poor of Brington, Brampton, and Harleston, as a rejoicing for Bob's recovery. Three oxen were killed, and the effect seemed very good. They gave some lively cheers as they departed." He goes to London, and hears Henry Brougham's speech on Queen Caroline's trial; and immediately after, he starts for Switzerland to see his sister, Lady Georgiana Quin. We shall relate this in his own words in the Autobiography :—

"I became so fond of the business of travelling that, as I was returning homewards, my mind was occupied constantly with plans for further excursions. I intended to have gone with Lefevre from Vienna to Dresden and Berlin on our way home, but I could not think of regarding this as my last journey. I was longing to see Greece. I had had thoughts of Spain, Russia, Egypt, and various indeed have been the fancies and inclinations which have passed through my mind. The regular travelling mania had its turn about this time, and I wonder not, by my feelings then, at so many of our countrymen, whom I have known myself, who have left England for a short excursion, and not having professional engagements, nor wise parents and relations, as I had, to control them, have become regular wanderers, and have spent, in travelling about, the years on the good employment of which, at home, depended mainly their success in after-life. It may be judged how truly I was possessed with this spirit of wandering, at the time of which I speak, by my remaining but one fortnight at Althorp with my family before I was again on wing. My sister, Lady Georgiana Quin—whose society had made to me one of the chief charms of the winter at Naples, and whose being at Naples with Lord George, her husband, and her children, had been the main inducement for my father and mother to make an undertaking, at their age, and with their habits, so extraordinary as this long journey—had left Naples during my tour in Sicily, and was settled at a country-house called the Château de Bethusy, near Lausanne. I proposed going to

see her, and to give her the full account of all that concerned the strange report about my brother Robert. I wonder at my having had my parents' consent to make another departure so soon, and with apparently so insufficient an object. I suppose they thought it reasonable to give me this liberty, by way of compensation for the sudden cutting-off of my first grand tour. This time I passed by Dieppe to Paris, thence by Lyons to Bethusy, where, having stayed a fortnight—the pleasantest, and, alas! almost the last days I had in my sister's company—I returned by Nancy to Paris, and thence through Calais to England. I reached Althorp on the 19th of November, 1820. And so the fancy for travelling soon died away, as my prospects for fresh journeys met with no encouragement at home; and here is an end of all my travellings for mere travelling's sake. When next I left England, it was, thank God, with thoughts and views far other than before."

An extract from the Journal of this time may not be without interest:—

"October 17, 1820.—With this day's journal ends the third year that I have kept it. This year has been the most interesting and varied I have ever passed, and probably ever shall, for my travelling will not last long. I certainly have reaped advantages in some respects, and great ones. I have had experience in the world, and have learnt to shift for myself better than I could have done by any other means. I have, I hope, increased the confidence of my family in me; and, above all, I have nearly expelled that melancholy disposition I gained at college; but most active I feel I must be to prevent its return when I again remain quiet in England. I have still a damper to my prospects that occasionally overwhelms me, but I must, I trust, get over that too; as I have now persuaded myself on sober reflection, though I am sadly slow in beginning to act on the principle, that one quality alone is within all our reach, and that one object alone is worth trying for. God grant this thought may often occur to me. I have this year enjoyed the pleasures and diversions most enlivening, and which I always most desired; but even they are insufficient to make

one happy alone, though nearer to it than any others. Let us then look to what certainly can."

This train of thought seemed to have occupied his mind between his leaving Paris, and returning to it again during the last visit to his sister. There is one paragraph in the Autobiography which refers to both; here it is, and it is the last morsel of that interesting document that remains unwritten in his life:—

"The most remarkable impression of religion which I remember in all this period, was in a place where it might have been least expected. No other than the Italian Opera at Paris. I passed through that city, as I have said before, in my last journey to Lausanne, and on my return a month later. Both times I went to see the opera of *Don Giovanni*, which was the piece then in course of representation. I conceived that after this journey I should give up all thoughts of worldly vices. I was likely to be fixed at home till the time of my ordination, and should assume something of the character of a candidate for holy orders. In short, I felt as if it was almost my last occasion, and I was entertaining, alas! some wicked devices in my mind when I went to this most dangerous and fascinating opera, which is in itself, by the subjects it represents, one of the most calculated to beguile a weak soul to its destruction. But the last scene of it represents Don Giovanni, the hero of the piece, seized in the midst of his licentious career by a troop of devils, and hurried down to hell. As I saw this scene, I was terrified at my own state. I knew that God, who knew what was within me, must look on me as one in the same class with such as Don Giovanni, and for once this holy fear of God's judgment saved me: and this holy warning I was to find in an opera-house at Paris."

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERVAL OF REST AND PREPARATION FOR ORDERS.

THIS chapter begins with his twenty-first birthday. He comes before us, a fine young man nearly six feet high, graceful and handsome, of independent mien, winning manners, and all the other attributes of gentlemanly perfection that are calculated to make him an object of attraction. His journal, even then, tends to show his worst side; we find self-accusations in every page, and the round of enjoyments broken in upon by serious correctives. For the great problem which moralists solve so easily, and those whom the solution concerns keep away from consideration, we will find in his life a golden key. It is too soon yet to speak adout the special workings of Divine Grace in his soul; but, even so far off, we can find glimmerings of the glorious sun of his after-life. Let us look into the world, we find thousands that really enjoy and luxuriate in gay parties, balls, pastimes, and pleasures, without a pang of remorse, and others with sensibilities as keen, if not keener, for the relish of these luxuries, plunging into them with a kind of intoxicating gusto, and coming out fagged and disgusted, when they were perhaps thought the very soul and life of the company. We are told of a patient dying of melancholy who called in a doctor to prescribe for him; the prescription of the medical man was, that he should go and hear Mr. N., a celebrated comic actor, for a number of nights successively, and the remedy was guaranteed to prove infallible, for no one could listen to him and not laugh himself to hysterics. "Ah, my dear friend," answered the patient, "I am the veritable Mr. N. myself." It is sometimes argued that small minds of a feminine caste, composed of the ingredients

which the "Spectator" wittily discovers in the dissection of a beau's head, can be content with frivolities, whilst a grand intellect is only made indignant by them. We could quote examples to bear us out in a conclusion the direct contrary of this. How, then, can we solve the problem? Why can some live and die in a whirl of dissipation with apparent relish, whilst others get clogged by a few balls, and fling worldly enjoyment to the winds on account of the very nausea it creates? It may be considered as "going into the sacristy" to say that those whom God chooses for great things, He weans from pleasure by a salutary dissatisfaction, so the point will not be insisted on. The only ordinary way in which it can be accounted for is, that the lovers of pleasure deafen the voice of conscience, whereas the others give this good monitor room to speak, and occasionally lend an ear. Whichever way we please to look upon F. Ignatius at this period of his life, we shall find ample material for theorizing on the unreality of worldly joys. He concludes the first volume of his Journal with the following considerations:—

"Dec. 31.—I have ended this year, as the last, with a very pleasant evening, as far as noise and fun can make it. But a more reasonable way would be (as I am now in my room, with my watch in my hand, nearly on the stroke of twelve) to end it in making good resolutions for the year to come,—which may, I hope, pass as prosperously, and more usefully, than the last. The new year is now commenced, and I recommend myself to the protection and guidance of Almighty Providence to bring me safely and well to the end of it. I now bid farewell to this journal-book, which is but a record of my follies, and absurdities, and weaknesses, to myself, who know the motive of the actions which are here commemorated, and of many more which I have done well to omit. There is no fear of my forgetting them, nor do I wish it. The less other men know about my inward thoughts, the better for me in their estimation."

Many of the readers of this book will feel disposed to disagree with the last sentence. We have had his interior

before us, as clearly perhaps as any other man's we can possibly call to mind, and yet there is scarcely one that must not admire and love him as well, for the sacrifice he made for their benefit in exposing his interior, as for the beautiful sight that very disclosure gives them of his noble heart. It is not very easy to write an interesting chapter about this portion of his life; the Autobiography is run out, and the Journal gives no incident of any great importance till we come to the subject-matter of the next volume. Let us string together a few of the leading events, especially such as may be calculated to give us some idea of his mind and occupations.

He begins the volume by writing down that he got up rather earlier than usual, played at battledore and shuttlecock with Lady Georgiana Bingham, and kept up to 2,120 hits. He is disappointed then in a day's sport, and gives this account of his evening: "I was rather bilious and nervous to-night, and consequently would have preferred being out of the way, but from a wrong principle, I fear, viz., because I thought I should seem rather dull and ill-humoured. But what if I did, to the gay people that do not, nor wish to, know? And what if I did, to those who do know how far it is real, my ill-humour?" It was customary, as he told us some chapters back, for the Spencer family to spend Christmas at Althorp, and collect many of their immediate relatives about them during the time. The place is beautifully disposed for every kind of enjoyment; there are landscapes and pictures for the ladies to draw from, fine grounds for the gentlemen to shoot over, everything that generosity and princely goodness could procure to make the evenings as lively and entertaining as possible. Balls and dances were, of course, a *sine qua non*. Let us not, however, imagine it was all dissipation at Althorp. Lords Althorp and Lyttelton used, every Sunday and often on week days, to read a sermon to the assembled guests from some of the Anglican divines, and sometimes, too, from the French, as we may see in a remark in the first chapter. The party at Althorp this Christmas did not go beyond three-and-twenty. George, notwithstanding

the sour extract quoted above, went into the sports with heartfelt glee occasionally, and, as a proof of this, it is enough to say that he danced, in one night, in seven country dances and eight sets of quadrilles. He says in one place: "Lyttelton, Sarah (Lady Lyttelton), and I, breakfasted together, talking of a wise resolve of Nannette's, to pull down a house she had just finished at Richmond, because it was not pretty enough for the inhabitants to look at."

He goes to London as soon as the Christmas party is broken up, where he dines chiefly at home, but is about occasionally, seeing his old friends, and different things that pleased his whim or his taste. One of these was "seeing the King going in state, and the nobility as contented as if they never said a word against him on the Queen's trial;" another was hearing Bishop Van Mildert preach. He has the good fortune of meeting Sir Walter Scott at his father's, and says—"We all stayed the evening listening to him telling Scotch stories." His next evening would be, perhaps, in the House of Lords or Commons, and all the family seemed in a great stir to be present at the debates on the "Catholic Question." What opinions they held about it do not appear from the Journal; but there is nothing said there against Catholics since he left Italy.

He begins to clear away the mist that lay between him and the parsonage. He puts himself a little in the way of learning something of what a clergyman could not be respectable without. His first essays in this direction were, to hire a "dirty Jew master" to teach him Hebrew, and to go occasionally to Mr. Blomfield's, who was rector of Whitechapel, to dine and talk with clerical company. The first time he tried this is told as follows:—

"I took up Fremantle, and we went together to Blomfield's to dine. We met Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Rennel, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall, Mr. Watkinson, Mr. Mawman, Mr. Tavel, and one more clergyman—a proper High Church set, with language of intolerance. I was much amused though by observing them." So much for his first lesson in church polity. That he was not extravagant at this time is evi-

denced by a little incident. He found himself the possessor of a good sum, and had been, for some time, putting part of his allowance aside until he finds himself able to pay his brother, Lord Althorp, what he lent him to pay off his debts in Cambridge, as early as the 7th of April. "This was a very busy day. I first went to Althorp to offer him payment of a large debt I owe him, but he refused it very generously, and made me rich in a moment by so doing."

He pays off the Jew on the 25th of April, having had his lectures from the 8th of March previous. This apparent falling away from the spirit of his vocation, was redeemed in a few days, by his falling half in love with some very high lady. He crosses himself immediately for the absurdity, and wishes she were a clergyman's daughter. This fit wears out completely in ten days' time. Lord John Russell and Sydney Smith dine at his father's, and he says of the latter: "Sydney Smith is a new person on my list, and very entertaining he is." The author of "Peter Plimley's Letters" must certainly have been an agreeable guest. On the 15th of June he gives the following note:—"My father and I went to see the marriage of Mr. Neville and Lady Georgiana Bingham, in the Portuguese Catholic Chapel, in South Street, close to Vernon's house. Dr. Poynter, the Catholic bishop of London, performed it, and gave us a long prosy dissertation on the sacrament of marriage." The scene changes now to Ryde, Isle of Wight, where the family go to spend the summer. George occupies his time there in riding, fishing (with no success), boating, cricketing, and doing the tutor to a young ward of his father. He also learnt perspective from a Mr. Vorley, and his opinion of him is, that "he talks more nonsense than any one I know in a given time." He remained his pupil until he "picked his brains," which did not require much time or application seemingly. He hears of Napoleon's death, and comments thereon thus:—"We heard this morning of Bonaparte being dead in St. Helena. It does not make so much noise as one would have thought his death must eight years ago. For one thing, it will save us £150,000 a year."

St. Swithin's Day, July 15. "It rained all morning,

which is ominous." This kept them indoors, and it was well, for they were all in a bustle preparing for the coronation of William IV. The countess and her maids were busy at the laces and the freshening of faded colours, until the earl's state robes were got ready; when he was called upon to fit them on, that the keen glance of ladies' eyes might see if there was a flaw or a speck to be removed. George was present at the time, and says: "My father put on his robes, and was looked at by a room full of ladies and gentlemen." George himself, by the way, makes some bold efforts at grandeur, and succeeds in getting into the Peers' quarter of Westminster Abbey, at the coronation, "dressed in red coat, with ruffs." After the coronation, they return to the Isle of Wight, and George resumes his sports, with a little variation—namely, that he hears a "twaddle preacher," and receives the Sacrament without much preparation, a proceeding he thus defends:—"I never can be satisfied by any motives that occur for refusing on account of short notice, and I think that when the Office is performed with devotion and sincerity, to the best of one's ability, it is always profitable."

It may be objected that we do not give more numerous extracts from the Journal; but we think it would tire the patience of readers to be told, gravely and solemnly, such grand events as, "George Lyttelton, Lord Lyttelton's eldest child, got into breeches to-day." Matters kindred to this, with the hours of dining, and names of the guests, form the bulk of the diary.

Towards the end of this year, 1821, he finds himself alone in Althorp, waiting for the collecting of the Christmas party there, and muses thus:—"I wish I might go on living as I now do, without any company and nonsense. I have daily amusement, and, withal, get through a good deal of reading." This last clause will make many expect that Tillotson or Jeremy Taylor is in his hands for a great part of the day. It may be so, but we are told in the same page:—"In the evening I read 'Guy Mannering;' for a novel, when once begun, enslaves me." He was very fond of the Waverly Novels, and seems to have read them as

they came out. He misses a hunt, through mistake, and says: "I was annoyed to-day at the hoy I made in my manœuvres; but I am ashamed of being so, for it all came from my odious vanity, and sensibility to the opinion of all the fools I met with." On his twenty-second birthday he makes these reflections:—"This anniversary becomes uninteresting after passing 21. But it should be a useful annual admonition to make the best of our short, fleeting life. What are called the best and happiest years of life are already past with me. God grant that I make those that remain more profitable to others, and consequently to myself. As to happiness, I think my temper and dispositions have prevented my having my share to the full of youthful pleasures; so I may look forward to the future for better circumstances: if I can but tutor my mind into contentment at my situation, and an engrossing wish to make my duty the leading guide of my actions. Indolence and irresolution are my stumbling blocks."

The new year of 1822 was danced into Althorp by a grand ball. Three days after he had a narrow escape with his life; he went out partridge-shooting with Lord Bingham, and this gentleman's powder-flask took fire, and burst in his hand. George and the attendants were nearly blown up, and Lord Bingham was severely scorched. This he considered the greatest danger he was ever in, and thanks God for his escape. The impression, however, did not last long; for he tells us, as the result of a game of cards, on the same night:—"I did not get to sleep for a long time for thinking over a trick at cards which E—— did. I succeeded in discovering it." When the Christmas party is dissolved, George's comments are: "I am sorry they are all going, though the young damsels have caught nothing of my heart."

There is an event now to be recorded. He becomes a magistrate, and his first essay in court makes him think the business very amusing. He shouts huzza! on hearing that his brother Robert is about to come home. True, however, to his character, of never undertaking anything unless he knew its obligations sufficiently to be able to acquit himself

in them to the satisfaction of his conscience, he goes to London, and studies "Blackstone's Commentaries," to qualify him for a proper discharge of his duties as a magistrate. He dines, dances, goes to balls and theatres, pays visits and bills during his stay in London, notwithstanding.

Now he begins to prepare seriously for his future profession. Full nine months before he is to receive Orders, on March the 12th he begins to write a sermon. That is the point; let a man give a sermon, and he may become a minister any day, provided he has an earl or a viscount at his back, and a bishop who sits *tête à tête* with either in the House of Lords, and has two or three sons whom he wishes to put into posts of honour. The sermon is everything. Any one can read the Service, provided he has a good voice and distinct utterance; but the sermon — that requires brains, views, style, and paper. How these things can be done without we shall see further on. For the present, poor George did not discover the secret. He could bowl to a wicket, play cribbage, read Walter Scott, and shoot partridges, but where was his theology? The twenty-five lectures were buried long ago under some stone between Cambridge and Althorp. Well, the fact of it was, he must do something. He goes to hear the "crack" preachers of London, and even the "twaddle" ditto. He catches up some idea from them, borrows the book Lord Althorp reads from on Sunday afternoons, and gets an idea of what a sermon is like. He sets to, therefore, to write one himself, and in six months that sermon is finished.

One could not expect him to be a bookworm just now. Lord Palmerston is at a stag-hunt, and patronized the young candidate. Washington Irving dines at his father's, and George has to take notes of his "Yankee twang, sallow complexion, and nasal sounds." He used to say to us that one who saw Irving, and heard him speak, could never believe he was the author of "The Traveller" or "Bracebridge Hall," and much less of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Irving himself alludes to this, when he says, somewhere, that the London people "won-

dered that he held a quill in his hand, instead of wearing it in his scalp-lock." He gets over all this after the Ryde recreation, and the hunting at Wiseton, when, towards the end of September this year, he bids farewell to his military life as a cornet in the Yeomanry of Northampton. This is as a preparation for his Orders; but they come upon him still unexpectedly when he receives a letter from the Bishop of Peterborough, on the 5th of October, to signify that he would have Ordination on the 22nd of December following. He writes to the Diocesan Examiner to ask what books he is to read, and how he is to prepare, and that gentleman graciously tells him that he need not trouble himself; that he knows, from the respectability of his family, he must be already quite prepared.* George is contented for the present, but he has an eye to the future; he borrows, therefore, some twelve of the Wimbledon clergyman's best sermons, and says "that will set me up for a start." He then goes on retreat about the 16th of December, and his day is divided into four principal parts, making allowances for dinner and

* Here is a copy of the letter with which he was favoured from that dignitary:

"Yarmouth, Norfolk, October 12.

"My Dear Sir,

"I am sorry my absence from Cambridge may have made me appear neglectful in answering your letter, but I have some consolation in thinking that you will not have suffered by the delay. As far as I am concerned, in my character of examiner, it is impossible that I could ever entertain any idea of subjecting a gentleman with whose talents and good qualities I am so well acquainted as I am with yours, to any examination except one as a matter of form, for which a verse in the Greek Testament, and an Article of the Church of England returned into Latin will be amply sufficient. With regard to the doctrinal part of the examination, that is taken by the Bishop himself, but it is confined entirely to the prepared questions, which are a test of opinions, not of scholarship. This information, then, will, I trust, be satisfactory, and will leave you at liberty to pursue your theological studies in that course which you yourself prefer, and which I am confident will be a good one. I really am unable to say whether the Bishop of Peterbro' requires a certificate of the Divinity Lectures or not, but I know that he does not in all

sleep, consisting of shooting, cribbage, whist, and sermon writing or copying, as the case might be. On the 18th, two days before, he adds one more spiritual exercise to his usual ones; he reads a novel. The next day he goes off to Peterborough, and dines with the Dean and his wife, "who are to feed him" whilst he is there. His examination is gone through—one of the Thirty-nine Articles to be translated into Latin, and he has an *exposé*, with illustrations, on the nature of mesmerism, for the rest of the terrible ordeal. This passed successfully, he comes home to the Dean's house, bids good night to the *materfamilias*, and collects his spirits for the great occasion. He is wrapt in sublime ecstacy, and bursts forth into the following exclamation in his Journal:—"I am 22 years old, and not yet engaged to be married!"

cases make it a *sine qua non*; at any rate, I think you had better send for it, as it will give the professor but very little trouble to forward it under cover to your father.

"If I can be of the least service in answering any other queries, or in any other way whatever, I beg you will, at any time, give me a line; and believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"T. S. HUGHES.

"I shall not be in Camb. till the beginning of next month."

BOOK II.

F. Ignatius, an Anglican Minister.

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BOOK II.

F. Ignatius, an Anglican Minister.

CHAPTER I.

HE IS ORDAINED, AND ENTERS ON HIS CLERICAL DUTIES.

THE Establishment retains in her written formularies a great deal of what looks very like Catholic. She has an attempt at a profession of faith; a kind of a sacramental rite, as a substitute for the Mass; a mode of visiting the sick, a marriage service, baptismal service, burial service, and an ordinal; even something like the Sacrament of Penance can be gleaned from two or three clauses in the Book of Common Prayer. How much of sacramental power there may be in those several ordinances is very easily determined; *we* admit none whatever in any except baptism — the judicial voice of the Establishment leaves its efficacy an open question—and matrimony. Of late, some amongst them have felt their want of sacramental wealth so keenly, that they would fain persuade themselves the shells of Catholic rites, which the Reformers retained, were filled with sacramental substance. To give this theory some show of plausibility, they claimed valid orders. Pamphlets and books have been written on two sides of this question until there seems scarcely any more to be said upon it, so we just mention what is the Catholic opinion on the validity of Anglican orders.

With what Protestants think of them we have no immediate concern; nor would it be an easy matter to extract anything definite from the multitude and contrariety of opinions on this one point.

We hold them to be simply *null;* they do not even come up to doubt; for if the Archbishop of Canterbury became a Catholic to-morrow, and wished to exercise any ministry, he would be obliged to receive all the orders from the first tonsure upwards, absolutely, and without even an implied condition. This has always been the practice: and, the Church's acting thus, at the period which is now involved in obscurity, is the best *de facto* argument that the orders of the Establishment were then, as they are now, a human designation, and nothing more. There is nothing sacramental in Anglican orders, and there never was, since England broke away from the Church, and, consistently enough, orders were expunged from the Protestant catalogue of sacraments in the very infancy of the Reformation. They still keep up a semblance of orders: they have what they call the diaconate, the priesthood, and the consecration of bishops. A deacon is ordained much in the same way as our own deacons, and he can perform all the duties of the parish, with the exception of the Communion Service.

We see a man marked out by an Anglican bishop for ecclesiastical duties, without any sacramental grace, spiritual character, or jurisdiction, for no less a work than the care of immortal souls. Let us see now what instruments he has wherewith to accomplish this.

He had once two Sacraments—the Lord's Supper and Baptism; the former, Catholics know to be an empty ceremony, and perhaps it would nearly be a Protestant heresy to say it was much more. Baptism they had as Turks have, and as every lay man and woman in the world, who performs the rite properly, has. Now their judicial decisions do not consider it worth the having; so, as far as in themselves lies, they have tried to deprive themselves of it. The practical means of sanctification a minister has to use are chiefly four: prayer, preaching, visiting, and reading. The reading part may evidently be performed as well, if not

better sometimes, by a layman. The visiting is often better done by the clergyman's wife or daughter than by himself, for, in attention to sickness and sweet words of consolation, the female gifts seem the more effectual. All that remains to him, peculiarly for his own, is the preaching, and the respectability of character his *own* conduct and regard for his position may give him. His power is altogether personal, and if he be an indifferent preacher or a careless liver, he loses all.

Whether candidates for orders, or even the ordained of the Anglican Establishment, take this view of their position, one cannot be sure; but, from the acts and words of Mr. Spencer, we can form a tolerable conjecture of what he thought and intended when he took deacon's orders from Dr. Marsh, Protestant Bishop of Peterborough, on the 22nd December, 1822. He makes no preparation whatever, nor does he seem to fancy that it is an action that requires any. He gives an account of the ordination, which he was pleased to call, "talking of business," when making his arrangements for it, a few pages back in the Journal, and, as a piece of business, it is gone through by him. We transcribe his own words:—

"Sunday, Dec. 22. I breakfasted with Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Gregory at the inn (Peterborough) at 8. At 9, two others of the candidates, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Witherall, joined us, and we went to the palace, from whence the bishop led us into the church, when we were ordained. The service took an hour, including the Sacrament which he gave us. I commenced my church-reading then by reading the gospel in the service. I went (a clergyman) to the deanery. At 11 we went all together from the palace to church, when Mr. Parsons preached a good long sermon—at us very palpably. We then went to a cold collation at the palace till evening church, which we attended. After that we received our letters of orders and licences, and paid our fees."

It may be said that this is a very nice little account squeezed into a journal, and one could not expect enthusiastic bursts about the gift of the spirit and the power of

the Church, in a book allotted to the bare recording of events. So be it. But there are enthusiastic exclamations about less important things in that same little book, and if ordination looked anything to Mr. Spencer than a condition *sine qua* of his getting fixed in his future position, he would have noted it. The absence of deep religious feeling at this period of his life may account in a great measure for this coolness; but perhaps the not believing there was anything sacramental in the rite itself may give a more satisfactory explanation. To wind up the matter in a few words—he said grace for the family at dinner that evening, and then read his *novel* quietly in his room, because the day was not favourable for any field sport.

These few explanations were deemed necessary for appreciating the tenor of his life from this moment forward. It will run counter to all anticipated results in the direction of excellence, and will even go far beyond what its first evidences would warrant one to expect. He looked his position in the face at the very outset: he saw that he had souls to look after, and he knew that he could not do that without a course of consistent conduct beseeming his character. For the first few days things went on much as of old. The family were still spending the winter in Althorp, and he joined in all the pastimes by which they whiled away the short days and cheered the long nights. It was requisite, however, that the cousins and nearer relations should see and hear George in his new position, if it were only to have something to talk about when they came to London. Accordingly, he assisted in the Communion Service on Christmas Day by administering "the cup," first to his father, and then to others. He did not "think the thing so formidable," and it wore off the apprehension he had of appearing in public sufficient for him to give his first sermon on Sunday, Dec. 29. It was on the Birth of Christ, and he says, "Althorp and Duncannon were my audience;" whether they were a whole or a part of the audience, it is not easy at this distance to discover.

He might be now considered fairly launched into his new element. The rector of Great Brington, a Mr. Vigoreux,

was away on the continent, and the parish was left to the care of the young curate. He had three or four villages, numbering about 800, in his parish, some distance apart, and he lived in Althorp himself. On the 1st of January, 1823, he sets vigorously to work, and, regardless of wind or weather, walks out from breakfast until about six o'clock every day, visiting the people. After the first few days he gets quite interested in the work, and is cheered on by his success in making up differences, consoling the dying, and assisting the poor. Two notes from the Journal will illustrate how he felt with regard to this visiting :—"Feb. 10. Went to Little Brington, where I paid 20 visits among the poor. Feb. 11. Visited 15 or 20 houses; this work is very amusing to me now. I hope I shall never get tired of it, or be disgusted by bad success to my lectures."

The principal work he tries to accomplish by his visits is, the supplying those deficiencies he finds in the people with regard to what he conceived to be sacraments. His very first round through the parish showed him how few were up to the mark of good Christians. Many Dissenters chose to dispute his right to lecture them, and were not slow to produce clauses of protection for themselves; and his having "a discussion with one roaring Methodist," did not lessen the difficulty of making them tractable sheep. Discussions proved to be a means of widening the breach, and simple kindness left things where they stood. Something positive he must mark out as a duty to his flock, and then exhort them to it. Instinct led him to the sacraments. He found great numbers unbaptized, believing in a spiritual regeneration, and scoffing at the idea of heavenly virtue being in a drop of water; he found more still, and these among the baptized, who had as little love for the Lord's Supper as he had himself once. Now these could very easily be managed by exhorting them to read the Bible, lending them a copy if they had not one, recommending family prayers, and kindness and justice towards all men. Mr. Spencer thought otherwise. He began with baptism, and within the first fortnight of his clerical life he baptized the nine children of a blacksmith. This was a good beginning, and encouraged

him to persevere, but he did not find many so malleable as the offspring of this son of Tubal Cain.

In the next sacramental duty he did not see his way so clearly as in the first. In the Church of England, the *Sacrament*, as it is emphatically called, must be administered three times a year, may be once a month, and cannot be unless there be a number of communicants. Giving the *Sacrament* once a week is considered very High Church, and to give it every morning is going a little too far. Superstitious reverence and indifference keep the majority away from this rite, and few come, except they get a monomonia for manifesting their godliness in that special direction. This fact will account for Mr. Spencer's hesitation, when he took to Christianizing his flock by making them approach the Sacrament. He makes many promise to come, and gets a neighbouring clergyman to administer it in their own houses to some decrepid old people, who could not come to church. He preaches on this, and "hopes he has not been wrong;" he discusses the propriety of his proceedings with his older brethren in the ministry. The result seems to confirm him in his ideas, and he preaches a second time, and gives appendices to his sermon in every visit, about going to the Lord's Supper. He still "hopes he is not wrong." He works very hard at this point, however, and on the first Easter Sunday of his ministry, he gives God thanks and prays against pride, at having 130 communicants. There was another little incident on the same day as a set off to his success in beating up the parish; when he opens the sermon-cover from which he used to read his MS., he finds he had put the wrong sermon there, and had to preach extempore the sermon he intended to have read: of course, it was not to his satisfaction, though the people scarcely knew the difference.

One sad event cast a cloud over the beginning of his clerical life: the sister he loved so much, and whose company and conversation he thought more than an equivalent for the gayest party, Lady Georgiana Quin, died in London. He was very much afflicted by it, and even in after-life he would be deeply moved when speaking of this sister. He

did not delay long in London, but came home in a day or two after the funeral.

Excepting this short interval, his time was spent at home in the most ardent fulfilment of the duties his fervour imposed upon him. Not only did he go about from house to house, but he would spare a day or two, in each week, when he went into Northampton for the sessions, and visit the neighbouring clergy. It was his custom to discuss points of duty with them; to invite them to Althorp, and spend evenings in clerical conversation. He accompanied them on their visits to the sick and other parochial employments, to learn, by a comparison of the different ways of each, which would probably be best for himself. He reads such books as the "Clergyman's Instructor," and other books of divinity and sermons; he never fails to write a sermon every week, to catechise the children on a Sunday, visit the schools, and try to make every one as faithful in the discharge of their duties as he was in his own. About Easter some members of his family came to Althorp, and he relaxes a little for their sakes, and freely joins them in all his former amusements; not, however, omitting any of his visits, especially to the sick and dying.

CHAPTER II.

HE MENDS SOME OF HIS WAYS.

About the middle of April he came to London for three weeks' holidays. He calls it "a smoky odious place," and says that entering it makes him "miserable." He is soon immersed in the customs of his society in the metropolis, and his feeling of uneasiness wears off. His little experience in parish work brings a great many things to his knowledge, of which he had not the slightest idea before. He is at a great loss, also, how to meet the difficulties he encounters, and doubts whether his proceedings in what he considered his duty have been quite right. Dr. Blomfield had always been a kind of spiritual director to Mr. Spencer: to him he goes now for a thorough investigation of his principles and even doctrines. Extempore praying was a thing Dr. Blomfield never liked, and its adoption by Mr. Spencer shows a leaning to Evangelical if not Methodistic spirituality. Whether it was this point, or another of the many things upon which clergymen of the Establishment agree to differ, that they discussed, we cannot say; but the result was far from consoling to either. He says: "I want some setting to rights in point of orthodoxy I find. I only hope that my decision in regard to my conduct may not be influenced by ambition or worldliness on the one hand, nor by spiritual pride on the other." Here may be seen that real sincerity and disinterestedness which guided his every step through life. If we analyze the sentence, it looks as if the arguments of his adviser are taken in part from the sources which Mr. Spencer hopes will not influence his decision; and this conclusion is borne out by a letter which will be given further on, when his confidence

in the Church of England became thoroughly shaken. It must not be supposed from this that Dr. Blomfield was guided himself by these motives, though hints to that effect were often rife in his lifetime; but it is natural enough that the doctor should propose family considerations among his other arguments, especially if he thought those not quite persuasive.

Mr. Spencer goes to the theatre, and it was the last time in his life. His account of how that change was wrought in him, gives us one of those peculiar instances in which ridicule proved to be more powerful than logic or decorum. He attended Drury Lane Theatre with one or two friends; and in some part of the performance a parson was fearfully caricatured, and drew bursts of laughter and applause from the audience. This touched him sorely; eyes were pointed towards him; his friends laughed the more, in proportion to the efforts considerations for him made them use, in suppressing their feelings. He went forth from the theatre thoroughly vexed, and vowed he would never go to a theatre again. The Journal does not give a solitary instance in which this resolve was deviated from afterwards. This incident had also the effect of making him consider the propriety of several other unclerical pursuits, which he followed, as much since his ordination as he did before. It was not, however, till towards the end of this year that he began to retrench them, and a little of the same power of ridicule came to his assistance then also.

His great concern was the union of all the sects in his parish. He knew very well that our Lord gave but one system of Christianity, and that *yea* and *no* upon any important point could not proceed from His lips or be parts of His doctrine. He thought conciliatory measures the best to effect his purpose, and he even adopted some of the ways of Dissenters in order to be all to all towards them. On this he seems to have been lectured by Dr. Blomfield with some profit, for, on his return home, he says: "Whit-Sunday. I gave a strong sermon against the Dissenters, founded on Whit-Sunday." In a few days he pays "an unsatisfactory visit" to one family, and says: "They are

the hardest schismatics I've got; children unbaptized, &c." This seems High Church language, and his feeling of opposition to Evangelicals, which finds expression in a few places, now makes one suppose he was "a proper High Church man." He labours hard for several weeks to prepare children for confirmation. He has 80 of them ready, and was so pleased with the whole affair, that he moved the printing of the bishop's charge, as he proposed his lordship's health in a speech after the dinner. The Sunday after he goes round to every house, and gives final admonitions to those on whom the bishop imposed hands a few days before.

To help him in his incipient dislike of Methodism he has a very curious conversation with a great "professor" of that persuasion. This was an old woman whom he was in the habit of visiting whenever he made his rounds where she lived. On his entrance, they both knelt down and prayed alternately for some time, each, out loud and extempore, for the edification of the other. When this rubric was carried out, they talked at full length and breadth on the unconverted and the elect, with sundries other kindred subjects, and this he used to style "comfortable conversation." Sometimes the tone of conversation would vary, and once it ran upon the line of self-accusation. The old lady very humbly accused herself of a great many faults in general, and signified to Mr. Spencer that she would be very much obliged to any one who would point out her particular faults, and help her in correcting them. Emboldened by this, he ventured, after a long preamble, to suggest that there was one thing he would like to see corrected in her, as it seemed to be the only speck on the lustre of her godliness. "What is that?" asked she, rather curiously and impatiently. "Well, it is that you are rather fond of contradicting people." "No, I am not," was the reply. "You have just contradicted me now." "No, I haven't." "Well, you have repeated the same fault." "I've done no such thing," was the petulant rejoinder. Of course, he saw it was useless to proceed further, and his visits became fewer for some time. This

anecdote he used to relate with peculiar tact and a most graphic imitation of the old lady's manner.

Before giving his own account of the rise and fall of his High Church notions, it may be well to mention another incident that occurred about this time, towards the end of 1823. He determines to give up shooting and dancing. He told an anecdote about how the first of these sports fell into disfavour with him. There was a shooting party in Althorp on a certain day, and George was in the very thick of it. So anxious was he to distinguish himself in bringing down game, that he would run to take position for a shot with his double-barrel gun loaded, and a cartridge stuck in either corner of his mouth, ready for action, so as not to lose a minute in charging. He did great execution that day, and bagged probably more braces than any other. In the evening one of the company showed great anxiety to get possession of something, and eventually succeeded; whereupon, one present said, with a waggish look at George, "You've made a parson's shot at it." This struck him very forcibly, and suggested the resolution, which he finally came to and kept, of giving up shooting. There is no particular anecdote about his abstinence from dancing, we only know that at this time he refuses to go to a ball, makes his pastoral visits instead, and declares that he feels far more comfortable after this than when he has been "pleasuring."

The following is taken from a letter published by Father Ignatius in the *Catholic Standard* in December, 1853:—

. . . "When I was ordained deacon in the Church of England at Christmas, 1822, I had, I may say, all my religious ideas and principles to form. I do not so well know how far this is a common case now. I have reason to think it was a very common one then. My mind was possessed with a decided intention of doing good, and I was delighted with the calling and life of a clergyman; but my ideas were very vague indeed as to what a clergyman was meant for or had to do. Very naturally, however, on becoming acquainted with my parishioners, among whom the Wesleyan Methodists, the Baptists, and the Independents had been gaining ground for some time previously, I

concluded that I had to oppose their progress, and to draw back those who had joined them. This disposition in me was highly gratifying to some of the elder clergy in my neighbourhood, who came to make acquaintance with me as a new neighbour, especially to one old man, an ardent lover of High Church principles, who, to confirm me in them, gave me a book to read entitled 'Daubeny's Guide to the Church,' in which the divine authority of the Church, the importance of Apostolical succession, of episcopal government, the evil and sin of schism, and other ecclesiastical principles, were most lucidly and learnedly demonstrated. So I thought then; and, as far as my recollection goes, I should say now that I thought rightly. I was exceedingly captivated by these principles, which were to me quite new, and I found myself now ready to carry on my arguments with dissenters as a warrior armed; whereas in the beginning I had nothing but zeal in my cause to help me. I did not gain upon them; but this new light was so bright in my own mind, that I had no doubt of prevailing in time. But there was one weak point in the system I was defending which I had overlooked. It was after a time pointed out to me, and my fabric of High Churchism fell flat at once, like a child's castle of cards.

"I was at this time living at Althorp, my father's principal residence in the country, serving as a curate to the parish to which it was attached, though the park itself is extra-parochial. Among the visitors who resorted there, was one of the most distinguished scholars of the day, to whom, as to many more of the Anglican Church, I owe a debt of gratitude for the interest which he took in me, and to the help I actually received from him in the course of inquiry, which has happily terminated in the haven of the true Church. I should like to make a grateful and honourable mention of his name, but as this has been found fault with, I forbear. I was one day explaining to him with earnestness the line of argument which I was pursuing with dissenters, and my hopes from it; I suppose I expected encouragement, such as I had received from many others. But he simply and candidly said, 'These would be

very convenient doctrines, if we could make use of them, but they are available only for Roman Catholics; they will not serve us.' I saw in a moment the truth of his remark, and his character and position gave it additional weight. I did not answer him; but as a soldier who has received what he feels to be a mortal wound, will suddenly stand still, and then quietly retire out of the *mêlée*, and seek a quiet spot to die in, so I went away with my High Churchism mortally wounded in the very prime of its vigour and youth, to die for ever to the character of an Anglican High Churchman. Why did not this open my eyes, you will say, to the truth of Catholicity? I answer, simply because my early prejudices were too strong. The unanswerable remark of my friend was like a *reductio ad absurdum* of all High Church ideas. If they were true, the Catholic would be so: *which is absurd*, as I remember Euclid would say. 'Therefore,' &c. The grand support of the High Church system, church authority, having been thus overthrown, it was an easy though gradual work to get out of my mind all its minor details and accompaniments, one after another; such as regard for holy places, for holy days, for consecrated persons, for ecclesiastical writers; finally, almost all definite dogmatic notions. It would seem that all was slipping away, when, coming to the conviction of the truth of Catholicity some years after, it was with extraordinary delight I found myself picking up again the shattered dispersed pieces of the beautiful fabric, and placing them now in better order on the right foundation, solid and firm, no longer exposed to such a catastrophe as had upset my card-castle of Anglican churchmanship. This little passage in my ancient religious history is so sweetly interesting to me in the remembrance, that I have looked into an old diary which I used to keep at the time, to make out the dates, and I find by this that the duration of my High Church ideas was shorter than I should have imagined; but it was a period crowded with new, bright ideas, and naturally seems longer than it is. I will, to please myself, perhaps, more than my readers, give the dates. I note that, Dec. 24, 1823, the great scholar of whom I have

spoken came to Althorp; Jan. 23, 1824, he goes away. This was his last visit, for he died the summer following, as I find it was on the 28th of June, 1824, that, in passing by Oxford with my eldest brother, we called at the Hall of which he was superior, to inquire how he was. He was sick then—on his death-bed." *

* The name of the gentleman referred to above was Dr. Elmesly.

CHAPTER III.

HE RECEIVES FURTHER ORDERS.

THE complete levelling of his church principles left him at a loss which way to turn. The divided state of his parish, and the number of sects, seemed to be perpetually harassing his mind. He set about converting them by other ways than exhibiting his "card-castle;" he tried to open the doors of the Establishment as wide as he could; so as to admit if possible all classes of religionists to her communion. Of a conversation upon this point with Lord Lyttelton, he says, "In the evening I had a walk with Lyttelton, and was filled with scruples about the Athanasian Creed by him unintentionally. I had a great war with my conscience in the evening, at bed-time." These scruples slept for some time on account of a soporific which Dr. Blomfield administered to him; but they arose again, and were not settled till he became a Catholic. Various discussions procure him "lights about the Methodist practice," and "distressing thoughts;" so he gives up that field of working now for another.

This other field was showing good example of the different works of mercy, and he even tries Catholic ascetism. He takes such an interest in the poor of his parish that he goes to the hospitals, attends dissecting-rooms, and assists at a dispensary until he learns enough about medicine to enable him to make prescriptions for the sick poor. He spends evenings in making pills, and one day when a poor man broke his thigh, Mr. Spencer went and set it for him; and it was so well done that they did not change it when he was brought to the infirmary. The exertion this cost him nearly made him faint.

The next thing he notes is, "I read a most persuasive

sermon of Beveridge's about fasting; I examined the question in other books, and by God's grace I am resolved no longer to disregard that duty." He applied for advice about fasting, as was his invariable practice when he took up any idea out of the ordinary line. He went to a neighbouring clergyman, whom he considered well versed in the matter, and, though this gentleman discourages the practice, Mr. Spencer adopts it, notwithstanding, since his arguments are too weak. These are the principal events out of his ordinary work, except his giving up card-playing, from the beginning of the year 1824 until the 12th of June, when we find him again in Peterborough, on the eve of receiving priest's orders.

The demolition of his High Church notions, as well as the tone of mind in which he received the former orders, might lead one to anticipate that he received these second orders somewhat after the fashion of a new step in the army. But it was quite the contrary. His notions of orders were higher; he looked upon this step as an important one, and he tells us, some days before, "I walked to-day in The Wilderness at Althorp, ruminating on my approaching ordination." He also read the Ordination Service over and over, a good many times. On the evening before the ordination, whilst the Bishop and various clergymen, and their ladies, with whom he dines, candidates included, amuse themselves with a game of whist, Mr. Spencer refuses to play. We can contrast his reflections now with those used on a similar occasion a year and a half ago:—"Trinity Sunday, June 13. —A beautiful day. I was awake from six, and thought a great deal of my intended step to-day. At 11 we all attended the Bishop to church, and the prayers, ordination, and sacrament were performed all most satisfactorily to me. I am now bound by the awful tie of priesthood; and most solemnly, at the time, did I devote myself to the service of my Master. May the impression never fade away!"

Shortly before this he heard of Dr. Blomfield's promotion to the see of Chester, who, in answer to his letter of congratulation, offered him the office of chaplain. He accepted it, in a long letter to his old tutor, immediately he returned

from Peterborough. Up to this time Mr. Spencer had been reading the Anglican divines,—Tomline, Jeremy Taylor, Wheatley, Bull, Hooker, &c.; now he begins to read the Fathers of the Church. The first he takes up is St. John Chrysostom *On the Priesthood.* His opinion upon some of the doctrines he met with there is nicely told in the letter to the *Catholic Standard*, from which the passage in the last chapter has been quoted.

"I had to make a long journey with my brother, in his carriage, on that long day, June 28, from Althorp, near Northampton, to Southampton. It was before the epoch of railroads; and I see we started at half-past three. I was seeking a book to occupy me during this long journey (N.B. no Breviary to recite in those days), and, in the library at Althorp, I hit upon a copy, in Greek, of St. John Chrysostom on the Priesthood. Nothing better. I had heard this work highly praised, and I hoped to find some animating matter for the exercise of my calling as a clergyman. I was not disappointed in this hope; but when I came to what the saint says about the holy Eucharist, as, of course, the grand circumstance which exalts the Christian priest, I was overcome with surprise. I read, and read it again. Is it possible? I thought to myself. Why, this is manifest popery. He certainly must have believed in the Real Presence. I had no idea that popish errors had commenced so soon; yes, and gained deep root, too; for I saw that he wrote as of a doctrine about which he expected no contradiction. What was my conclusion here? you will ask. Why, simply this — *the Saint has erred;* otherwise this capital tenet of popery is true—*which is absurd.* I brought in my Euclid here, as on the previous 31st of December. I see that on the following day I was in the cabin of the vessel in which we crossed to the Isle of Wight, reading *Jeremy Taylor's Worthy Communicant.* St. John Chrysostom, I have no doubt, had been thrown overboard, not into the sea—which was making me then rather sick—as the volume was not my own to dispose of thus; but he had been thrown overboard with a whole multitude of Saints and Fathers besides, convicted with him, and condemned for

popish errors, into the black gulph of the dark ages; or rather, I had, by an act of my judgment, extended the borders of that gulph several centuries back, as the Regent's Canal Company are doing with their reservoir near our house, by Act of Parliament, over some of our land, so as to flood him and his contemporaries, and, of course, all after them till Luther rose to set up a dyke and save on dry land those who had courage to step out on the land of Gospel light which he first had re-discovered. I soon came to look on our English Reformers of the Church of England as the greatest and most enlightened men since the time of the Apostles."

He does not give up his asceticism, though he feels the pain of it; and well he might, for he would sometimes eat nothing until six o'clock in the evening, and be all the day going through his parish, or writing sermons if the day were wet. He says in the journal of one of those days: "A fasting day till dinner made me very miserable, and makes me doubt the excellency of this means . . . . dinner did me good." He improves upon the fasting, however, by adding another day every week, when he finds that it really helps him to eradicate his passions and raise up his mind to heaven. The bodily pain consequent on want of food was not the only thing Mr. Spencer had to endure from his fasting. It was a practice that had a popish air about it; his friends and members of his family grew indignant that he should be making himself peculiar. He had to bear the brunt of all their remarks; he did so willingly, and would sit down to the family breakfast to feed on their rebukes and send his portion down untasted, whilst the rest took their meal. He also reads Thomas-à-Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and we see evidences of that remarkable spirit for which he was afterwards distinguished—thanking God for everything. He becomes a secretary to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: that institution was a favourite of Dr. Blomfield's, and he may have induced Mr. Spencer to patronize it. When Mr. Spencer saw how well it worked in its department, he thought of a scheme for improvising something of his own. He does not give parti-

culars of what it was; but he submitted it to his Bishop, who "threw cold water on it," and Mr. Spencer simply *thanks God* for being thwarted. He is completely wrapped up in his clerical duties, so much so that he does not give the full time to his summer vacation in Ryde; he is always impatient to get back to his parish when some pressing business requires him to leave it; and even, while away, he is perpetually visiting clergymen, and talking upon matters belonging to his office. He seems though, ever since the destruction of his High Church principles, to be getting every day more Evangelical in his words and actions.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SPENCER BECOMES RECTOR OF BRINGTON.

Mr. Vigoreux, Rector of Brington, sent in his resignation of the living to the Bishop towards the close of the year 1824. The letters which are found among Father Ignatius's papers show this transaction to have been very creditable to the Spencer family. The old rector was on the continent,—he seems to have been very much in debt to Lord Spencer, and upon his resigning his living, Lord Spencer not only cancelled the debt, but made him so far independent for life, that the old clergyman, in sheer gratitude, ordered £7. 10s. to be distributed every year among the poor of the parish, whilst he lived. George was transported with delight at the news, which was given him by a lawyer in Northampton, on the 8th November in this year, that Mr. Vigoreux had resigned. Mr. Spencer is full of his secret, and he and a brother clergyman have a very pleasant evening in telling "secrets" to each other—George about the rectorship, his friend about his intended marriage. Things go on quietly now until the usual Christmas assemblage of the family at Althorp, and George's reflection on his birthday is this: "That my life past, in the main, has been mis-spent, wasted, and worse than wasted. Last year I have become confirmed in the first of all professions, and I truly desire that I may grow riper and stronger in my office." For a while he resists the temptation to join in the sports of the young gentlemen at Althorp; at length he gives in; he plays a few rubbers at whist in compliment to his father, and thanks God that he plays worse and worse every day. He also takes a few shots; but finding his old

eagerness returning, he throws up the gun at once, and goes to visit the sick and the poor.

On the 12th January he is presented by his father with the living of Brington, is instituted by the Bishop two days after, and inducted by a neighbouring clergyman on the 20th of the same month. He is now in possession of a good income, can afford to pay a curate to do his drudgery, and might follow the example of non-residence which was then so common; but he does nothing of the kind. A fat parsonage does not come to him with an arm-chair or a sofa, and invite him to sit down and take his rest. He considers now that the weight of the charge obliges him to redouble his labours; he continues to write his sermons twice over, and never misses to have one for every Sunday. It was his custom to give, what he called a lecture, on Sunday evenings, —he now gives a full sermon; he also increases the days of attendance in church as far as he can, for we find him beating up for an attendance on Ash-Wednesday; and this he calls an innovation. He gets a little keener in the spirit of asceticism just now, for he tries to conceal his austerities; and on a day he fasted till six he says: "I wish I could root out that devil of ambition and vain-glory." Probably it was about this time that the incident happened he used often to relate to his religious brethren in after-life. One day he thought to conceal his fast; but the housekeeper brought up the toast for breakfast, and if he sent it down untouched she would have discovered his abstinence; he put it in the cupboard and locked it up; by-and-by the odour it emitted perfumed the whole place, to the no small astonishment of the housemaid. The end of it was, that every one discovered what he tried to conceal even from one.

We find a thorough absorption of his energies in the work of his ministry apparent in every page of his journal, as also from the testimony of those who knew him at that period. One little remark will throw light upon his interior:—"My dear Lyttelton,—Sal and the children went away at 6½. I heard the sad departing wheels out of bed. Thank God I have heretofore found happiness in my solitude, and shall do

so again, I trust. His word, and the way of His Commandments, they are my joy. May I grow in the knowledge and practice of them, and I desire no more for this world." Another instance of his devotion to his ministry may be seen in the following:—"Tuesday, March 22.—Rose (a neighbouring clergyman) and I began talking about 8½, and hardly ceased till 12 at night. Our subject was religion and the Church, chiefly."

What beautiful material was there in this excellent clergyman! and had he been where his spirit would be understood, or where one knew how to direct him, what might he not become? He found himself in a Church where spirituality and asceticism are exotics, and cannot thrive, notwithstanding that the Scriptures are so emphatic in exhorting us to practise them. Then, if he took them up, he knew not how far to go, or at what point to restrain himself. He had no manuals, no guides; but vague attempts at fulsome piety written for fellow-workmen, who differed with him on the very first principles of faith. He was, therefore, utterly left to his own views and fancies, and what he considered grace and inspiration. He was getting too unworldly for his position, too single-minded, and too earnest for the easy-going clerical gentlemen who formed the bulk of his acquaintances. Not that the majority did not do their duty. To be sure they did; but what was it? To read a sermon from a desk on a Sunday; to pay visits, and read a chapter of the Bible to a dying sinner. The Evangelical counsels, without which, in some degree or other, Christian *perfection* is unattainable, are exploded anachronisms in the Established *régime* of souls, as the outcry against those within its pale, who try to revive them, but too clearly proves. Ecclesiastical virtue, with them, does not differ from secular virtue, any more than the virtue of a Member of Parliament differs from that of a Town Councillor. They are both expected to be gentlemen, and to keep the rules of propriety the public thinks proper to expect from their position. That is all. "Oh!" as poor Father Ignatius used to say, "shall these dry bones live?" Thou knowest, Lord, whether they shall or not; they don't; and in his

time they were farther from it than they are now. We must therefore expect, from the nature of the case, what is to follow in the next chapter. He goes perfectly astray, in his pursuit after what the "Church of his baptism" could not give him. It was fortunate that he strayed in the end from a wrong path into the right one, by the way of too far East being West.

Easter Sunday in this year he counts the happiest day he spent up to this, though he had only fifty-eight communicants, a decrease since his first Easter. His point of bringing all to the sacrament was not carried. He had even bishops opposing him in this, as in everything else that was not half world, half God.

The next thing he notices is, that an archdeacon gave a good charge, "though against the Catholics,—a questionable topic." Mr. Spencer had no special love for Catholics; on the contrary, he thought themselves absurd, their doctrines abominable, and their ceremonies mummery. He was of the Spencer family though, and in them there was an inbred love of justice and fair-play. Lord Spencer and his son, Lord Althorp, both favoured and spoke for emancipation. They thought the Catholics aggrieved, and if they were Turks, they did not see why they should cease to be men and subjects of the English crown. That was plain common sense; besides, Mr. Spencer had not got so high in Church views as some of his friends, who favoured Catholics before their elevation and opposed them after it, to please a king. The Spencers were generously liberal in all their dealings, and even when the subject of this biography, the delight of the family, thought fit to become a Catholic, their conduct towards him was worthy of their name. We shall have to refer to this afterwards; the allusion is made now only to show that the tenour of their opinions was not the creature of a whim or an ephemeral fancy, but a grave, steady, and well-disciplined feeling. Praise be to them for it. Would that their imitators were more numerous.

He has also another project on hand at this time, besides the evangelizing of his flock. He begins to build a new rectory. He gets an architect from London; has sugges-

tions from the family about the length and breadth of the apartments; others, more poetical, survey the site to give their sentiments about the view from the parlour window; the older portion have their say about the comfort of the different rooms, with regard to size, position, and plastering. Some few even make presents of articles of furniture, and a near relation gives him a beautiful bed, which commodity has many paragraphs of the journal dedicated to its praises and suitableness. The building is at last begun, and we must say something of the progress of his interior castle whilst we let the bricklayers obey the orders of the builder and architect.

CHAPTER V.

CHANGES IN HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

For some time we are getting glimpses of his ways of thought, or rather of his ways of expressing his thoughts. We read, "godly dispositions," "mature unto repentance," "ripe for glory," "comfortable conversations," "springs in barren soil," and the "*seeing* of spiritual *blindness*." All these indicate the leaning of his mind, and recall the language of Cromwellian "Saints," and Bunyan's dreams. The strangest part of his proceedings now was the way in which he became "justified." It is hardly necessary to mention that in Calvinistic theology, which forms the basis, if not the superstructure, of the principal part of Evangelical postulates, the body of believers are divided into *elect* and *reprobate*, or *justified* and *unconverted*. The election or justification is a sentiment coming from what is supposed to be the assurance of an interior spirit that one is to be saved. With them, happy the man or woman who possesses this testimony, and miserable the wretch to whom it is not given. There is for these latter only an everlasting groping in the dark, and a seeking for light, while the *insured* can go through this vale of tears in exultation and gladness of spirit. Mr. Spencer was not well versed in this particular doctrine, and a poor woman, whom he met one day in Northampton, undertook to bring him to the "true Gospel light" by the "pure milk of the Word." She put together a few of those passages from the New Testament, which are generally misquoted in support of this outlandish theory, and her interpretation convinced Mr. Spencer, so that he felt justified, all at once. This good woman proved to be a great trouble to him afterwards; she would harangue him,

once a week, on his unconverted state, even after the *assurance.* Her letters came regularly, four large pages, badly and closely written; and when she had done canting on spirituality, she would fill up what remained with the scandals of the unconverted among whom she lived, and complaints at the cold treatment she received from many. She became a kind of apostle among the Dissenters, and it was only when she had been living on Mr. Spencer's charity for a few years that he discovered where the strength of her spirit lay. He had reasons for not trusting to the genuineness of her piety, though she kept continually writing from North Shields, where she lived, sometimes in good and sometimes in bad circumstances, since the regeneration of Mr. Spencer. When she received one letter in which her sanctity was made little of, she laid the blame on slanderous tongues, and talked about suicide. Mr. Spencer then dropped the correspondence, and gave her a sum of money to purchase a like favour on her side.

He used to amuse us much by relating the system of self-laudation and encouragement that kept the Evangelicals interested in each other. One day he was describing how a clerical friend of his became justified. He had travelled a good distance, and was pretty tired; the family he thought proper to honour with his holy presence in a certain town, prepared him a most excellent breakfast. He ate with the appetite of a very hungry man, and when a more secular guest would have said, *O jam satis,* he jumped up from the table and shouted with ecstatic delight, "I am justified." He never doubted of his election to glory after that, as far as Father Ignatius knew. The most extraordinary feature in their modes was, that a kind of telegraphic communication was kept up with each other, all over the country, for the purpose of making the elect aware of the latest addition to their numbers. On finding his brethren were disposed to laugh at the extravagant madness of this kind of religion, he grew quite serious, and said: "They are really in earnest, poor things, and we ought not to laugh at them, only to pray that their earnestness might be properly directed." One will say: Could any man or woman with a

grain of common sense, go on thinking and talking this kind of unreality, which we commonly call *cant?* As a fact, they do, and we have proof positive of it in Mr. Spencer himself. It is astonishing to see a man of his position, good sense, and education, talk and write in the strange way he does, whilst this mood of mind lasted. Not only does he write so; he holds conversations with every one whom he meets about the state of their soul, and those which he calls *interesting*, others considered very probably the reverse. He also takes soundings of people's spiritual depth, and is seldom consoled at the result. He is satisfied with no one, except two or three of his immediate neighbours who were fed mostly on his bounty or served in his house or garden. He goes at this time (September, 1825) to attend Dr. Blomfield as chaplain through the visitation of the diocese of Chester. He is very zealous throughout, and converses on spiritual subjects with Dissenters of all kinds as well as Churchmen; he does not even leave behind the followers of Joanna Southcote. Some were supposing once, in his presence, that it was impossible for followers of Joanna Southcote, and the like, not to be fully aware that they were being deluded. Father Ignatius said it was not so, and related a peculiar case that he witnessed himself. He happened to be passing through Birmingham (perhaps it was after he became a Catholic), and had occasion to enter a shop there to order something. The shopkeeper asked him if he had heard of the great light that had arisen in these modern times. He said no. "Well then," repeated the shopman, "here, sir, is something to enlighten you," handing him a neatly got up pamphlet. He had not time to glance at the title when his friend behind the counter ran on at a great rate in a speech something to the following effect. That the four Gospels were all figures and myths, that the Epistles were only faint foreshadowings of the real sun of justice that was now at length arisen. The Messias was come in the person of a Mr. Ward, and he would see the truth demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt by looking at the Gospel he held in his hand. Whilst the shopman was expressing hopes of converting him, he took

the opportunity of looking at the pamphlet, and found that all this new theory of religion was built upon a particular way of printing the text, *Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to*-WARD'S *men.* On turning away in disgust from his fruitless remonstrances with this specimen of WARD'S *men,* he found some of WARD'S *women* also in the same place; and overheard them exclaiming, "Oh! little England knows what a treasure they have in ——— jail." The pretended Messias happened to be in prison for felony at the time. He assured us that these poor creatures were perfectly sincere and earnest in the faith they had in this malefactor.

The characteristic features of the Low Church school, or whatever name the religious bias of Mr. Spencer's mind at this time may be called, are, a certain self-sufficiency and rank spiritual pride. It begins with self and ends with self. From self springs the assurance of salvation, for self's sake, too, and every one must feel him*self* in this mood before he can rely on himself. When this fancy gets possession of a person's mind, they forthwith turn apostles, borrow the language of inspiration even for table-talk, and no person is in the way of salvation at all who does not completely fall in with the stream of the new flood of ideas this notion brings into the "*regenerated*" mind. No matter how worthy or great any person may seem to the reprobate world, and did seem to the newly-made "saint" before the assurance, they are now dark, lost, but hopeful if they listen patiently to one half-hour's discourse upon the movements of the Spirit. The vagaries of each mind are in proportion to the imagination, and the facilities for expanding them by giving them expression. But far or near as they may go, self, proud self, is the beginning and end of them all.

The woman who was instrumental in "regenerating" Mr. Spencer writes in one letter to say that she has "no pride," and that no one ever could accuse her of being infected with this passion. At the same time, ay, in the very next sentence, we have wrath and indignation at some of the unregenerate who do not think proper to pay court to her. The sweeping condemnations hurled against two or

three worthy clergymen, which opened Mr. Spencer's eyes to the imposition practised upon him, are further evidences of the same spirit. Mr. Spencer's own ways of acting will be a fair sample of this kind of thing. During his visit to Chester in 1825, he lectures the Bishop on several different occasions, and considers himself quite qualified to do so by virtue of the new spirit he has imbibed. One of the conversations he describes thus:—"After dinner we had an animated discussion, in which I took a lead against the field almost. Before going to bed, I had half an hour's private conversation with the Bishop, most interesting *on his account.* I humbly thank God who has heard my prayers, and made me a lowly instrument in His hands for the good of this already admirable man." In the next sentence he tells us that, in travelling home to Althorp, "I did not read much, but thank God was enabled to keep my mind in godly meditation almost all the way. God knows how blind and perplexed I am still." We have taken the liberty to mark some words in italics in the first quotation, as they show what is confirmed by other passages, too numerous to be quoted, how high he had risen in his own estimation when he considered a bishop benefited by half an hour's conversation with him. He is very hopeful, though, of bringing all the world to his ideas, and says of his family: "God grant me the continuance of that kindness which lies between me and all my family till such time as their hearts may be truly opened to my word." Another reason why we are rather sparing in extracts is a respect for a passage which occurs here in the journal. "I have put down many circumstances in this journal relating to private discussions with persons in religion. Should they fall into strange hands, be they bound in conscience to use them discreetly." We simply quote what is necessary to give a correct notion of the state of his mind. He carried his zeal a little too far betimes, "he went so far as to consider it the duty of a clergyman to call on and rebuke any brother clergyman, whom he might consider negligent in his ministerial office."

Thus a fellow-clergyman writes:—

He got into some difficulties at this time in consequence

of reporting to his bishop a clergyman who would not listen to his remonstrances; but mutual explanations succeeded in making everything right. The clergyman in question lived away from his cure, and thought proper to enjoy unclerical, but otherwise harmless, sports. Mr. Spencer, of course, was against this, but did not succeed in imbuing the other with his sentiments. Notwithstanding these notions of self-righteousness, he was far from incurring much censure for officiousness. His character and mode of life gained him so much respect that he could administer even reproof without provoking anger, except where it was too richly deserved. A letter of Dr. Blomfield's to him after this visit, bears out this remark. The Bishop says: . . . "I hope you will look back on your visit to Chester with pleasure. You may have the satisfaction of believing that you have done good to many *young* clergymen, who had an opportunity of conversing with you, if not to many *old* ones. I was very glad to set before them the example of a young man of rank and good prospects devoted in singleness of heart to the duties of his holy calling."

That his single-mindedness and piety should have thus led him astray is not to be wondered at; for, besides the want of a state where such virtues could be properly cultivated, he had to breathe a religion whose first principles tend directly that way. The exercise of private judgment in what primarily concerns salvation must always lead one astray, because articles of faith are not creatures of human intelligence, neither are they within its compass to understand. He had, of course, a private judgment shackled by contradictions, as every subscriber of the Thirty-nine Articles has. He had an authority to obey which gave a dubious sound, and he was told plainly by the same voice that itself was defectible; the only tie to obedience was the condition on which he discharged his clerical functions; it was natural that he should see through this, from his very single-mindedness, and overlook the conditions while trying to unravel the knots with which they bound him. His birthday reflections this year, 1825, show that he did not begin to retrace his steps. They are as follows:—"Dec. 21. . . .

This day sees me 26 years old, and blessed be my Almighty Protector, the last year has greatly advanced me in hope and knowledge of salvation. A reference to my observations last birthday shows me a great alteration in my views. What admirable methods does He employ in bringing sinners to himself? During the last half-year I reckon I must fix the time when by the most unlikely means God has brought me to faith and knowledge of His grace. I solemnly devote the next year and every day and hour and minute of my future life to coming nearer to Him, to learning His ways and word, and to leading others to the same knowledge, in which He has caused me to exult with a joy formerly unknown."

CHAPTER VI.

OPPOSITION TO HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Mr. Spencer was so taken with his new birth that he tried to have all his friends and acquaintances born again after his own fashion. He made no secret, therefore, of his religious leaning; by letter and word of mouth he tried to bring all to his side. We find, from his correspondence at this time, a shower of letters from every point of the clerical compass where there was authority or influence enough to muster a cloud for their discharge. In looking over such of the letters as he has thought well to preserve, one is struck at once with the diversity of opinion. It is better not to give names, perhaps; but a few sentences from each may not be out of place.

Rev. Mr. A.—"I have read your letter through with great care, and I can say with truth, that it has produced much the same effect upon the eye of my mind which the full blaze of the meridian sun sometimes produces upon the natural eye. It has been almost too much for me." The letter goes on encouraging him in his spirit, fortifying him against all carnal opposition. This gentleman is of the same mind as Mr. Spencer, but more glowing in his zeal for the great cause of Gospel freedom.

Rev. Mr. B.—"I address myself to one who, from that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, has evinced an anxiety for me, who am less than the least of all saints, and an unprofitable minister of the Gospel of God." This gentleman's language is of the right stamp; but he does not agree so perfectly, and arranges for a meeting, where they are to have a mutual adjustment of ideas.

Rev. Mr. C.—"This is very well at the commencement. I trust the Lord will add more, in the best sense of that expression."

Rev. Mr. D.—". . . . To this I will never consent [renewing left off discussions], being satisfied (as I have before stated to you) that every man who is able and willing and sincerely endeavouring to learn and practise his duty, ought to be left in the quiet and undisturbed possession of his own conscience, and not forced from it against his will by others who happen to form a different judgment. In our former conversations, you told me, as plainly as language could well do, though perhaps not entirely at one interview, that you considered me to be an unconverted sinner, as destitute of the truth as any heathen could be, and in a state of perdition; and you seemed to think that I could be recovered from that fearful condition by that horrid system of indiscriminate condemnation and terror which prevails (I find) at Northampton in its most odious form, and which I believe to be essentially opposed to the principles of the Christian religion, as it is repugnant to those natural feelings of kindness and benevolence which God has implanted in the human breast." It might be fairer to transcribe his entire letter; but then the other letters have the same claim, and that would make a new volume, for some of the letters extend over fifteen pages of foolscap paper, closely written. The sum of the remaining part is this, that he is twenty-one years in holy orders, and that God could not have allowed him to be in error all that time. He says that, "I never can for one moment admit that any one is more anxious for my happiness than I am myself, nor that any person has a greater right to decide than I have by what means that happiness shall be sought. A man's own conscientious judgment is the proper guide in such cases." He then refers Mr. Spencer to others more learned than he for the discussion of those matters, and mentions the Bishop of Chester and John Rose, "whose qualifications for the task are incomparably superior to mine." This gentleman seems to hesitate between Mr. Spencer's opinions and his own, and is rather uneasy lest he might be wrong, yet does not see

the use of troubling himself, as it is all the same in the end, when one tries to do what his conscience tells him is right.

Rev. Mr. E. is a doctor, so let us listen to him. After a rhetorical preface, in which he would make excuses but would not, because they were such friends and did not want them, for handling his friend so summarily, he thus launches forth :—"Although there can be but *one* line of duty marked out in the situation of *every* clergyman, and although, before God, the humblest and the loftiest in that profession are equally bounden to *pursue* the same line of duty, and are, moreover, equally frail and 'found wanting,'—yet I cannot bring myself to consider yours as by any means an *ordinary* case." After thus magnifying the importance of his subject, he neither agrees nor disagrees, but discountenances Mr. Spencer's practices on prudential motives. He staves off the whole matter of doctrine, and talks about discipline.

The next quotation will be from a bishop. He very wisely and keenly observes :—"Amidst a great deal that is excellent and of right spirit in your observations, there is a presumption and self-confident tone, which is altogether new in *you*, and in my opinion not very consistent with real humility. In fact, I almost wonder that this symptom, if you have ever recalled to mind your conversations, or read over your letters when written, has not made you doubt the reality of what you call your conversion ; for I remember perfectly well your having observed to me, that the extreme confidence of those who hold Calvinistic opinions as to their own case, and their extreme uncharitableness towards, or rather *concerning* others, were strong indications of some radical error in their notions, and so they will ever be considered by those who take the same view with St. Paul of Christian charity." The Bishop then states the case very clearly at issue between them, and points how far they agree and disagree upon the point of *assurance* and reliance on the merits of Christ, and proves his side of the question by Scripture, Anglican divines, and common sense.

It is a very singular thing that this bishop, when he first heard of the manifestations of Mr. Spencer's Calvinistic spirit, concludes a short letter to him thus :—"I recommend to your perusal a most interesting tract, which Blanco White has just published, 'The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery.'

"Ever yours affectionately,

"* * * * *"

These specimens are picked at random from a heap of letters. It looks incomprehensible to a Catholic how such a state of things could be possible in a system calling itself a Church. Not one of these, who were the clergy working with him in the same field and in the same way, dared to say, or knew how to say, "You have uttered a heresy." Some agreed with him, some applauded him, some wanted to be left alone in their old doctrines, and some begged leave very politely to differ from him, and gave their reasons for so doing. The Bishop argued warmly against him, but Mr. Spencer took up his lordship; and argued quite as warmly for the other side of the question. If he did not put them among the reprobate, they should very likely have let him alone. Such was the state of *dogma* in the Establishment in the beginning of 1826; it is scarcely improved, except in its own way, in 1865. No definite teaching, nothing positive, nothing precise, all mist, doubt, uncertainty, except that Popery is anti-Christian and subversive of human liberty.

It is very hard to imagine, much less to realize, how these lukewarm expressions of assent and dissent turned, in a few months, into a tempest of opposition. Perhaps the following guess would nearly account for it. We may conclude from the letter of Lady Spencer to Dr. Blomfield (given in his life, page 70), on his being appointed to the see of Chester, that she and Lord Spencer knew something about the making of bishops and the mode of their *translation*. If she took such an interest in a stranger, but a friend, it is not wonderful that she should take a similar, if not a greater, interest in seeing a mitre on the head of her own son. Lord Liverpool had not yet retired from the head of the ministry,

and if his politics and Lord Spencer's were sufficiently of accord to promote the man whom the Earl patronized, they would be able to do a like service to the Earl's own son in due course. Extreme Low Church views would never do for the Episcopal Bench in those days, though many were raised to that dignity with little High Church views. Whether Mr. Spencer's opinions clouded this bright future, or that the noble family would feel it a disgrace to have a son so methodistical, or whether real anxiety for his spiritual welfare, or an endeavour to prevent a future that the Bishop's ken seemed to have forecasted, troubled his parents, it is difficult to say. At all events, Mr. Spencer's religious notions caused a great commotion in the family, whilst those who abetted and encouraged him went on preaching their sermons and reading their services in their position, with one exception, and nobody seemed to mind them.

Lady Spencer took her son to London, in the beginning of the year 1826, to have his new notions rectified by Dr. Blomfield. This good doctor immediately prescribed for his patient, for he did not need much feeling of his spiritual pulse after their correspondence. The interview is thus described:—"Jan. 24.—My mother allowed me her carriage after breakfast, to go and see the Bishop of Chester. I did not find him at home, and so came directly back again. He was so good as to call on me afterwards, and sat talking with me a considerable time. His conversation was most pleasing to me, though I could see that we did not fully agree in our view of Christian doctrine (*sic*). He desired me to read Sumner's 'Apostolical Preaching,' which I sent out for and began doing before dinner."

His obedience to directors of all kinds was remarkable; but the results were invariably contrary to their expectations. He began this book at once, and be it remembered, he had read it twice before. Next day he read on, and "marked many passages which *he* thought decidedly wrong." He goes out a little, sees an old friend, and delights in reading Cowper's "Task," exclaiming, "It is a great thing to be a true Christian." He visits the Bishop in a day or two; they hold a discussion, but part in charity; and the result was,

that Mr. Spencer wrote him "the memorable letter" which scarcely left his lordship a hope of salvation if he did not at once get assured of his election.

A correspondence ensues now, which terminates in a promise given and accepted of a longer stay in London, where matters may be settled in conversation to their mutual satisfaction. In the mean time, Mr. Spencer returns to his parish, and begins reading the New Testament in Greek (another of Dr. Blomfield's prescriptions). As he lays down the volume one day he exclaims, "How do I want the milk of God's word!"

An old lady whom he visits, in illness, dozes into a stupor, and awakens unto Gospel faith. One evening he says:—"I spent this evening with a mixture of scrupulosities and comforts, but trust soon to find out what is the true Gospel freedom." There seem still some relics of the old asceticism left in him, for on having to go to Peterborough on some business, he says:—"I started in a chaise for Peterborough. I had scruples about the heavy expense of this mode instead of coaches; but I was consoled by the opportunity I had on the way of calling at Titchmarsh, and having half an hour's conversation with Lyttelton Powys. I got to Peterborough at $4\frac{1}{2}$, dined with the dean and his lady at 6, and spent the evening in hearing extracts from his intended life of Bentley. I found myself in a land, alas! of spiritual barrenness; but water-springs may rise in dry ground."

It was about this time, March, 1826, that he seems to have given up reading anything in the way of theology, except the Bible. He gives an odd dip into Cowper's poems, by way of recreation. He came across a book called "The Convent," but immediately "discovered it to be anti-Christian." This apparent quiet is, however, disturbed by the play of the clerical artillery around him. The tone of one or two extracts from the letters he received now will give an idea of the vantage-ground these good champions of orthodoxy thought proper to take. One writes:—

"I know you did think it un-Christian-like to converse or employ the mind much on any subject but religion. To this almost entire exclusion of all other topics I decidedly object,

on the ground of its having a strong tendency to engender a pharisaical spirit, and of its being inconsistent with the common duties and occupations of life marked out for us by Providence, and contrary to the true interests of genuine Christianity. And my opinion in this respect has the sanction of some of the most excellent characters I have ever known—persons eminent alike for sound wisdom and discretion, and for a quiet and unostentatious, but sincere and fervent piety.

"I cannot conclude this letter without remarking, that all your conversations with me, since you adopted your present views, have convinced me more and more that my own religious opinions are sound and yours erroneous; and that every day's experience confirms and strengthens me in the conviction, that the religious system which your friends at Northampton are pursuing (whatever charm it may have for enthusiastic minds) *is not the religion of the Bible.*" This is from the grumbler quoted above, as may be seen by the style and sentiment.

Our friend the doctor calls him to task in this manner:—"... You are endeavouring to make up for past deficiencies, or to atone for past errors, by renewed activity or rather extraordinary efforts. This you do in perfect sincerity; and, I believe, heartily. In consequence, instead of *one* sermon on a Sunday there are *two;* instead of a *quarterly* there is a *monthly* sacrament; and, in addition, an evening lecture, with prayers, is pronounced every Wednesday evening. Now, supposing you had not taken this unfavourable opinion of your past feelings and views, would you have adopted such regulations? I think you would *not;* and yet, be it observed, the necessity for them was and is a matter totally irrelevant to your own private feelings." The rest of this letter, the doctor's second, is to sober down Mr. Spencer's fervour, and make him go on quietly, hoping thus to slacken his enthusiasm and bring him to his former frame of mind.

It is sad to see a clergyman called to task for not being more worldly and less zealous. He is, in fact, too much like a Catholic Saint to be endured in the Establishment.

He must eventually abandon it, or be stoned to death with hard words in it. We see the chink now through which the first alternative gleamed on the Bishop; and we see the disposition of Providence in moving him to confine himself to the Bible, when some plausible Anglican work might have burnished up what he had of Catholic instinct, and made it seem gold.

CHAPTER VII.

PROGRESS OF HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Spencer broke away from the Establishment by the religious notions he took up at this time; on the contrary, his great hope is that he shall unite all the sects to her, and he fancies they are being realized now among the Methodists in his own parish. His cardinal point of opinion at this time was, that the articles and formularies of the Anglican Church required some kind of soul to put life into them and make them touch the heart; that this life had been allowed to eke out of the Church in the days bygone, and that it was high time to bring it back; the wording of the Church's text-books gave room for his interpretation, and his whole line of procedure was but acting upon it. Others interpreted differently, some did not interpret at all; with both classes of opponents he maintained an opposition so satisfactory to himself that his notions only gained a stronger hold of his mind every day. We shall give some specimens of the arguments urged against him by the second class of opponents, who were chiefly influential members of his own family. One writes,—his father:—

"I will commission Appleyard to get the Hebrew grammar you mention and send it down, and I am very glad to hear that you intend to revive that study, which must be so useful to a clergyman, and which will I hope be an advantage to your mind by varying the objects to which you apply it, and by that means tend to relieve it from the effects of too intense an application to the more difficult and abstruse points of religious study; which, if not under the corrective guidance of greater learning and experience than it is possible for you yet to have, might lead into the

wildness of enthusiasm, instead of the sensible and sound doctrine which it becomes an orthodox minister of an Established Church to hold for himself and to preach to others."

Another,—his mother:—"Infinite peril attends the setting our duties and religious notions in too austere a point of view, and seeming mystic and obscure modes of speech when describing religious sentiments; and disparaging every effort to do right except it tallies exactly with some indescribable rule of faith which cannot be comprehended by simple-minded and quiet-tempered piety, is of all things the most dangerous, since the risk is dreadful either of disgusting, or repelling, or alarming into despair. Nothing proves the perfect ignorance of human character and the art of persuasion than this process. It never can do to terrify into doing right,—stubbornness and hopelessness must ever be the consequence of such ill-judged zeal; and to the preacher uncharitableness and spiritual pride. Milton's beautiful meditation of our Saviour, in 'Paradise Regained,' has two lines which exactly fill my idea of what ought to be the mode of doing good by precept:—

> "By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
> And make persuasion do the work of fear."

. . . . Do not permit yourself to judge uncharitably of the motives of others because their religious sentiments are not always floating on the surface of their words and actions."

The remonstrances descend in a graduated scale from these elegant remarks, through letters from old schoolfellows in an off-hand style; frisky young matrons twit him in a very airy kind of argument, and all seems to wind up in a flourish from a young officer, "How dy'e do, my dear old parson; ever in the dumps, eh?"

The long visit to London is at length brought about. He writes in the journal:—"April 13, 1826. At 9 set off for London. I leave Althorp for a longer period than I have since taking orders. May God make it a profitable excursion!" This visit was planned by the family and Dr.

Blomfield, when they saw letters were unavailing, in order that Spencer might be brought, by conversing with his old master, into tamer notions on religion.

He accordingly dines and speaks with the Bishop and some clerical friends, but the result was this note in the journal :—"I feel myself in this great town like St. Paul in Athens. Not one like-minded man can I now think of to whom I can resort. But God shall raise me some." The next Sunday after his arrival in London he is asked by Dr. Blomfield to preach in St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate-street. This sermon was to be a kind of profession of his faith. His own commentaries on it are thus: "I had the wonderful glory of preaching a full and free gospel discourse in the afternoon to a London congregation, and God gave me perfect composure and boldness; and although he liked not the doctrine, the Bishop was perfectly kind to me afterwards." The Rev. Mr. Harvey, Rector of Hornsey, says, in a letter he had the kindness to write to one of our fathers: "My first acquaintance with Mr. Spencer was about 1824 or 1825, when I was curate of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, of which Archdeacon Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, was rector. Mr. Spencer had been a pupil of the Bishop's, and was always regarded by him with great interest. He generally came to him to stay for a few days in the spring, and used then to come and see me, and accompany me in my pastoral visits. He was a person of a most tender and loving spirit, very distrustful of himself, and very anxious to arrive at truth. On one occasion I remember his preaching on a Sunday afternoon at St. Botolph's, when Dr. Blomfield, then Bishop of Chester, read prayers. To the surprise of every one he took the opportunity of explaining his particular views of religion, which were then decidedly evangelical, intimating to the congregation that they were not accustomed generally to have the Gospel fully and faithfully preached. The Bishop of course was pained, but merely said, 'George, how could you preach such a sermon as that? In future I must look over your sermon before you go into the pulpit.' I do not vouch for the details, but this is what

I recollect as far as my memory helps me at this distance of time."

Mr. Spencer went to hear others preach, and forms his opinions of each according to his way of thinking. Here are some specimens :—

"The Bishop of Bristol preached in the morning for the schools, a sermon worthy of Plato rather than St. Paul." Another day : "Went with all speed to Craven Chapel, where I heard Irving, the Scotch minister, preach nearly two hours. I was greatly delighted at his eloquence and stout Christian doctrine, though his manner is most blameably extravagant." Another day : "I went with Mr. A—— and Miss B—— to hear Mrs. Fry perform, and was delighted with her *expounding* to the prisoners in Newgate."

He seems to advance more and more in his own religious views ; and he says his father was wretched about them. He gets an opportunity of preaching in the West End of London, and writes thereupon : "O my God, I have testified thy truth to east and west in this horrid Babylon." He soon after returns home, and is so far improved that he determines to preach extempore for the future ; in this he succeeds very well. What led him to this resolve was the facility with which he could maintain a conversation on religious topics for any length of time, and the rational supposition that he might do the same, as well in the pulpit as in the parlour.

A letter to the Rev. Mr. Harvey, which is the only one that we have come across of those written by him at this time, gives a fair idea of the state of his mind : it was written on his return to Althorp after this London visit.

"*August* 3, 1826.

"My dear Harvey,—Bishop Heber's sermon I think beautiful. I am also pleased with all that has come of late from Bishop Sumner. His apostolic preaching does not fully satisfy me, and I have little doubt, from his writings, that he would not consider it as exactly representing his present views. . . . . It must be admitted that St. Paul's sins before his conversion are not so heinous as

those of many who have not ignorance and unbelief to plead in their favour. . . . . With regard to the question whether we be under guilt and eternal wrath, or in the favour of God and on the way of life, it seems to me highly dangerous to look to any distinction but this plain one, 'He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' . . . . Having thus ventured an opinion to you, I will go on to say that I wish I could have some conversation with you at large on these matters. I do not wish to introduce discussions on these points with my brethren, except when I am led to it by circumstances, and therefore I never entered on the subject with you during my stay in London. I have sometimes blamed myself for it, because you seemed to me to be so candid and unprejudiced that I might have done so without any risk of displeasure. I now tell you that I was much pleased always with the spirit of your sermons and with all your feelings, as far as I could judge of them from conversation; but I could plainly perceive that your views of fundamental doctrines were not what, I am convinced, are the right ones according to the Word of God and the Articles of our Church. The Bishop would have told you, I suppose, that he and I were at variance on these points, though in mutual regard and attachment I humbly trust we never before were so nearly united. Indeed, I never had an argument with him which did not leave me in admiration of his genuine meekness and charity. . . . . I reckon him very nearly right, and I am sure that he has real humility and an inquiring spirit; and so I firmly trust that, by God's blessing, he will be led to acknowledge the whole truth, and that very shortly. . . . . All that I venture to say is that he has not, to my mind, yet taken the right view of the plan of Redemption. But I am so convinced of his being on the right way to it, that I could almost engage to acknowledge my own views wrong (though I have not a single doubt of them now), if, before his departure, which God send may be distant, he does not declare his assent to them. I believe that you are just of the same mind on these things, as I was myself a year or two ago.

You probably know that my present views are of comparatively recent date with me. They are, in fact, what I have at last settled into, after two or three years of extreme doubts and oscillations and scrupulosities. I thank God that from all these He has delivered me, except the trouble and annoyance of my own evil heart, from which, however, I do not expect complete freedom, while in this tabernacle. As to writers on the subject, I have none, besides the formularies of our Church, whose doctrines and principles I like better than Thomas Scott's. There are some points of discipline, however, in which I do not go along with him. But I now attach myself most exclusively to the Word of God and prayer, as the method of increasing in knowledge, and feel delighted in the freedom which I have gained from the variety of opinions of learned men, which used to perplex me so grievously."

This is what he looked upon as being in the Gospel freedom, that he was free from doctors; and it is a freedom. If Anglican doctors were, like our theologians, all of a mind in doctrine, with a certain margin for diversity of opinion in things of minor consequence, or in the way of clearing up a difficulty, it might be borne; but when one has theologians for guides who agree about as much as one living clergyman agrees with another, it is surely a freedom to be delivered from a yoke that presses on so many sides, and forces so many ways at once.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME OF THE PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF HIS VIEWS.

It is high time that we should turn from the abstract consideration of Mr. Spencer's views, and test their efficiency by the great standard of good and evil—facts. The facts, bearing upon our subject, which the Journal gives up to this period of his life, the close of 1826, and beginning of the next year, may be summed up in few words. One old woman was the only one of whom he could say, "she seems fully established in religion;" and it is remarkable that this very person, Mrs. Wykes, became a Catholic later on. All the rest were in different stages of fermentation; some "hopeful," some "promising," some "ripening unto light," and so forth: they ripen more and more according to the number of his visits; but if it should happen that they did not need material help from him, they very soon got back to their old way again, and poor Mr. Spencer used to return, after his day's apostleship, much humiliated at his want of success. In fact, his missionary work was a perfect representation of Protestant missions to the heathen. He distributed Bibles and blankets, prayer-books and porridge, and three of his best and most hopeful proselytes went mad, and were sent to the county lunatic asylum. Of himself, he tells us that he used to spend from two to three hours daily in godly contemplation. Of this he began to get tired after some time, and gives the following extraordinary notions of his interior state:—"Sep. 2. I was employed chiefly in reading Gr. Testament; but I find myself very far yet from that state of real activity of mind which I ought to gain. I wish for such experience in Christ as not to need spiritual exercises as constantly as I now do to keep up communion

with God, and so have more time for active labour." "Sep. 12. I went to Nobottle at 12 and returned at 3. I called in every house except Chapman's, and, alas! I found *not one* soul over whom I could rejoice as a true child of God. Yet there are signs of hope in a few. What an awful scene it would be if I had eyes to see it, or how great is my deliverance, who, though not less deserving perdition than any, am yet planted in the House of God, and rejoice through Christ in the hope of His glory." He begins the new year, 1827, with the following:—"I have found my mind so far from settled that I never saw myself more in need of God's grace. But I shall find it." Strange prophecy; he was determined never to rest content until he could feel right with regard to God and his salvation, and it is needless to say that he was far from this, notwithstanding his great Calvinistic assurance.

Every new Dissenting minister that comes into his parish, he makes it his business to call upon and see if they could not unite their respective flocks, even by compromising differences. He sometimes comes home flushed with hope, and then, when he tries to persuade his fellow-clergymen of the Establishment to make advances to Methodists or Baptists, their coldness brings his hopes to nought. Nothing disheartened, he comes to the charge again, and is buoyed up, the whole time, by the hope of one day or other seeing his beloved people in one fold, under the care of one shepherd.

He removes in the middle of this year to the house he built for himself at Great Brington, and he learns the pleasures of housekeeping in a few weeks by the difficulties he encounters in the management of servants. The rest of the year, until towards October, goes on rather calmly; no incident of importance occurs except the preaching of his Visitation Sermon. The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Marsh, comes to make his diocesan visitation in Northampton, and the Honble. and Rev. Mr. Spencer is asked to preach before him. He does so very nervously, and although he introduces one passage into that sermon indicative of his peculiar views, the Bishop was so pleased with it,

that he ordered him to print it. It was printed accordingly, and Mr. Spencer sent copies to all the friends he could remember; he even sent some across the Atlantic to old schoolfellows. Between thanks for the reception of this favour, and mutual acknowledgments of esteem and regard, with compliments and returns of the same, an interval is given him to prepare for another storm on the score of his opinions.

The second volume of his diary concludes with some distressing discussions and family animadversions on his ways of thinking. It sounds rather strange in Catholic ears that lay people should deem themselves qualified to lecture a clergyman on what he ought to believe and teach; it ought not, if he remembers that we are speaking of a land of private judgment, where every one is qualified to think and dictate to his neighbour. The friends take their arguments now from a different point. Mr. Spencer had built his new rectory and gone to live there; the architect had done his part so well, that he would sometimes come off the coach, when passing near Brington, so that he might have another look at this specimen of material comfort. It was furnished, too, in a befitting style, for George went even to London, and took counsel with his mother and others on what things were proper and best suited for a parsonage. The best upholsterers were made to contribute from their stock of cupboards, beds, mattresses, chairs, and tables, and when the van arrived at Brington, there were several connoisseur female relatives invited to give their opinions on the colouring and papering of the rooms, the hanging and folds of the window curtains, and the patterns of the carpets. All was finally arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and only one thing was wanting,—"the partner of his joys," or troubles, as they would be now, poor man.

Bright ideas struck his friends about this time. It was thought, in very high and intellectual circles, that if the young rector of Brington were married, he would settle down quietly in the snug parsonage, and make metaphysical ideas give way to the realities of life. This they concluded was the short road to his settlement, and he himself used

often to tell how long arguments on religious views often ended with, "Well, George, get yourself a wife, and settle down like your neighbours, and all these dreams will vanish." To their surprise, however, they found the young rector as difficult of persuasion in this point as in his other notions; but experience gave them the advantage over him here, and they were determined not to be foiled. The want of a house to bring the bride to, was thought to be the sole objection heretofore, and perhaps it was; that was now removed. Suggestions to that effect reach him in letters from his friends about this time. The following is a specimen:—"It is probable that I shall return to Brington for the winter. If N * * * or N * * * succeeds in a matrimonial alliance on your account, I hope you will speedily let me know; perhaps an insinuating advertisement in the *Morning Post* might be useful to you. Joking apart, I shall be most happy when the time comes for wishing you joy." Insinuations and arguments did not avail, so they had recourse to stratagem. One would not like to suspect that the Bishop of Chester was let into the secret, though he ought to be a capital hand at such things, as he had the hymeneal knot twice tied upon himself. However that may be, the plot was laid, hatched, and the eggs broken as follows:—Towards the end of October, 1827, he accompanied Dr. Blomfield on a visitation through the diocese of Chester. He was taken a little out of his way in order to preach in a church near Warrington. The rector of this place asked him specially;—what was his surprise to find his "old flame," Miss A * * *, as mentioned in a former chapter, there ready prepared to be one of his listeners. He walked with her to church, and was delighted with her company; he used to say he never preached, whilst a minister, with greater satisfaction than on that day. Coming home from church he had to hear out compliments about his preaching, and he spent the evening with a clerical party—one was a clergyman who was about being married to the sister of Mr. Spencer's favourite. It was thought everything would come round then, and that some kind of arrangement would be made for the future; but Mr. Spencer, though pleased,

was not anywise romantic, nor apt to put his head into a halter from which it would not be so easy to draw it back. It was well, however, that he was pleased, and he evinces as much himself in his Journal, when he says: "Sunday, Oct. 21. I begin this volume with one of the most interesting Sundays I have ever spent. After breakfast with Mr. * * * 's family, we went to church about half a mile from the house, where I preached the first sermon which it has been given me to preach in this diocese; and I am pleased that it should be in this church and before N * * * N * * * among other hearers, with whom I now converse as pleasingly as in former times, but on higher subjects. With her and her sister I walked home, and again to evening service, where I read prayers and Mr. * * * preached." But this argument met the fate of all that had been spent on him for the last three years. It seemed all settled as far as he was concerned; for there was no doubt on the other side. He got into his carriage to drive up to Althorp, and ask his father's consent. When near the door, he called to the driver to stop, and turn to the rectory. He had just formed the resolution *never to marry.* It was not that he did not like the intended partner, it was an affair of long standing; but he remembered the words of St. Paul: "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife" (1 Cor. vii. 32, 33, Prot. version). No one was ever able to shake this resolution, and the repeated attempts of others to do so only strengthened it the more. He often related this incident to us, and when asked, if he then thought of the Catholic priests, "Oh, I might, but I thought it was some superstitious motive that made them live single; I thought I made a new discovery myself;" he would reply.

A change takes places now in his finances. He was always extremely charitable, and his housekeeper tells of his equipment, when going out to make his parish rounds, of a morning. He would carry a bottle of wine in his coat pocket, and as much money as he could possibly spare.

These he distributed among the sick and the poor. He used also to buy them medicines, and procure them clothes. Of course it was found soon that a very large income would not suffice for the liberality of the son, so Lord Spencer came to an arrangement with him. He allowed him a liberal yearly income; but George feels it rather hard, and complains of his straitened means in two or three places of his Journal. However, he set to to make the best of it, and began by retrenchment from his own table. "By way of retrenchment, I have left off wine and puddings or tarts, and I have reduced my quantity of clean linen to wear." Ever himself, what he spared from his own table he brought to the poor. We shall transcribe the simple account of this period of his life given us by Mrs. Wykes, who knew him from a child. "His great charity to the poor and wandering beggars was unbounded. At times he gave them all the money he had, and stripped himself of his clothes to give them to the distressed; and when he had nothing to give, he would thank God he had only His holy truth to impart, and would speak of the love of God so fervently, that he would call forth tears from the poor objects of misery who came many miles to beg money or clothes of him. Many impostors presented themselves with the rest, but even those he thanked God for, and thought nothing of relieving them, as he said he lost nothing by them, but got a lesson of humility. Some poor afflicted mendicants would present themselves with loathsome sores, and these he would assist in dressing and try to cure. His house was always open for the distressed, and he often longed to make an hospital of it for the poor. He was all for gaining souls to God; he would often walk to Northampton to visit the lodging-houses, and most infamous dens of the dissolute, to speak to them of God's holy law and mercy to sinners. Indeed his whole time was devoted to doing good. He did not often allow himself the privilege of riding, but would walk to Northampton or further, carrying his clothes in a knapsack strapped over his shoulders, and would smile at the jeers and laughs against him, glorying in following out the practice of the Apostles. He fasted as well as he knew

how, much stricter than when he became a Catholic. In fact he allowed nothing to himself but plain living, and willingly granted better to others. He gave no trouble, but was always ready to wait upon others, and make them happy and comfortable. He was always ready to hear complaints, and turn everything into the goodness of God. He was indeed the father of the poor, and a peace-maker, though meeting with many contradictions, particularly among the Dissenters. He bore all with patience and cheerfulness, and went on hoping all would end well in due time."

The last *effect* we shall record in this chapter is another passage from his Journal :—"Saturday, Nov. 17. To-day I called on Mr. Griffiths, Independent minister at Long Buckley, with whom I had one or two hours' conversation of a very interesting kind. I see clearly that all is not right with the Church." He means the Church of England, of course.

CHAPTER IX.

SCRUPLES ABOUT THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

In the December of 1827 the old scruples, that came into his head some two years before, about the Athanasian Creed revived. Perhaps it is better to give the words of the Journal before going into particulars on this point. He says:—"Tuesday, Dec. 4.— . . . . Thursby came to dine and sleep here. We conversed till nearly 12, almost incessantly, about his concerns first, then about mine. I let him know my thoughts of resigning my preferment on account of the Athanasian Creed. He was at first very much displeased at them, but seemed better satisfied as I explained myself." "Wed., Dec. 5.—I came down after a wakeful night, and much confirmed in my resolution to take decided steps about declaring against the Athanasian Creed. Thursby seemed to coincide much more nearly with my views. We talked on this and other topics until 11 or 12, when he went away. I went out in Great Brington till 2; dined; then ran to Althorp . . . . came back and wrote long letters to my father and the Bishop of Chester, about my intended declaration, and probable resignation of my living. I here solemnly affirm that before last week I had no sort of idea of taking this step. I am now writing on Friday, fully determined upon it. The circumstances which led me to this decision are:—1st. My many conversations of late, and correspondence with, dissenting ministers, by whose words I have been led to doubt the perfectness of our Establishment. 2ndly. My discussions and reflections about retrenchments, leading me to consider the probability of more preferment, and how I could accept it. 3rdly. The quantity of Church preferment which has been of late

changing hands, by which I have been led to think how I should answer an offer myself. And, 4thly. My thoughts about signing Baily's boy's testimonial, which has led me to reckon more highly on the value of my signature."

From the letters of those who undertook the setting of Mr. Spencer's troubles at rest, it appears that his difficulties about the Athanasian Creed did not arise from the doctrines there put forth about the Blessed Trinity and Incarnation; but that he objected to the terminalogy as un-Scriptural, and to the condemning clauses in the beginning and end of the Creed. Dr. Blomfield is the first to reason with him; his answer to the letter above-mentioned is couched in the following terms:—"The letter which I have just received from you astonishes and confounds me; not that I ought to be surprised at anything strange which you may do, after what I have lately witnessed and heard; but I must say, in plain terms, that your letter is the letter of an insane person. You profess to be willing to ask advice and hear reasoning, and yet you take the most decided steps to wound the feelings of your friends and injure the cause of the Church, without giving those whom you pretend to consult an opportunity of satisfying your doubts. You suffer your father to be with you two days without giving him a hint that you were meditating a step incomparably the most important of your life, and most involving his happiness; and then, in the midst of his security, write him a letter, not to tell him that you are doubtful on certain points and wish to be advised, but that your mind is made up and you are determined to act. Surely common sense and filial duty ought to have suggested the propriety of waiting till you had communicated with me, although even to me you do not state what your doubts and difficulties are with sufficient precision to enable me to discuss them; but you write a long panegyric upon your own sincerity and humility, of which I entertained no doubt, and thus, after repeated conferences with Dissenting ministers and Roman Catholic priests, far more astute and subtle reasoners than yourself, you are worked up into an utter disapprobation of one of the articles of our Church, having all along concealed your doubts from your nearest and dearest

friends, and from me, who had an especial claim to be made acquainted with them. Is this sincere and judicious conduct?"

He proceeds to some lengths in this style, then tells him that it is one thing to doubt of the truth of a doctrine, and another thing to believe it to be false, and that one should take no step of importance until he thought in the latter way. He tells him to be quiet for some time, and give him the objections one by one. This Mr. Spencer does, and the answer is partly, that given in Dr. Blomfield's life, page 85, and partly, another letter he wrote to him within a fortnight's time. The argument of this good ecclesiastic shapes itself thus:—The general proposition of excluding all from salvation who do not believe the doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation, as set forth in the Athanasian Creed, is laid down with certain limitations. The Protestant Church does lay it down thus, as is evident from certain quotations from the Articles. Besides, she never intends to pronounce a condemnation on any, like the Church of Rome. The meaning, therefore, of these clauses is an assertion of the truth of the doctrine simply; and for this he quotes the opinion of some commissioned interpreters and the admission of "the most scrupulous and captious Baxter that such exposition may be received."

This is the sum of Dr. Blomfield's argument; he gives several other authorities for his opinion. We need not be surprised that the argument was not convincing; and Mr. Spencer says, in his Journal:—"I had a letter from the Bishop of Chester this morning, which was weak in argument and flippant; I hope good may result from it." The weakness of the Bishop's argument arises from the dilemma in which he was placed. If he said the Anglican Church does really condemn all who hold not her doctrines, then she would arrogate to herself the claim of infallibility which she takes good care to disclaim, and even makes an article to that effect. If she does not condemn, what is the meaning of allowing the clauses to remain in her formularies, and require her ministers to subscribe, read, and preach them? His only line of argument, considering his position, was to

steer a middle course, and this he endeavoured to do, and succeeded pretty well. But shifting difficulties by trying to reconcile contradictions, is a process that may calm an easy-going mind, previously disposed to indifference, but never can satisfy a clear, earnest one, that seeks the truth in all its terrible reality and straightforward meaning. A Church composed of a mass of heterogeneous elements in doctrine and practice, must be very hard set indeed when driven to give an account of herself. The wonder is, that she cannot see the absence of a Divine guidance, even in the admissions she is forced to make, if not in the very nature of her own human constitution. Only a Catholic can account for a creed, and if there was not a body of living teachers with the promise of Divine direction in their formal decisions and utterances, the Church that Christ established would not exist; and only Catholics can claim and prove this very hinge of their system, which pseudo-bishops have their hits at when they writhe under the pressure of difficulties they cannot answer.

The letter of this Bishop did not settle Mr. Spencer's mind—it unsettled him the more. Two or three clergymen were invited to talk him back to the old way, but with similar success. Lord Spencer then gets one of the London clergy to undertake the task which foiled so many. We give the father's letter of introduction, as it is so characteristic of his paternal affection and concern, and at the same time his due consideration for his son's conscientious difficulties. The Earl was staying in Althorp for a few days, and left this letter for George on his departure:—

"Your mother writes me word that Mr. Allen, of Battersea, will come and dine with her to-morrow, and remain here nearly the whole week. I am very happy at this, because, if you are sincere (and I do not now mean to question your sincerity) in wishing for information, instruction, and advice, I know of no man—either high or low, clerical or secular—more able to afford them to you, more correct in his doctrines and character, or more affectionately disposed to be of all the service he can to every one connected with

us, and to you in particular. But, my dear George, in order to enable yourself to derive all the benefit that may unquestionably be derived from serious and confidential communications on a most important subject, with such a man, you must be more explicit, more open, and more confidential with him than, I am grieved to think, you have yet been, either with your excellent friend the Bishop of Chester, or even with me, though I allow that in the conversations we have had together *in this visit* to you here, I saw rather more disposition to frankness on your part than I had before experienced.

"I should not thus argue with you, my dear George, if I did not from my heart, as God is my judge, firmly believe that your welfare, both temporal and eternal, as well as the health both of your body and mind, depended upon your taking every possible means to follow a better course of thinking, and of study, and of occupation, than you have hitherto done since you have entered the profession for which, as I fondly hoped, and you seemed fitted by inclination, you would have been in due time, if well directed and well advised, formed to become as much an ornament to it as your brothers are, God Almighty be thanked for it, to those they have entered into.

"I still venture to hope, though not without trembling, but I do hope and will encourage myself in the humble hope, which shall be daily expressed to the Almighty in my prayers, that I may be permitted, before I go hence, to witness better things of you; and I even extend my wish that when I return hither on Friday, I may have the satisfaction of learning that your interviews with Mr. Allen, who I have no doubt will be well prepared to hear and to discuss all you have to say, have had a salutary effect; and that our private domestic circle here may be relieved from the gloom which, for some time past, you must have perceived to overhang it when you made part of it, and afford us those blessings of home so comfortable and almost necessary to our advancing age. I write all this, because, perhaps, if I had had the opportunity, my spirits, which are

always very sensitive, might prevent me from speaking it. God bless you, my dear George.

"Your ever affectionate father,

"SPENCER."

The conferences he held with this Mr. Allen are faithfully noted in the Journal, and many and long they were. To-day conversing, to-morrow reading Hay and Waterland together, on the Athanasian Creed. He became no better, but a good deal worse, and the *finale* was that he wrote to his own Bishop, Dr. Marsh, of Peterborough, to resign his living or have his doubts settled. This was early in the year 1828.

This Bishop answers him thus:—"In reference to the doubts which you expressed in a former letter, you say: 'All that I was anxious about was to avoid any just imputation of dishonesty, by keeping an office and emoluments in the Established Church, while I felt that I could not heartily assent to her formularies.'

"If this difficulty had occurred to you when you were a candidate for Holy Orders, it would certainly have been your duty, either to wait till your doubts had been removed, or, if they *could not* be removed, to choose some other profession or employment. Whoever is persuaded that our Liturgy and Articles are not founded on Holy Scripture cannot conscientiously subscribe to the latter, or declare his assent to the former. To enter, therefore, on a profession which requires such subscription and assent, with the *previous belief* that such assent is not warranted by Scripture, is undoubtedly a sacrifice of principle made in the expectation of future advantage. But you did *not* make such a sacrifice of principle. . . Whatever doubts you *now* entertain, they have been imbibed since you became Rector of Brington; and you are apprehensive that it may be considered as a mark of dishonesty, if, oppressed with these difficulties, you retain your preferment.

"I know not at present the kind or the extent of these difficulties, and therefore can only reply in general terms. I have already stated my opinion on the impropriety of

entering the Church with the previous belief that our Liturgy and Articles are not founded on Scripture. But if a clergyman who believed that they were so at the time of his ordination, and continued that belief till after he had obtained preferment in the Church, begins at some future period to entertain doubts about certain parts either of the Liturgy or the Articles, we have a case which presents a very different question from that which was considered in the former paragraph. In the former case there was a choice of professions, in the latter case there is not. By the laws of this country a clergyman cannot divest himself of the character acquired by the admission to Holy Orders. He can hold no office in the State which is inconsistent with the character of a clergyman. To relinquish preferment, therefore, without being able to relinquish the character by which that preferment was acquired, is quite a different question from that which relates to the original assumption of that character. Nor must it be forgotten that a clergyman may have a numerous family altogether dependent on the income of his benefice, whom he would bring therefore to utter ruin if he resigned it.

"On the other hand, I do not think that even a clergyman *so* situated is at liberty to substitute his *own* doctrine for that to which he objects. By so doing he would directly impugn the Articles of our Church, he would make himself liable to deprivation, and would justly deserve it. For he would violate a solemn contract, and destroy the very tenure by which he holds his preferment.

"But is there no medium between an open attack on our Liturgy and Articles and the entertaining of doubts on certain points, which a clergyman may communicate in confidence to a friend, in the hope of having them removed? If, in the mean time, he is unwilling to inculcate in the pulpit doctrines to which his doubts apply, he will at the same time conscientiously abstain from inculcating doctrines of an opposite tendency. Now, if I mistake not, this is precisely your case. And happy shall I be if I can be instrumental to the removal of the doubts which oppress you. I am now at leisure; the engagements which I had at Cam-

bridge respecting my lectures are finished; you may now fully and freely unburden your mind, and I will give to all your difficulties the best consideration in my power.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"HERBERT PETERBOROUGH."

This letter evoked a statement of the precise points, and the following was the answer:—

". . . . I now venture to approach the difficulties under which you labour, and I will take them from the words you yourself have used in your letter of April 30. In that letter, speaking of the Church, you say, 'I cannot at this time state any paragraph in her formularies and ordinances with which I cannot conscientiously comply, except the Athanasian Creed.' You then proceed in the following words: 'and now I must go on to state wherein I differ from this Creed: not in the parts which may be called doctrinal; that is, where the doctrine itself is stated and explained.' And you conclude by saying, 'the parts of the Creed to which I object are the condemning clauses.' And you object to the clauses on the grounds that they are not warranted by the declaration of our Saviour recorded in Mark xvi. 16, on which passage those clauses are generally supposed to have been founded. Whether they are so warranted or not depends on the extent of their application in this Creed, which begins with the following words:—'Whosoever will be saved, before all things, it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled (entire and unviolated, Cath. trans.), without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. Now the Catholic faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.' So far, then, it is evident that they only are declared to be excluded from salvation who do not hold the Catholic faith, that is, as the term is there explicitly defined, who do not hold the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. Now this doctrine has been maintained, with very few exceptions, by Christians in general from the earliest to the present age. It was the doctrine of the Greek Church

. . . . . and all the Reformed churches. To exclude from salvation, therefore, only those who reject a doctrine which is received by Christians in general, is a very different thing from the denial of salvation to every one who does not believe in all the tenets of a particular Church. The doctrine, *nulla salus nisi credas in Trinitatem*, bears no resemblance to the sweeping declaration *nulla salus extra Ecclesiam Romanam*. Surely, then, we may appeal to Mark xvi. 16, combined with Matthew xxviii. 19, in order to prove that a belief in the Trinity is necessary to salvation, and consequently to prove that those two passages warrant the deduction, that they who reject the doctrine of the Trinity will not be saved. The two passages must be taken together, in order to learn the whole of our Saviour's last command to his Apostles. If, then, our Saviour himself commanded his Apostles to baptize 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' and then added, 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned;' it really does appear that our Saviour himself has warranted the opinion that a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity is such a fundamental article of the Christian faith that they who reject it do so at their own peril.

"But you think that the anathema of our Saviour in Mark xvi. 16, had a different application from the corresponding anathema in the Athanasian Creed. Our Saviour spoke of those to whom the Gospel had been preached, as appears from Mark xvi. 15. And if the anathema in the Athanasian Creed had a more extensive application, or if it were meant to include not only those who wilfully rejected the doctrine of the Trinity when it had been duly explained to them, but those also to whom the doctrine had never been preached, and whose want of belief arose merely from a want of knowledge, I should likewise admit that the anathema of the Athanasian Creed derived no authority from Mark xvi. 16. But I see no reason whatever for the opinion that the anathema of the Athanasian Creed includes those who have never heard of the doctrine. Neither the Creed itself, nor the circumstances under which it was

composed, warrant such an opinion. Whoever was the author of it, the Creed was framed during the controversy which then distracted the whole of the Christian Church. It applied, therefore, immediately and exclusively to those who were partakers in or acquainted with the controversy. It could not have been originally intended to apply to those who had never heard of the controversy or the doctrine controverted. It would be, therefore, quite uncritical to apply it at present in a way which was not originally intended. Nor does the language of the Creed itself warrant any other application. When it is declared necessary to *hold* the Catholic faith, and to *keep* the Catholic faith, that necessity can apply only to those to whom the Catholic faith has been *presented*. Unless a man is previously put in possession of a thing, he cannot be said either to *hold* it or to *keep* it.

"Surely the most conscientious clergyman who believes in our Saviour's declaration, recorded in Mark xvi. 16, may read without scruple the similar declaration in the Athanasian Creed. And if, on the authority of our Saviour, he may read the anathema in the beginning of the Creed, he may, without scruple, read the less strongly expressed anathema in the end.

"In the hope that, after reading this letter, your mind will become at ease, I subscribe myself, dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"HERBERT PETERBOROUGH."

This letter is a tolerable specimen of the Bishop's power of reasoning, and very sharp it is too; but it does not exactly meet Mr. Spencer's difficulties. He might object:—"What passage of Scripture warrants our uniting together the two passages from St. Mark and St. Matthew?" And "being *presented with* a thing is not exactly the same as *being in possession of* a thing." "We should have the same warrant for the remaining clauses of the Creed as for the first three, otherwise, according to the Articles, we are not bound to receive them; then why not erase them?' The Bishop would have no resource here, except to fall back

upon the Church, and that was not the point at issue; so perhaps he did well not to try. He uses tradition, and Dr. Blomfield authority; but these could have no weight against a Bible Christian, as Mr. Spencer was then.

A Catholic could very easily solve the difficulty. The Church has used these terms to express her doctrine, and she says this is the revealed doctrine; therefore it must be. No one can be saved who does not believe the Trinity and Incarnation, implicitly or explicitly; those to whom it has never been properly proposed, *implicitly*, and those to whom it has, *explicitly*. Some theologians will have explicit credence required of both classes, and say that God would even send an angel to a savage, if he placed no obstacle, and reveal this mystery to him rather than that he should die without it. And now it will seem very strange to say that this doctrine is less terrible than the Protestant open-arm theory. Yet, so it is, for we allow many Socinians and ignorant Protestants and others to be in good faith, and perhaps never have had this doctrine properly proposed to them. We suspend our judgments with regard to them, and say if they live well they may be saved. That is more than the Bishop of Peterborough could allow, according to his principles.

CHAPTER X.

INCIDENTS AND STATE OF MIND IN 1827-28.

His life, though perpetually floating on religious discussions and doctrinal scruples, found other matters to check its course and employ it otherwise for a few days more. The family were all in a great glow of delight towards the close of the year 1827, in consequence of the Honourable Frederick Spencer, who was commander of the *Talbot* man-of-war, having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino. George, of course, was overjoyed; here was his brother, who pored over the same lesson, played at the same games, and contended about the same trifles as himself, crowned with laurels and in the flush of victory. George loved him dearly, and these well-earned honours imparted a season of sunshine to the clergyman, which all his gospel fervour had failed to do up to this. Lord Spencer alludes to it in the touching letter given in a former chapter; but like everything human, this rose had its thorns. After the letters announcing the startling determination which called forth the efforts of ecclesiastical learning quoted in the last chapter, a great dulness fell over the family circle. Mr. Allen did not clear the atmosphere, and Mr. Spencer tells us feelingly in his Journal that his mother did not exchange one cordial sentence with him during the whole term of her Christmas stay at Althorp. This he felt, but bore in the spirit of a martyr; it was inflicted upon him for what he thought right before God, and he tried to make the best of it, wishing, but unable, to change the aspect of things. The Bishop of Peterborough's letter had the effect of quieting him for some time, in so far as he did not feel himself called

upon to preach against what he did not assent to, but was content with letting it remain in abeyance.

The old way of settling him is again revived. During the last week of February, 1828, he notices three or four long conversations about matrimony; he takes the subject into consideration, and reads the Epistles to St. Timothy for light; but he is not convinced, and continues in his determination. He might foresee the settlement of ideas that would result from this step, if he considered the trouble of setting his money affairs in order, which forced itself upon him now. He says: "I was employed almost all day till three o'clock in putting my papers to rights. I feel that I have been careless in all matters of business, and this is wrong; for it leads me to be chargeable and dependent on others, and that a minister especially must guard himself against. It greatly shortens my powers of liberality, and it makes men despise me. On all these accounts I trust I shall overcome the evil, and be a good man of business." He is as good as his word. He sends a full and clear account of his affairs to his father, and his lordship makes an arrangement that places his son in independence, whilst he is able at the same time to get clear of all difficulties and debts incurred by his building.

To turn to his spiritual progress. He is not a whit nearer Catholic faith now than he was when he returned from Italy, except that the time is shorter. On June 29 he says: "It was St. Peter's day, and I preached on the pretensions of the Pope." He also holdeth a tea-party in the true Evangelical style, and says: "To-day the candle of the Lord burnt brightly within me." He buys a mare about this time, which does not seem to be as amenable as her master would wish, and he says thereupon: "This mare disappoints me rather, and puts to shame my boasting of God's blessing in buying her. Yet I shall not be ashamed of my faith some day or other." It was usual with him at this time, when he had a servant to choose, a journey to take, or anything special to get through, "to seek the Lord in prayer therefor," and proceed according to the inspirations he might get at the moment. Bishop Blomfield scolds him

heartily about this, and shows him the folly of using one faculty for a thing which God has given him another for, and proceeding in his ordinary actions without the ordinary means placed in his way. This was, of course, a delusion of his; but two or three disappointments convinced him of its being akin to tempting God.

He accompanies Dr. Blomfield in his visitation this year also, and he gets very severely handled by him on the score of his religious views, in the presence also of two other clergymen. The lecture turned chiefly upon the inculcation of humility, and the subduing of that spiritual pride which the Bishop noticed in a former communication. A few days after this lecture, which sank deeply into Mr. Spencer's mind, as a whole company were seated at dinner with the Bishop, a letter arrived from the Duke of Wellington, announcing the translation of Dr. Blomfield from Chester to London. This was July 25, 1828. His reflections upon this news are: "God be praised;" and the next day he says: "I wrote a sermon for to-morrow, and spent much time in prayer for a quiet mind and superiority to the snares of ambition. It was a most boisterous day, almost continual thunder and pouring rain. I found fault with a good deal said by the Bishop in regard to his promotion, but I pray that I may judge myself and not others."

He now relaxes a little in his Puritanism; he gives dinners, invites guests, and notes that he has to pray against being too particular with regard to his guests. A pretty large company dine at the rectory. This is an essay in parties, and ladies are invited for the first time since he commenced housekeeping. He had the ominous number of thirteen at table, and it could not pass off without some mishap or other. Contrary to old wives' rules, the servant was the unfortunate one. We will let himself tell the story. "Mrs. Nicholls was in great misery about breaking the dish, which made her send up the haunch of venison upside down. I have cause to be thankful for this, as the means by which God will humble her. The evening passed off well, and thank God I was not careful or shy."

He comes across a Baptist minister, who so far outdid

him in the Methodistic way of talking, that he writes: "I consider him a very bad specimen of cant." After this, his outlandish gospelling comments upon trifles and iotas begin to disappear. He becomes more rational, gets into the ways of the world, reads newspapers, and is a very sensible kind of man altogether. He notes in his Journal, here and there, that he carries his own bundle, and works a part of the day at manual labour in his garden. He also remarks that, the coldest day he ever remembered, he went out without gloves or great-coat, and was unable from numbness to write his sermon when he came home. He goes on the coach next day in the same trim, and says he wants "to give an example to the poor," and that "God preserved him from catching cold." Very likely he had given the great-coat to some poor man the day before. After a few complaints of quarrels among the clergy, and the manner in which he has been treated by his family for the last three years on account of his religious scruples, he concludes the year 1828 with the following reflection:—"I now look back to this time a year ago, and observe what I felt and wrote then, that God only knows where I should be at present. Wondrously am I now placed still where I was, and in all respects more firmly settled. Yet only confirmed in my disagreement with the powers of the Church; but they have not been willing to attend to me, and so when my thoughts become known, they will be more sound and influential. What I now pray is, that I may be led to a state of heart above the world, and may live the rest of my time always longing for the presence of Christ, which I shall one day see. While I abide in the flesh, may it be to no purpose but the good of God's flock, and may I be led to suffer and to do many and great things for His sake."

At this time he extends his correspondence to Mr. Irving, the founder of the Irvingites, and is so struck by what that gentleman says on the second coming of our Lord, that he begins to prepare himself for it. He never let us know how far he went on in this preparation.

So far is he now, February 1829, from Catholicity in his opinions, that his father thinks it necessary to rebuke him

for the violence of a sermon he preached on the Catholic question; against them, of course, for his father was always a stanch advocate of Emancipation. Little he knew that on that day twelve months he would be a Catholic himself.

It is recorded in the Journal here, that thieves broke into the parsonage one night. Mr. Spencer heard them; he arose, called a servant or two, pursued the delinquents, and captured them. This feat tells rather in favour of his bravery, and might qualify the opinion he had of himself on this point.

We shall give the result of the Creed question in his own words, as given in the account of his conversion:—

"My scruples [about the Athanasian Creed] returned after a sermon which I preached on Trinity Sunday, 1827, in defence of that very Creed. I observed that the arguments by which I defended the doctrine of the Trinity itself were indeed founded on Scripture, but in attempting to prove to my hearers that a belief of this doctrine was absolutely necessary for man's salvation, I had recourse to arguments independent of Scripture, and that no passage in Scripture could be found which declares that whosoever will be saved must hold the orthodox faith on the Trinity. I had this difficulty on my mind for eight or nine months, after which, finding that I could not satisfy myself upon it, I gave notice to my superiors that I could not conscientiously declare my full assent to the Thirty-nine Articles. They attempted at first to satisfy me by arguments; but the more I discussed the subject the more convinced I became that the Article in question was not defensible, and after fifteen months' further pause, I made up my mind to leave off reading the Creed in the service of my Church, and informed my Bishop of my final resolution. Of course, he might have taken measures to oblige me to resign my benefice, but he thought it more prudent to take no notice of my letter; and thus I remained in possession of my place till I embraced the Catholic faith.

"The point on which I thus found myself opposed to the Church of England appears a trifling one; but here was enough to hinder all my prospects of advancement, and to

put it in the power of the Bishop, if at any time he had chosen to do so, to call on me to give up my benefice. It is easy to conceive that under these circumstances my mind was set free, beyond what could be imagined in any other way, to follow without prejudice my researches after truth. I lost no opportunity of discoursing with ministers of all persuasions. I called upon them all to join with me in the inquiry where was the truth, which could be but one, and therefore could not be in any two contrary systems of religion, much less in all the variety of sects into which Christians are divided in England. I found little encouragement in any quarter to this way of proceeding, at least among Protestants. Those sectarians of a contrary persuasion to myself, to whom I proposed an inquiry with me after truth, I found generally ready to speak with me; but they did not even pretend to have any disposition to examine the grounds of their own principles, which they were determined to abide by without further hesitation. My brethren of the Established Church equally declined joining me in my discussions with persons of other persuasions, and disapproved of my pursuit, saying that I should never convert them to our side, and that I only ran the risk of being shaken myself. Their objections only incited me to greater diligence. I considered that if what I held were truth, charity required that I should never give over my attempts to bring others into the same way, though I were to labour all my life in vain. If, on the contrary, I was in any degree of error, the sooner I was shaken the better. I was convinced, by the numberless exhortations of St. Paul to his disciples, that they should be of one mind and have no divisions; that the object which I had before me, that is, the reunion of the differing bodies of Christians, was pleasing to God; and I had full confidence that I was in no danger of being led into error, or suffering any harm in following it up, as long as I studied nothing but to do the will of God in it, and trusted to His Holy Spirit to direct me.

"The result of all these discussions with different sects of Protestants was a conviction that no one of us had a correct view of Christianity. We all appeared right thus far, in

acknowledging Christ as the Son of God, whose doctrines and commandments we were to follow as the way to happiness both in time and eternity; but it seemed as if the form of doctrine and discipline established by the Apostles had been lost sight of all through the Church. I wished, therefore, to see Christians in general united in the resolution to find the way of truth and peace, convinced that God would not fail to point it out to them. Whether or not others would seek His blessing with me, I had great confidence that, before long, God would clear up my doubts, and therefore my mind was not made uneasy by them. I must here notice a conversation I had with a Protestant minister about a year before I was a Catholic, by which my views of the use of the Scriptures were much enlightened, and by which, as it will be clearly seen, I was yet farther prepared to come to a right understanding of the true rule of Christian faith proposed by the Catholic Church. This gentleman was a zealous defender of the authority of the Church of England against the various sects of Protestant Dissenters, who have of late years gained so much advantage against her. He perceived that while men were allowed to claim a right of interpreting the Scriptures according to their own judgment there never could be an end of schism; and, therefore, he zealously insisted on the duty of our submitting to ecclesiastical authority in controversies of faith, maintaining that the Spirit of God spoke to us through the voice of the Church, as well as in the written word. Had I been convinced by this part of his argument, it would have led me to submit to the Catholic Church, and not to the Church of England; and, indeed, I am acquainted with one young man, who actually became a Catholic through the preaching of this gentleman—following these true principles, as he was bound to do, to their legitimate consequences. But I did not, at this time, perceive the truth of the position; I yet had no idea of the existence of Divine, unwritten Tradition in the Church. I could imagine no way for the discovery of the truth but persevering study of the Scriptures, which, as they were the only Divine rule of faith with which I was acquainted, I thought must of course be sufficient for our

guidance, if used with an humble and tractable spirit; but the discourse of this clergyman led me at least to make an observation which had never struck my mind before as being of any importance,—namely, that the system of religion which Christ taught the Apostles, and which they delivered to the Church, was something distinct from our volume of Scriptures. The New Testament I perceived to be a collection of accidental writings, which, as coming from the pens of inspired men, I was assured must, in every point, be agreeable to the true faith; but they neither were, nor anywhere professed to be, a complete and systematic account of Christian faith and practice. I was, therefore, in want of some further guidance on which I could depend. I knew not that it was in the Catholic Church that I was at length to find what I was in search of; but every Catholic will see, if I have sufficiently explained my case, how well I was prepared to accept with joy the direction of the Catholic Church, when once I should be convinced that she still preserved unchanged and inviolate the very form of faith taught by the Apostles, the knowledge of which is, as it were, the key to the right and sure interpretation of the written word."

It was in April, 1829, that he wrote the letter to the Bishop which was not taken notice of. He next withdrew his name from some societies—such as the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, &c. This act so displeased Dr. Blomfield, that he writes to say Mr. Spencer is no longer his chaplain. At the suggestion of some member of his family, he wrote an apology, and was restored again to favour and to his office. On May 22, 1829, the Journal suddenly breaks off, and he did not resume it again until the 1st of May, 1846. The events of the seventeen years intervening can be gathered from his correspondence, though, perhaps, not with the precision that would be desirable.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAID OF LILLE.

INCIDENTS overlapped each other so thickly, and were of such different tendencies during the last two years of Mr. Spencer's life as a minister, that we have judged it better to give them singly, even at the expense of a little sacrifice of the order of time. One of these, and an important one, is selected for the subject of this chapter. On the 23rd of November, 1827, just before his Athanasian scruples had risen to their height, as he returned from his pastoral visitation, he found a letter, purporting to be from a gentleman in Lille, "who was grievously troubled about the arguments for Popery." This letter contains little more than a statement of tendencies towards Catholicity in the writer, with extracts from Papin, *De la Tolérance des Protestants*, to account for them. The extracts draw a parallel between the Church and a well-regulated kingdom, in many of her doctrines and chief points of her discipline. It was anonymous, and reasons were assigned for withholding the writer's name. Mr. Spencer, ever anxious to counsel the doubtful, lost no time in answering, and sent off a long letter to his unknown friend by that evening's post. It was shortly after this that he wrote the letters to his father and Dr. Blomfield about the resignation of his preferment, and whether the Lille letter had anything to do with increasing his doubts, or not, is a question. It had, however, one effect: it made him anxious to find out what kind of people Catholics were; and an incident that occurred about the same time aided this curiosity. There were some soldiers quartered in Northampton, and, as Mr. Spencer was talking to some of the officers in the court-yard of the barracks, the

Catholic priest entered, to look after such of the soldiers as might require his spiritual care. He saw the priest, and spoke to him; and, finding out the object of his mission, kindly introduced him to one of the officers, who, in consideration of Mr. Spencer, got all due attention paid to the priest; and the good parson was assured that he succeeded to his satisfaction before he left the place. A few days afterwards he met the priest, who thanked him for his charity, and said it was Providence sent him there at such a time, and arranged that his duty could be discharged among the soldiers with ease and honour, which had oftentimes to be done amid insults, or at least coldness on the part of the military authorities. Mr. Spencer began to think, "Really these Papists believe in Providence!" This wonderful discovery made him think they believed a little more also, and that they were not quite such idolaters as he had been taught to suppose. Another letter from the Lille correspondent confirmed him in this, and shook him in many of his older notions. He dines, in a few days after this despatch, with the celebrated Dr. Fletcher and a Miss Arnytage, at Lady Throckmorton's. He has a long conversation with the last of the Douay controversialists after dinner; but the only effect produced is this: "I am thankful for the kindness of both those Papists. The Lord reward them by showing them His truth." He invites Dr. Fletcher to dinner at Brington — a favour the Doctor avails himself of on the 27th March, 1828. Another letter from his friend at Lille makes him acknowledge that he has not had proper notions of Catholicity; in his own words: "I expected easily to convince him that the Catholic Church was full of errors; but he answered my arguments. . . . . I discovered by means of this correspondence that I had never duly considered the principles of our Reformation; that my objections to the Catholic Church were prejudices adopted from the sayings of others, not the result of my own observation. Instead of gaining the advantage in this controversy, I saw, and I owned to my correspondent, that a great change had been produced in myself. I no longer desired to persuade him to keep in the communion of the Protestant Church,

but rather determined and promised to follow up the same inquiries with him, if he would make his name known to me, and only pause awhile before he joined the Catholics. But I heard no more of him till after my conversion and arrival at Rome, when I discovered that my correspondent was a lady, who had herself been converted a short time before she wrote to me. I never heard her name before,* nor am I aware that she had ever seen my person; but God moved her to desire and pray for my salvation, which she also undertook to bring about in the way I have related. I cannot say that I entirely approve of the stratagem to which she had recourse, but her motive was good, and God gave success to her attempt: for it was this which first directed my attention particularly to inquire about the Catholic religion, though she lived not to know the accomplishment of her wishes and prayers. She died at Paris, a year before my conversion, when about to take the veil as a nun of the Sacred Heart; and I trust I have in her an intercessor in Heaven, as she prayed for me so fervently on earth."

This was the last of F. Ignatius's romances, and a beautiful one it was. As it may be interesting to see what was in those famous letters, we think it well to give a few extracts :—

The line of the lady's argument is this. That Scripture without Tradition is quite insufficient for salvation. We cannot know anything about the Scriptures themselves, their composition, inspiration, interpretation, without Tradition. Besides the New Testament was not the text-book of the Apostles—it is a collection of some things they were inspired to write for the edification of the first Christians and others who had not seen our Lord; and the Epistles are a number of letters from inspired men bound up together in one volume. The body of doctrine, with its bearings, symmetry, extent, and obligation, was delivered orally by the Apostles, and the Epistles must be consonant to that system as well as explanatory of portions of it. Only by the unbroken succession of pastors from the Apostles to the present time, can we have any safeguard as

* The lady's name was Miss Dolling.

to what we are to believe, and how we are to believe. The Apostles and their successors were "to teach all nations," and Christ promised them and them alone the unerring guidance of the Holy Spirit. She then assigns to tradition the office of bearing testimony to what the doctrines of the Church have been, and are at present. The definitions of Councils are simple declarations that such and such is the belief then and from the beginning of the Catholic Church. They state what is, not invent what is to be. Now history, or written tradition, as contra-distinguished from Scripture, testifies to every single tenet of the Catholic Church—her creeds, liturgy, sacraments, jurisdiction. It testifies unerringly, too, even from the objections of heretics, to the fact that this Church has been always believed divine in her origin, divine in her teaching, infallible and unerring in her solemn pronouncements. This is fact, and who can gainsay it?

This peculiar way of arguing, by making tradition or history bear witness to the existence of the Church, as well as to what she always declared to be her doctrine, is a very felicitous shape to cast her arguments into. It draws the line between faith and the evidence of faith. Evidence, human evidence of the first grade of moral certainty, says: The Church believed this, and that, and the other, at such and such times, and not as a new, but as an old doctrine, that came down from age to age since the Apostles. The same evidence says: that she believed them as revealed by God, and that she could not be mistaken on account of His promise. That she never swerved, and never will swerve, from one single article which she has once believed. If this Church be not *The Church* of Christ, I ask you where is it to be found?

In the second letter she says:

"After much reflection I must confess to you their system appears reasonable, natural, and convincing. With us, they consider the Holy Scriptures as the most respectable testimony of our faith, and they profess a strict adherence to them; they have for them the greatest respect; and the Catholic priests support from the Bible what they

teach the people, and I am certain that they study and understand the Scriptures as much as our ministers. The principal difference I remark is, that they do not undertake to interpret them according to their own opinions: they say that the inspired writings are replete with mysteries, which the eye of man cannot penetrate; and that He alone who gave them is able to comprehend their sublimity; consequently, to follow the impulse of reason in explaining them, would be incurring the danger of falling into error, and leading others into the same path. For this cause the Catholic minister will not suffer the Holy Scriptures to be separated from the instruction of their predecessors up to the Apostles; not that they by any means give the word of man precedence to the Word of God, since they believe that man alone cannot explain it, for 'who,' they ask, 'assisted at the council of the Almighty?' But they believe that those who heard the Apostles preach, understood the true meaning of their words; and that their immediate successors, *especially*, educated by them, and who taught the Gospel during the life of their instructors, necessarily understood the meaning of their writings, the doctrine of which was undoubtedly conformable to what they taught verbally. . . . . "

"St. Paul, in his Epistles to the Colossians, informs us that the Gospel was preached to all the world. This being the case, I see no possibility of introducing any new doctrine. The Apostles threatened with eternal punishment those who did not believe what they taught in the name of Jesus Christ. And whoever would have the temerity to add to the primitive doctrine they visited with a like anathema. Tell me, now, how could the Church have introduced such a doctrine as that of the Real Presence, after a priest has pronounced the words, "This is my body"? How is it possible that the faithful could reconcile themselves to the idea of acknowledging and adoring Jesus Christ present on the altar, as He was in the manger at Bethlehem, and as He is in Heaven at the right hand of His Father, if this doctrine had not always been received and believed as it is at present by the Roman Catholic Church?

Christians who knew the value of salvation could not so easily be deceived; several among them would have remonstrated against this superstition and idolatry. Do we find that they have done so? . . . . . ."

"I imagine myself in idea at the period of the Reformation, and consider the belief and customs of that time. All Europe, the provinces of Asia and Africa which had not embraced Mahomedanism, admitted and believed the contrary to what Calvin taught, especially concerning the Lord's Supper. I should be glad to hear your impartial opinion on this subject. Where did Calvin find this doctrine? As I observe, he did not learn it in the schools, nor in any book, nor in his own family, nor in the temple of God; the innovation was universally opposed; a million voices remonstrated against his impiety. What right had he to be believed? He proposed only the interpretation which *he* gave to the words of Jesus Christ, *This is my body.* He supported his opinion in no other way, he proved it by no miracles, and therefore did not deserve belief, since he gave no proofs of a divine mission. He was but a man, and, what is more, one of whom historians do not speak as being virtuous. Tell me, then, how can I acknowledge that he possessed the Holy Spirit, knew the meaning of Scripture. . . . . listen to and follow a young man in his opinion and oppose the rest of the world. Could that be wisdom?

"But supposing, my dear sir, the Church to be in error, or even liable to err, how can we possibly profess to believe any mystery? For to have faith, it is impossible to doubt or hesitate. And if I believe not, I am lost. I am already condemned. 'He that believeth not is already judged.' If the Church be liable to error, may I not reply to our ministers:—'I doubt the truth of what you preach: I am not obliged to believe you'? You tell me I am not obliged to believe what *you* so charitably wrote to me, and many passages of which letter have sensibly affected me: to whom, then, must I have recourse? You give me reason to conclude that you are not certain of the assistance of the Holy Ghost, as you do not oblige me to believe what you

say, but you desire me to compare your words with the Scriptures, and to reject them if I don't find them conformable to the Word of God. How can I imagine myself more certain than you that I rightly interpret them, or that I have the assistance of Heaven? I must continue to doubt during the rest of my life, and remain an unbeliever.

"You say, 'if a man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' To do the will of God is certainly to listen to those God has sent to teach us. . . . . "

She quotes several authorities bearing witness in their day that the supremacy of the Pope was then believed to be of divine right, and closes the list with Sir Thomas More. "By the grace of God I have always professed the Catholic religion. Having, however, often heard the power of the Pope was of human institution, I resolved to weigh the matter without, at the same time, injuring my faith. For seven years I followed up this study: I drank at the fountain head: I went to the origin of things. At length I found that the pontifical power is not only useful and necessary—but, strictly lawful and of divine appointment. . . . "

"I cannot admit the system of *particular* inspiration, since I see many, pretending to be inspired, fall into manifest contradictions, and consequently into error. . . . . I admit with you that divine authority must fix the faith of men. Where am I to find it? It must exist somewhere. . . . . "

The third letter is partly a continuation of the second, and partly on a new plan; so a few extracts from it must be welcome, especially as it really did such work upon poor Mr. Spencer's mind.

. . . . "It is certain that Jesus Christ founded a Church upon earth for the salvation of man; where, then, is it? This is certainly the whole question among the different sects opposed to each other. . . . . I must necessarily enter the true Church, for I cannot be saved in that which is false. . . . .

. . . . "I am persuaded the Catholics do not found their belief on the opinions and interpretations of men;

their authority is Jesus Christ, God Himself; certainly that must be infallible, and the reason of man ought to bend to it. They believe in such and such doctrines because Jesus Christ and His Apostles taught them; this is the simple and reasonable motive of their faith. The doctrine of Jesus and His Apostles is not an opinion, but a fact, which I see so completely proved by an assemblage of facts and circumstances so striking, that, not to be convinced of its truth, would be to renounce all common sense. . . . . The fact that the Catholic Church is in possession of the true doctrine is a fact proved like all other historical facts; it is proved by a weight of testimony given by persons who saw and heard themselves. Observe, it is not the opinions or interpretations given by those persons which are advanced as proofs, as you suppose in your letter; but all these holy persons have shed their blood to support and defend the truth, not of their opinions, but of what they have seen or heard. I can understand that fanaticism would induce a man to sacrifice his life to support a favourite opinion, but it has never yet been seen that any one would lose his life to prove that he had seen or heard things which he, in fact, had not. Tradition is not, therefore, as you suppose, the opinions and interpretations of the Fathers, but their testimony to what they saw, heard, taught, and practised. In the same way, the general Councils have fixed the sense of Scripture only by declaring the fact that such has been the universal doctrine since the Apostles. It is the assemblage of these proofs that brings conviction to the soul; they must *all* be *seen* united and compared, and this is undoubtedly a laborious study.

"The Catholics believe that their Church is in possession of the doctrine taught by Christ, and listen to it as they would to Him. Judge from this how strong and lively must be the faith of a Catholic, how firm and immovable, since the voice of their Church is the voice of their Saviour, and the interval of eighteen hundred years disappears as they every day hear the voice of Jesus. There cannot be any division in this Church. It being an historical fact that the same doctrine has been taught from the beginning by the

infallible mouth of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, it follows that *all* must yield to that authority, and that the rash individual who would dispute, disputes as it were with Jesus Christ, and consequently ought to be driven from the flock. . . . .

"The Catholics say:—*without the Scriptures we should not hear the Saviour speak, but without tradition we should not know what He says.* . . . .

"Why are not *our* eyes opened—having every day proof that private interpretation is at fault?—let us try. Take your Bible, and read whatever passage you please; I also will read it. Let us both, then, invoke the assistance of God, and do you candidly think our inspirations would agree as to the sense of the passage? I think not. However, should we differ, who is to decide which is in error? . . . . .

"I see by your letters you have not always had the same opinion on all points that you have at this time. . . . . What warrant have you that you are better inspired now than before? Inspiration does not cause change of opinion. . . . . .

"We have in our country written laws of ancient date. Suppose some persons, even of great learning, were to give them a different interpretation to that hitherto received, would not they be confounded by showing them, by means of history or tradition, that the King himself who made these laws, his ministers and successors, have always understood and executed them in a different sense. That is the way Catholics avoid all difficulty. . . . . .

"You are in error as to the Pope if you suppose that formerly, or now, Catholics give him their faith, as Calvinists do to Calvin, &c. I thought the same. The Pope is simply the chief administrator; the doctrines he has the stewardship of do not come from him or any other Pope, as that of Calvinism from Calvin; it comes from Jesus Christ, from His Apostles, and from their churches throughout the world. An administrator is not the master of the doctrines with which he is entrusted. The Pope and Bishops are charged to preserve the doctrine, to propagate it and

defend it against all attacks of the enemies of Jesus Christ . . . . .

"You interpret the text, 'lo! I am with you *always*,' that God promised His Holy Spirit to every individual; but that I am inclined by no means to admit. The whole of the passage must be considered. It was not to every one He addressed these words; it was only to His Apostles that He said, 'Go and teach all nations . . . behold, I am with you.' From this it is clearly to the Apostles and their successors that He promised the Holy Spirit. I see in these words that they received from God himself the formal order or mission to go and preach, not what they found written, but what He had taught. . . . I see also by these words that sovereigns of this world have not received the power of sending ministers to teach the Gospel, and certainly by so doing they usurp the power given to the Apostles and their successors. What we have to find is, to whom God has said, 'Go and teach.' It is physically impossible that it should concern our ministers, since they are established by temporal authority."

About the Reformers she says:—"Can man reform the work of his Creator?"

"You say you will never claim any name but that of Christian, but still it is not with you a matter of indifference what communion you belong to; therefore, this being the case, it is not sufficient to bear the name of Christian, and say we trust in Jesus; we must be sure that the doctrines we adopt are really his. For it is not being a Christian to embrace doctrines contrary to those given by our Saviour; it is assuming the name of Christian without being certain we are so; we must find if we are in communion with His Church. Without faith there is no salvation; this cannot mean a faith of our own choosing, but what God has been pleased to command we should believe. . .

"Many of our ministers are ignorant or wicked enough to accuse Catholics of idolatry. It is Jesus Christ they adore really present though invisible in the Eucharist. They very loudly exclaim among us against images, &c. All this is nothing; on all sides that Church presents images to

render their faith more lively, and to induce them thereby to adore God the more truly in spirit and in truth."

These are arguments of no little strength, to say the least of them. It would be a pleasure to transcribe the letters *in extenso*, but the three cover thirty-two pages of closely-written letter-paper, and would consequently take up too much room in a biography. Some sceptically-inclined person will probably say,—"she had some Jesuit or other astute Romish priest at her elbow when she wrote these letters." The writer can only tell his reader that he verily suspects as much himself. But before any of us jump at a conclusion, it might be well to consider this sentence which occurs towards the end of the third letter. "Do not think I am under the influence of some priests who have induced me to undertake this examination. It was a lawyer first awakened my curiosity, telling me you may read in vain and argue—you will not, you cannot find the truth unless you pray for it as the free gift of God; and to obtain this you must be humble, your conscience must be as pure as you can make it: God alone can be your help; pray to Him unceasingly."

However we may think about their real author, the matter itself is very good, and their consequence to Mr. Spencer was of vital importance. There are no rough copies of his answers to the unknown to be found among his papers, or it would be very interesting to place them side by side with what we have quoted. The result of these letters we have in his account of his conversion:—

"After this period I entertained the opinion that the Reformers had done wrong in separating from the original body of the Church; at any rate, I was convinced that Protestants who succeeded them were bound to make a reunion with it. I still conceived that many errors and corruptions had been introduced among Catholics, and I did not imagine that I could ever conform to their faith, or join in their practices, without some alterations on their part; but I trusted that the time might not be distant when God would inspire all Christians with a spirit of peace and concord, which would make Protestants anxiously seek to be

re-united to their brethren, and Catholics willing to listen to reason, and to correct those abuses in faith and discipline which kept their brethren from joining them. To the procuring such a happy termination to the miserable schisms which had rent the Church, I determined to devote my life. I now lost no opportunity of conversations with Protestants and Catholics. My object with both was to awaken them to a desire of unity with each other; to satisfy myself the more clearly where was the exact path of truth in which it was desirable that we should all walk together; and then to persuade all to correct their respective errors in conformity with the perfect rule, which I had no doubt the Lord would in due time point out to me, and to all who were ready to follow His will disinterestedly. I thought that when Catholics were at length willing to enter with me on these discussions with candour, they would at once begin to see the errors which to me appeared so palpable in their system: but I was greatly surprised to find them all so fixed in their principles, that they gave me no prospect of re-union except on condition of others submitting unreservedly to them; and, at the same time, I could see in their ordinary conduct and manner of disputing with me nothing to make one suspect them of insincerity, or of want of sufficient information of the grounds of their belief. These repeated conversations increased more and more my desire to discover the true road, which I saw that I, at least for one, was ignorant of: but I still imagined that I could see such plain marks of difference between the Catholic Church of the present day and the Church of the primitive ages as described in Scripture, that I repeatedly put aside the impression which the arguments of Catholics, and, yet more, my observation of their character, made upon me, and I still held up my head in the controversy."

CHAPTER XII.

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

THE close and warm friendship between Father Ignatius and Mr. Phillipps has scarcely a parallel in ancient or modern history. They became acquainted in 1829; and until death suspended their mutual communication for awhile, they ever wrote, spoke, and thought, with more than a brotherly—ay, more than any human or natural affection. The Christian patriotism of each, which prayed and laboured to bring their countrymen to the blessings they themselves had received, may have fostered this beautiful love; and even the different spheres in, as well as means by, which they felt themselves called to prosecute the work of their predilection may have helped to keep it ever warm and new; but there was a something in it which reminds one of David and Jonathan, that spread over it a grace and splendour far above what it is given us now and then to behold. This chapter will show the rise of their mutual affection, and show where lay the basis of the edifice gratitude and charity helped to fashion.

Father Ignatius says, in the account of his conversion:—

"Near the end of the year 1829 I was introduced to young Mr. Phillipps, eldest son of a rich gentleman in Leicestershire, whom I had often heard spoken of as a convert to the Catholic religion. I had for a long time been curious to see him, that I might observe the mode of reasoning by which he had been persuaded into what I still thought so great an error. We spent five hours together in the house of the Rev. Mr. Foley, Catholic Missionary in my neighbourhood, with whom I had already had much intercourse. I was interested by the ardent zeal of this

young man in the cause of his faith. I had previously imagined that he must have been ignorant on the subject of religion, and that he had suffered himself to be led blindly by others; but he answered all my objections about his own conversion with readiness and intelligence. I could not but see that it had been in him the result of his own diligent investigations. I was delighted with what I could observe of his character. I was more than ever inflamed with a desire to be united in communion with persons in whom I saw such clear signs of the Spirit of God; but yet my time was not fully come. I fancied, by his conversation, that he had principles and ideas inconsistent with what I had learned from Scripture; and in a few days I again put aside the uneasiness which this meeting had occasioned, and continued to follow my former purpose, only with increased resolution to come at satisfaction. He was, in the meanwhile, much interested in my case. He recommended me to the prayers of some religious communities, and soon after invited me to his father's house that we might continue our discourses. I was happy at the prospect of this meeting, and full of hopes that it would prove satisfactory to me; but I left home without any idea of the conclusion to which it pleased God to bring me so soon."

Mr. Phillipps wrote to him :—

"My Dear Sir,—We expect the Bishop of Lichfield here on the 25th January, and I have ventured to hope that I might be able to induce you to come here at that time, to meet him and stay the week. I hope so the more, as I think your conversation might induce him, as well as my father, to think more seriously on that awful subject on which we conversed when I had the great happiness of being introduced to you at Northampton. I assure you, a day has not passed without my offering up my unworthy prayers to Almighty God in your behalf; and I cannot refrain from again saying, that I hope one day we shall be united in the same faith of the One Holy and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. How great is the consolation to belong to that holy Church which alone Jesus Christ has founded, which alone He has illustrated with a never-failing succession of

pastors and of miracles, from which all others have separated, and out of which I find in the Holy Scriptures no covenanted promise of salvation! The Catholic Church alone has converted those nations which have been brought to the faith of Christ; and as, on the one hand, no man could at this moment be a Protestant had not Luther and the other Reformers existed, so, on the other, neither Luther nor any succeeding Protestant could derive any knowledge of Christianity but from the Catholic Church. How sublime are the promises of Christ, 'Upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' . . . 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations.' . . . 'And lo! I am with you all days, even unto the end of the world.' Now to what Church was this promise made (a promise which involves infallibility; for it would be blasphemy to say that the God of Truth could commission a Church to teach the world, if that Church could possibly teach error)? Certainly not to Churches (sects, I should say) which separated from the parent Church fifteen hundred years after the promise was given, and therefore came into existence fifteen hundred years too late to be the Church of Christ. And to what do the sects have recourse? To groundless accusations of the Church of God, involving the charge of idolatry; but this very charge condemns them, '*ex ore tuo judico te*,' for, by saying that the Church fell into idolatry, and that that justifies their separation, they admit that there was a time when the Church was not guilty of idolatry. Now how are the promises of Christ verified, if His Church could ever become idolatrous? I find in no part of Scripture any prediction that the Church of Christ should ever become idolatrous, and that then it should be lawful to separate from her. Christ said simply, 'I am with you all days,' and 'he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.' It is in vain to urge that St. Paul speaks of the 'man of sin,' and of 'a falling away,'—he speaks not of the Church; and the very expression 'a falling away' shows that it is not the Church, but sects, to which he alludes—for the Church never fell away from any previous Church,—this is matter of

history; but all the sects, all schismatics, all heretics, fell away from the Catholic Church of Christ,—this is equally matter of history. No. St. Paul, the ever-glorious apostle and doctor of the Gentiles, spoke of Arius, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Henry VIII., and all other heresiarchs, all of whom did apostatize and 'fall away,' and have by their schisms and endless divisions, and the spirit of infidelity resulting from them, paved the way for the Man of Sin, the great Antichrist, who may perhaps shortly appear, the last development of Heresy and Liberalism. But how shall sectaries take refuge in the mysterious predictions of the Apocalypse? As well might that atrocious assassin who killed Henry IV. find some excuse in the hidden words of that volume. But I might pursue the question still further. What right have sects to the Bible? Jesus Christ gave it to us, and these men have stolen our book. If they say He did not give it to us, I reply, then they ought to cease to believe that Jesus Christ ever existed, for that is no more a matter of history, nor a more certain fact, than His commission to His Church to teach all nations all truth.

"But I must conclude. I have not written all this without some fear; but, my dear Mr. Spencer, I know it is a subject which is deeply interesting to you, and, therefore, however ill I may have said it, I have said it with the less hesitation. Will you write me a line to say if you can come here? I do hope you will. My father says he had the pleasure once of meeting you at Mr. Thornton's.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Spencer,

"Most sincerely yours,

"AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

"Garendon Park, Loughbro',

"*Dec.* 30."

The letter in which Father Ignatius signified his acceptance of this invitation is still extant, and was lent by Mr. Phillipps to the Passionists for this "Life." It is interesting, as the last vibration of the needle to the pole of Catholic truth, as well as for the idea it gives of his state of mind at that time. We give it, therefore, in full. He wrote it from

Althorp, where the family were assembled, as usual, for the Christmas holidays.

"Althorp, *Jan.* 4, 1830.

"My Dear Sir,—I received your kind invitation to Garendon on Saturday; but I thought it best to postpone answering it for a day or two, that I might consider what I had better do. If the visit which you propose to me had been an ordinary one, I suppose I should have declined it for the present, as I believe my father and mother will be at Althorp till about the 25th January, and I seldom go out when they are here. But as you invite me in the hope, and with a desire, that good may be done by my going, I believe I should be sorry afterwards if I refused. I therefore have told my father of my intention, and, if nothing happens to prevent me, I will be with you on Monday the 25th. As to the hour of my arrival, I cannot just now tell how the coaches run between Northampton and Loughborough; but I conclude I shall be with you in good time. And now that I have determined to go, I am really thankful that another opportunity of conversing with you is given me so soon; and I trust that our intercourse will be blessed for our own good and that of others. And if the step you have taken in becoming a Roman Catholic is correct, according to the will of Christ, I have no doubt that my conversation with you will be of use in drawing me nearer to the right point. If, as I still am convinced, there is some error in your views, let us agree in hoping that our intercourse may be likewise profitable to you. I have been confirmed, by every conversation which I have had with Roman Catholics, in the persuasion that there is something materially wrong in what we may call the Protestant system; and I have spoken my mind to this effect as often as occasion has been given me. But if our union with the Roman Catholic Church involves a declaration of my belief of all that she teaches, and a submission to all her authority, as their subjects are set forth in Bossuet's Exposition and Catechism, I am not as yet one of the body; and I am reduced to the conviction that somewhere or other there is an error among

you. One thing I have learnt in the course of these inquiries is that the Scriptures of the New Testament are not, as I formerly used to regard them through want of consideration, the formal canon of the Christian faith. It is as clear to me as I suppose you could wish it to be, that the oral tradition of Christ to Peter and the other Apostles, and that of the Apostles to the Churches, is the rule of Christian doctrine, and with all my heart I seek for the knowledge of what they taught, and have been frequently struck with the desirableness of a clear and definite authority to which we might refer, when I have observed the mischief into which Christians have fallen by following each his own judgment. I do not see how I should be stopped from at once becoming Catholic, under this impression, if it was not that on comparing the state of the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church with what the Scriptures plainly teach me of the state of the Apostolic Church, and the method of their doctrine, I see such an obvious and plain difference, and I cannot be convinced but that, between their time and that of the Council of Trent, improper use has been made of the Church's authority. I am waiting to learn what is the right way, which God knows and He alone; and I can only hope for His guidance of me into the right way by standing ready for conviction when the means of it are offered to me. I declare myself to be in doubt. But that doubt gives me no uneasiness, for my hope of salvation is simply founded on Jesus Christ crucified; whom I expect to meet, as one of His redeemed ones, when He returns. It is not any works of righteousness which I can do, nor any outward profession of doctrine which I can make, that can justify me. I am justified freely by the grace of God through faith in Jesus Christ, to whom I give myself, to learn of Him and follow Him whithersoever He leadeth. You will find me as open to instruction and conviction as you seemed to think me at Mr. Foley's; and I will weigh what you say, though you should decline to meet me on the same terms, and declare yourself determined to give your mind no more to inquiry. Yet, for your own sake and the sake of others, who will of course be more disposed to attend to you if they see you

candid and still humble and doubtful of *your own judgment*, I wish you to resolve that you will meet me as I come to you, determined that we will, with the blessing of God, come to one mind, at the cost of all our respective prejudices. We should not meet as polemics determined on victory, but in the spirit of meekness and mutual forbearance. Then God, who sees the heart, if he sees us truly thus disposed, will know how to make his truth shine clearly to us both. Above all, let us pray for each other, and for all, but especially those who most nearly belong to us, and be encouraged by the promise, 'If any two of you shall agree as touching anything that ye shall ask, on earth it shall be done for them of My Father, who is in heaven.' Pray give my respectful compliments to your father, whom I remember well meeting once at Brock Hall, and of whom I have often heard the Thorntons speak with great regard; and to carry to him my best thanks for his kind permission to you to receive me in his house. Perhaps I shall write to the Bishop of Lichfield, to tell him that I expect to meet him there. I hope nothing will prevent his coming. And if we are allowed to have freedom of conversation with him on these things, which I pray to God may be given us, I must particularly interest you to hear and consider what he says with meekness and humility, though you may have the clearest conviction that he is in error. Surely his age and rank, and the work to which he has sincerely devoted himself, and his relation to you, make this a double duty; and, by acting so, you will not be hurt, for though you may be perplexed for awhile, God will not suffer you to lose one point of what is really good, but will finally establish you the more firmly for acting in this humble spirit.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE SPENCER."

He relates, in the *Account of his Conversion*, the effects of this visit:—

"On Sunday, 24th January, 1830, I preached in my church, and in the evening took leave of my family for the

week, intending to return on the Saturday following to my ordinary duties at home. But our Lord ordered better for me. During the week I spent on this visit I passed many hours daily in conversation with Phillipps, and was satisfied beyond all my expectations with the answers he gave to the different questions I proposed, about the principal tenets and practices of Catholics. During the week we were in company with several other Protestants, and among them some distinguished clergymen of the Church of England, who occasionally joined in our discussions. I was struck with observing how the advantage always appeared on his side in the arguments which took place between them, notwithstanding their superior age and experience ;* and I saw how weak was the cause in behalf of which I had hitherto been engaged ; I felt ashamed of arguing any longer against what I began to see clearly could not be fairly disproved. I now openly declared myself completely shaken, and, though I determined to take no decided step until I was entirely convinced, I determined to give myself no rest *till* I was satisfied, and had little doubt now of what the result would be. But yet I thought not how soon God would make the truth clear to me. I was to return home, as I have said, on Saturday. Phillipps agreed to accompany me on the day previous to Leicester, where we might have further conversation with Father Caestryck, the Catholic missionary established in that place. I imagined that I might take some weeks longer for consideration, but Mr. Caestryck's conversation that afternoon overcame all my opposition. He explained to me, and made me see, that the way to come at the knowledge of the true religion is not to contend, as men are disposed to do, about each individual point, but to submit implicitly to the authority of Christ, and of those to whom He has committed the charge of His flock. He set before me the undeniable but wonderful fact of the agreement of the Catholic Church all over the world, in one faith, under one head ; he showed me the assertions of Protestants, that the Catholic Church had altered her doctrines, were

* Phillipps was then about 17 years of age.

not supported by evidence; he pointed out the wonderful, unbroken chain of the Roman Pontiffs; he observed to me how in all ages the Church, under their guidance, had exercised an authority, undisputed by her children, of cutting off from her communion all who opposed her faith and disobeyed her discipline. I saw that her assumption of this power was consistent with Christ's commission to His Apostles to teach all men to the end of the world; and His declaration that those who would not hear the pastors of His Church rejected Him. What right, then, thought I, had Luther and his companions to set themselves against the united voice of the Church? I saw that he rebelled against the authority of God when he set himself up as an independent guide. He was bound to obey the Catholic Church—how then should I not be equally bound to return to it? And need I fear that I should be led into error by trusting to those guides to whom Christ himself thus directed me?. No! I thought this impossible. Full of these impressions, I left Mr. Caestryck's house to go to my inn, whence I was to return home next morning. Phillipps accompanied me, and took this last occasion to impress on me the awful importance of the decision which I was called upon to make. At length I answered:—

"'I am overcome. There is no doubt of the truth. One more Sunday I will preach to my congregation, and then put myself into Mr. Foley's hands, and conclude this business.'

"It may be thought with what joyful ardour he embraced this declaration, and warned me to declare my sentiments faithfully in these my last discourses. The next minute led me to the reflection,—Have I any right to stand in that pulpit, being once convinced that the Church is heretical to which it belongs? Am I safe in exposing myself to the danger which may attend one day's travelling, while I turn my back on the Church of God, which now calls me to unite myself to her for ever? I said to Phillipps: 'If this step is right for me to take next week, it is my duty to take it now. My resolution is made; to-morrow I will be received into the Church.' We lost no time in despatching a messenger to

my father, to inform him of this unexpected event. As I was forming my last resolution, the thought of him came across me; will it not be said that I endanger his very life by so sudden and severe a shock? The words of our Lord rose before me, and answered all my doubts: 'He that hateth not father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and houses and lands, and his own life too, cannot be my disciple.' To the Lord, then, I trusted for the support and comfort of my dear father under the trial which, in obedience to His call, I was about to inflict upon him. I had no further anxiety to disturb me. God alone knows the peace and joy with which I laid me down that night to rest. The next day, at nine o'clock, the Church received me for her child."

BOOK III.

F. Ignatius, a Secular Priest.

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F. Ignatius, a Secular Priest.

CHAPTER I.

HIS FIRST DAYS IN THE CHURCH.

CONVERSIONS to Catholicism were not such every-day occurrences, some thirty years ago, as they are now. The disabilities under which Catholics laboured politically, before 1829, made them hide their heads, except when forced into public notice by efforts to break their shackles. The religion that civilized England, and consecrated every remarkable spot in it to the service of God, had become a thing of the past, and the relics of Catholic piety that studded the land were looked upon as the gravestones of its corse, or the trophies of vanquishing Protestantism. Not only was Catholicity supposed to be dead in England, but its memory was in execration; nurses frightened the children with phantoms of monks, and mountebank preachers took their inspiration from the prejudices they had imbibed in childhood. The agitation about the *Veto*, and the Debates on the Catholic question, which filled the public mind about the year 1830, and for some ten years before, showed that Catholicity had not died, but only slept. The Catholics emerged from their dens and caverns; they bought and sold, spoke and listened, like their neighbours; and the King was not afraid of a Catholic ball when he took his next airing

in Hyde Park. The Catholic Church had been barely given leave to eke out its declining days, with something like the indulgence allowed a condemned criminal, when, to the astonishment of all, it sprung up with new vigour, and waxed and throve in numbers and in position. It was considered worth a hearing now, and faith came by hearing to many, who would have been horrified before at opening by chance such an antichristian thing as a Catholic book. A conversion, then, rather stunned than embittered the relatives of the convert. The full tide of Tractarianism had not yet set in, and the systematic pitchforks of private persecution and stately rebuke, that were afterwards invented to stop it, were not so much as thought of. The conversion of the Honourable George Spencer happened in those peculiar times. His family were partially prepared for it, for fluctuating between so many religious opinions as he had been for so long, and earnest, too, in pushing arguments to their furthest length, it was often half suspected that he would go to Popery at last. There he was now, a child of the Catholic Church, shrived and baptized according to her ritual. His die was cast. He was fixed for ever. His wandering was at an end. With the exception of his housekeeper, who laid her down to die for sheer affliction at the news, we are not aware that many others were much moved by what they considered his defection. Doubtless, his father and the immediate family circle felt it deeply; his Protestant vagaries had caused them sleepless nights and silent afternoons, and the Church of which he became a member was not likely to seem less absurd to them than it once seemed to himself. But then he was incorrigible; there was no use talking to him; he would have his own way, and there was what it led to.

Lord Spencer was always favourable to Catholics, but it was in the spirit of generosity to a fallen, or justice to an injured people. He never dreamt his own son would be one of the first to reap the benefit of the measures he advocated in Parliament. The letter he received from Leicester in January, 1830, must have been a shock indeed. Besides, a member of this aristocratic house descending to such a level

must be considered a family disgrace — an event to be wept over as long as there was one to glory in the name of Spencer, or feel for its *prestige*. Taking all these things into account, and many other minor considerations, it would be no wonder if Mr. Spencer was treated with harshness, and banished Althorp for ever. Nothing of the kind. His father was very considerate; and liberal, too, in making a provision for his son's future maintenance. George himself was received on friendly terms by every branch of the family, and, so far from avoiding him or mortifying him, they seemed all to have respected his sincerity. He wrote to Dr. Walsh, the Vicar Apostolic of the central district, immediately after his reception into the Church, placing himself as a subject at his lordship's disposition. Mr. Spencer's idea was to be ordained as soon as possible, and come back to his own parish to preach, like St. Paul, against his former teaching. This intention was checked by the Bishop's writing word for him to put off his first Communion a little longer, and to come and meet his Lordship in Wolverhampton towards the middle of February. This letter he received in F. Caestryck's, in Leicester, three days after his reception. He thinks the arrangement excellent. He spent a fortnight in the priest's house at Leicester, and he used often to say that this good priest's way of settling difficulties, though it might look unsatisfactory, was the very best thing that ever occurred to him. He made Mr. Spencer fully aware of the great dogma of the Church's infallibility before he received him. F. Caestryck was one of those good *emigré* priests who were well up in the Church's positive and moral theology, but cared very little for polemics. Whenever Mr. Spencer asked him "Why was anything such a way in Catholic teaching?" the old man simply replied: "The Church says so." This was very wise at such a time; the period for reasoning and discussion was passed, and the neophyte had to be taught to exercise the faith he had adopted now. He learnt the lesson very well, and was saved from the danger of arguing himself out of the Church again, as some do who do not leave their private judgment outside the Church-door, at their conversion.

Scarcely anything is so remarkable as the readiness with which, on his reception, he laid down all notions of his being a minister of God. One short extract from a letter to his housekeeper, enclosing money from Leicester, to pay bills, will illustrate this: "If you have an opportunity, tell those who choose to attend, that I have acknowledged the authority of the Catholic Church, and therefore resigned my ministry for the present. If they care for my advice, tell them to send for Mr. Foley (the priest at Northampton), and hear him as the minister of God." This letter was written before he was a week a Catholic, and it promises well for his future that he does not arrogate to himself the office of teacher before he is commissioned, much less before he is sufficiently instructed. Many, in their first fervour, make false steps in the way he avoided which it is often difficult to retrace. The glow of happiness at finding one's self in *the Church* ought to be allowed to subside, and to allow the newborn judgment to be capable of discretion, before beginning to dabble in theology.

He pays a visit to Brington in a few days, in company with F. Caestryck, and writes beforehand to his housekeeper to collect a few of his faithful listeners, that he may get them a few words of advice from a real live priest. It seems, from hints thrown out here and there in his letters, that Bishop Walsh was for his going to Rome to prepare himself for Orders. This was a drawback to his own plan, but events will show how wisely the Bishop arranged. Mr. Spencer's anxiety to be ordained at once and sent out to preach is an evidence of the strength of his faith. He imagined the Sacrament of Orders would have infused all ecclesiastical knowledge into his soul, and it was only when he had to work hard at the study of theology that he perceived the wisdom of blind submission to the judgment of his superiors. He goes to London to consult Dr. Bramston as to what he had better do, and he gives the result in a letter to Mr. Phillipps.

"London, *Feb.* 18, 1830.

"My Dear Ambrose,—I write from Bishop Bramston's study; he has left me there, and is gone to transact a little

business in another room. I have passed through my interview with my father, and thank God for it. His kindness was very great, joined with great depth of feeling. I will tell you more of it soon, when we meet. I shall leave London on Saturday for Northampton, where I am to be at Lady Throckmorton's till Monday. I shall then proceed to Birmingham by a coach which passes through Northampton from Cambridge, at one or two o'clock. On the next day, Tuesday, I will go to Wolverhampton, where I hope to meet you, my dear brother. I shall have plenty more to tell you then. Now, let it suffice to say that all my family and Bishop Bramston are decidedly for the Roman plan. I suppose the Lord so intends it. His will be done and His glory advanced; I will be as wax in His hand. My father has made me quite comfortable for money, and in the most prudent way. Farewell, my brother, and believe me,

"Your affectionate

"GEORGE SPENCER."

He expressed his gratitude, again and again, for the manner in which his family received him, especially as he knew that his late step was looked upon by them as "an unmixed evil." They were even willing to receive him as a guest wherever they might be staying except at Althorp; and, at Dr. Bramston's suggestion, he agreed to these terms, as well as made up his mind not to go to Brington again, in compliance with his father's wishes. These matters he arranged in a few days; he pensioned off one or two of his servants, he made his will about his stock of sermons, and it was, "Give them to the new incumbent, and let him do what he likes with them."

He had some difficulty in obeying his Bishop with regard to "the Roman plan," as he calls it. It was the first test of his obedience. He thought it was because the Bishop was weak enough to yield to the wishes of his family that he was sent. These wishes appeared to him to proceed from principles to which the Church's policy should not suit itself. There would be a noise made in the papers about his conversion, and his friends would have to answer ques-

tions about him in inquisitive circles. His father did not wish him to go to Brington, and he himself was most anxious to use the influence he possessed over his dependants in order to their conversion. To avoid these inconveniences and clashing of motives they desired he might be absent from England for some time. Some of his friends also thought going to Rome would make him Protestant again; for, he says in a letter written a few days after his arrival in Rome, "You see now that coming to Rome does not open my eyes and make me wish myself a Protestant again. You may tell all Protestants that I am under no charm, and if anything occurs to make me see that ours is an apostate Church, I shall not, I trust, perversely suffer my fate to be bound up with hers, and consent to die in her plagues." The public parade of Catholic ceremonial had not formerly produced the best of effects upon him, and perhaps it was expected the old feelings would be revived by seeing the same things once more.

The very reasons his friends had for detaining him might urge the Bishop to hasten his departure. His anxiety to go and preach Catholicity in Brington was not quite according to prudence, for though he might know the principal dogmas of faith and believe them firmly, he still needed that Catholic instinct and mode of thought which can nowhere be imbibed so quickly or so surely as in Rome. There are many traits of Protestant *viewiness* to be seen in his letters at this period, but,

> "Quo semel imbuta est recens servabit odorem,
> Testa diu."

It would not have been so easy to bring these properly into subjection whilst he had the thousand-and-one forms of Protestant errors seething around him, and would be forced by his zeal to seek out ways of making Catholic truth approach them. Where everything was Catholic to the very core, in might and majesty, was the best school for tutoring him into Catholic feelings and ideas. It was well also to let him see the force of prejudice, by making him experience in himself how differently things seem according

to the state of one's mind. If he was shocked at Rome as a Protestant, it was well to let him know that it was because he was unable to understand as a Protestant what gave him so much joy and edification, when he could see with Catholic eyes.'

A courier was leaving London for Ancona, and as he did not see any reason for delay, he took a seat with him, and started for Rome on the 1st March, and arrived on the 12th, the feast of St. Gregory. He contrived to make the acquaintance of Mr. Digby in Paris, and hear mass three times during his journey, which was considered a very quickly made one in those days. He also had a very pleasing interview with Cardinal Mezzofanti in passing through Bologna.

CHAPTER II.

MR. SPENCER IN THE ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME.

On the evening of his arrival in Rome he went to the English College and presented himself to Dr. Wiseman, the late Cardinal, who was the rector. Dr. Wiseman had heard of his conversion, but did not expect to see him so soon, and while they were conversing and giving and receiving explanations, two letters arrived by post from Bishops Bramston and Walsh, which put everything in its proper place. Here then we have this distinguished convert lodged in a student's cell to prepare for receiving real Orders in due time. He gives his impressions of the college in a letter to Mr. Phillipps, written about a week after his arrival, as follows:—"I have felt most completely comfortable and happy ever since I have been here. The life of the college is of course regular and strict. I could not have believed in the existence of a society for education such as this, half a year ago. Such discipline and obedience, united with perfect freedom and cordiality, is the fruit of the Catholic religion alone, in which we learn really to look on men as bearing rule in God's name, so that they need not keep up their influence by affectation of superiority and mysterious reserve. I do not know all the members of the college by name even yet, but, as far as I do, I can speak only in one language of them all. I have kept company principally with the rector and vice-rector, as I am not put on the footing of the ordinary students, being a *convictor*, that is, paying my own way, and also brought here under such peculiarity of circumstances as warrants some distinction, though I desire to make that as little as possible. I do not go with the others to the public schools, but am to study at home under Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Errington. The rules

of the house I observe, and indeed so do the rectors as the rest."

The peace of sober college life could not long remain unalloyed, if it were to be lasting. Whilst Mr. Spencer was studying his Moral or Dogma by the little lamp, and unmoved except by the anxiety to read faster, in order to be sooner in the field to work for God, the world outside was not disposed to forget him. Various rumours were set afloat about Northampton concerning him; one would account for his sudden disappearance, another for his resignation of his living, a third would set about unravelling the popish plots of which he must have been a dupe. These were trifling pastimes, which could be ungrudgingly permitted for the better savouring of devout tea-parties: but surmise will not be content with all this. There was his housekeeper, who became ill immediately, and was near dying. What did that mean? Slanderous reports were set on foot, and the answer to them is the most complete refutation that could possibly be given, while it is at the same time a proof of his virtue. On May 17th, 1830, he thus writes from the English college to the housekeeper, who had mentioned the matter in a letter to him:—

. . . . "I see that it has pleased God that you should suffer under calumny; thank God, most undeserved. It is evident that this slander affects my character as much as yours, and there is hardly a state of life to be conceived where such imputations are more injurious than a priest's; yet if all men should believe it, and I should live and die under this evil report, God forbid I should willingly repine. It would be no trial to suffer calumny, if it was not at first a painful thing; and therefore I do not wonder, nor find fault with you, at your being greatly afflicted when you were so insulted and abused as you describe; but, my dear girl, you should not have *allowed* this to weigh upon your mind. You have more reason to grieve for this proof of how weak your faith and love to God is, than for the slander. I think it was a mistake that you did not tell me of this at Northampton. I trust I should then and shall always

rejoice, when I am counted worthy to suffer reproach for the sake of Christ; and I thank God that such is this reproach. I deserve reproach enough, it is true; and both you and I, if we look through our past lives, shall see that we deserve this and much more for our sins. Let us then learn to accept the bitter words of unfeeling men, as David did the curses of Semei, as ordered by God for our chastening, that we may be purified by them, and He will then turn their calumnies into greater honour one day or other. Though you had better have told me, as I might have helped you at once to overcome your annoyance, yet it may have been better for you to suffer it thus long, that you may learn how much you do care for character, and may henceforth give that up as well as everything besides that you love on earth. If you are so afflicted at a false reproach against you, what would your feelings have been if the Lord had seen fit to prove you, by suffering you indeed to fall; and where is your strength or mine, that we should be innocent in anything for a day, except through His grace? Just think over the matter with yourself, and let this word of advice be sufficient, and let me have the happiness of knowing that you are again what I remember you, patient, and meek, and cheerful, and allowing nothing to concern you but to please God more and more, and work out your salvation. I see by your letter, which I look at again, that you certainly would have told me of this at Northampton, had you judged for yourself, and perhaps it was right that you should act in it as you were advised. Therefore, do not take what I say now as if I had anything but the sincerest love and respect for you; I only speak to warn you of your spiritual wants, in which I partake with you. A woman's feelings are more tender, of course, under such cruel insults. When my feelings are hurt I find the same proof that I do not love God as I ought to do, and surely we never can have too much of that love. How infinitely blessed are you that you are singled out from the herd of those who prosper in the world, and have all men speaking well of them, and are permitted to walk in the way by which alone we can attain to the kingdom set before us. Remember the most blessed and

glorious Virgin Mary, of all creatures the most beloved and most worthy to be loved of God, who was saluted by an angel as full of grace, and is now in heaven, Queen of Angels, and Prophets, and Apostles, and Martyrs. How was her infinite honour of being mother of God made the occasion of most cruel suspicions against her heavenly purity. If she was content to bear this with perfect meekness and humility for God's sake, surely you may say with her, 'be it done unto me according to thy word,' whether He shall order you to bear this or any other trouble. If occasion is put before you to prove yourself undeserving of such imputations, do not neglect to use it, for God's honour, which suffers by our being supposed guilty, and for the good of your slanderers, who may be brought to repentance by a due reproof; but take no pains about it, except in prayer to God, and in examining throughout all your past ways, what may be the cause of the affliction as ordered by Him. I am sure I can hardly find anything to accuse you of. I used to delight in your conversation, and you did in mine; but, thank God, great as my sins have been, I never, I believe, said a word to wound your delicacy, and you never transgressed the bounds of respect which a servant ought to show towards a master. But those who, for their own sorrow, will not learn what the joys of spiritual friendship are, cannot understand any intimacy but that which is sensual and gross. As, therefore, I left home so suddenly, and they could not again understand the possibility that my faith should be so suddenly established, and that, for the sake of it, I was willing to give up my home, and as you showed such emotion at learning that I was to leave you, these people had no way to account for the whole matter but imputing to us shameful guilt."

From Mr. Spencer's charity before he became a Catholic we may conclude what it must have been now. It would seem that, in temporals, he had not those difficulties in the way of his conversion that beset many Protestant clergymen who depend solely on their livings. But, the sacrifices he willingly made, prove that the prospect of sheer want even would not have deterred him from following God's

call. A few days after his conversion he went to see the Dominican Fathers at Hinckley, and said, in conversation, "I suppose it is not lawful for me to receive the fruits of my benefice, now that I have ceased to be a minister of the Establishment." One of them said, "Certainly not." Whereupon he asked for a sheet of paper, wrote a letter to the Protestant bishop in a few minutes, resigning his cure, and simply said, as he impressed the seal, "There goes £3,000 a year." He was then wholly dependent on his father's bounty, and if unworthy motives had had any force with Earl Spencer, his son might have found himself penniless. From the allowance granted him he received monthly whilst in Rome much more than was sufficient to pay his way in the college. It was remarked, however, that the day after he got his money he had not a farthing in his possession, and on inquiry it was found that what remained from the college pension he distributed regularly among the poor. Dr. Wiseman turned the channel of his charity to a more profitable object, knowing how much he would be imposed on by the Roman beggars, and several monuments still look fresh in the chapel of the English College, which were repaired by what remained over and above what was absolutely necessary of his income. It seems as if he never could bear to be the possessor of money; he would scruple having it about him. He was known, even when a minister, to draw money out of the bank in Northampton, and give the last sixpence of it to the poor before he got to Brington.

Before August, 1830, he received minor orders, and immediately after hears the news that Mary Wykes, his housekeeper, has become a Catholic. It is a singular fact that she took his conversion so to heart that she nearly died, and was yet the first to follow his example. She was delicate in health, of a respectable family in his parish, and Mr. Spencer acknowledges that he is under many obligations to her father. He settles an annuity of £25 or £30 a year upon her for life, and writes to her from the English College thus:—"Pray to God to give you a tender devotion to her whom He loves above all creatures, and who of all creatures is the most pure, amiable, and exalted. I dare say you will

have found difficulty, as I have done, in overcoming the prejudices in which we have been brought up against devotion to the Saints of God; but let this very thing make you the more diligent in asking of God to give you that devotion to them which He delights in seeing us cultivate."

On the 13th of March, *Sabbato Sitientis*, 1831, he received the Subdiaconate. This is the great step, as Catholics know, in the life of one destined for the priesthood. The Subdiaconate imposes perpetual celibacy, with the obligation of daily reciting the divine office, and it is then the young cleric is first styled Reverend. It is said that a few days after his receiving this sacred order, a message was sent him by his family not to become a priest, as it was feared his brother would have no issue, and George was looked to as the only source whence an heir presumptive could arise for the earldom. He simply answered, "You spoke too late," an answer he would have given whether or no, as he had long ago determined never to marry. It was at this time also he wrote, at the request of the Bishop of Oppido, the *Account of my Conversion*,—a work well known to English readers.

CHAPTER III.

F. SPENCER IS ORDAINED PRIEST.

FATHER SPENCER, ever since he first turned completely to the service of God, was determined to do whatever he knew to be more perfect. He did not understand serving God by halves; he thought He deserved to be loved with "all our strength, all our mind, and above all things." This he knew to be a precept, a strict command given by our divine Lord. How it was to be observed was his difficulty. He was groping in the dark hitherto, and though not making many false steps, still far from clearly seeing his way to perfection. The exactness of Catholic theology, which sifts every question to the last atom, made him meet this one face to face.

The first difficulty he had to master was the received axiom that *the religious state is more perfect than the secular.* He could not see how a vow, which apparently takes away a man's liberty, could increase the merit of actions done under it. As the vow of obedience is the principal one in religion, so much so that in some orders subjects are professed by promising obedience according to the rule, its explanation would remove the difficulty. Two things principally constitute the superiority of *vowed actions.* One, that they must be of a better good; the second, that the will is confirmed in the doing of them. A vow must be of a good better than another good—such as celibacy better than marriage, poverty better than riches, obedience to proper authority better than absolute liberty. The state of religion which takes these three walks of life as essential to its constitution is insomuch better than any other state. But the question comes, why not observe poverty, chastity, and obedience, without vowing them? Would it not be better that

the practice of these virtues should be spontaneous, than that a person should put himself under the moral necessity of not deviating from it? No; because it is a weak will which reserves to itself the right of refusing to persevere in a sacrifice. If a man intends to observe chastity, but reserves to himself the right to marry whenever he pleases, he signifies by his state of mind that he may some day repent of his choice, and makes provision for that defalcation. That is a want of generosity, it is a safety valve by which, trusting to God's grace escapes, and perfection can never be attained while one has the least notion of the possibility of doing less for God than he does. "He that puts his hand to the plough and turns back is not worthy." By a vow, a person not only resolves to do for the present what is perfect, but to continue doing it for life, and as the person knows right well that his natural strength will not carry him through, he trusts the issue to God's goodness. This fixing of the will, and narrowing, as far as possible, the range of our liberty, is an assimilation of the present state to the state of the blessed. They do the will of God and cannot help doing it, they have no liberty of sinning, and the vow of obedience by which a man binds himself to do God's will, manifested to him through his superiors or his rule, takes away from him the least rational inclination for liberty to sin. Not only that, but he makes it a sin to recede from God one step, and he sacrifices to his Creator a portion of the liberty that is granted to us all. It is a sin for a man who has a vow of chastity to marry, though naturally he was perfectly free to do so. He sacrificed that freedom to God, and lest he might be inclined to backslide at any future day he put the barrier of this moral obligation behind him. The person under vow is God's peculiar property; all his actions are in a certain sense sacred, and of double merit in His sight. Be it remembered that a religious makes this sacrifice freely, and it is in this free dedication to God's service pepetually of body, soul, and possessions, without reserving the right to claim back anything for self, that the special excellence of the religious state consists.

There are several other less cogent arguments in favour of the religious state, as that without it we should not have the Evangelical virtues practised which form the principal part of the note of holiness in the Church. That it is easier to practice great virtue in a monastery than in the world, and that more religious have been canonized than seculars since the time of the martyrs.

Father Spencer came to understand that the religious state is more perfect than the secular, though he knew that many seculars are far more perfect than some religious, but one point he could never get over, and that was—since vows undoubtedly do raise the merit of one's actions, why cannot people take and observe vows without shutting themselves up within the walls of a convent? He consulted many grave theologians, doctors, and even cardinals, for the solution of this problem. He was told, to be sure, that it was quite possible in the abstract to have a people observing vows, but that in practice it proved to be chimerical and utopian. *What is possible can be done*, was his maxim, and he resolved to begin with himself. He was told by Dr. Wiseman and Cardinal Weld that he seemed to have a religious vocation. He wrote accordingly to his diocesan, Dr. Walsh, who dissuaded him from becoming a religious by saying that, though it was a better state, a secular priest could be more useful in England. Others differed from this opinion, but F. Spencer heard in it the voice of his Superior, and resolved to obey it for the present. This settled matters for the time, but his *view* could never be got out of his head. He gets thoroughly engrossed now with his approaching ordination. It grieves him to see souls lost in heresy and sin in a way that few grieve; for, the concern he felt for the spiritual destitution of his country began to tell upon his health. It is feared he will die; he begins to spit blood, and several consumptive symptoms alarm his physicians. He is removed to Fiumicino, and writes a long letter from his sick bed there to Mr. Phillipps. In this letter he hopes his friend may be caught into the Church like his patron, St. Ambrose. Here we have the first evidence of his getting thoroughly into a Catholic way of thinking.

Nothing strikes a cold, careful, Catholic, who has been brought up in a Protestant atmosphere, so much as the wonderful familiarity of Spanish and Italian boys with the lives of the Saints. They quote a Saint for everything, and they can tell you directly how St. Peter of Alcantara would season his dinner, or how St. Rose of Lima would make use of ornaments. Father Spencer has paragraphs in every letter at this time full of hints taken from Saints' lives, showing that he evidently gave a great portion of his time to learn ascetic theology in these remarkable volumes. He is wishing also that Mr. Digby should become a priest, but in both cases he was doomed to be disappointed so far, though both his friends graced, by their virtues, the state of life in which they remained. He was ordained Deacon on the 17th December, Quater tense, 1831 ; and on the 26th of May, 1832, two years and four months after his reception into the Church, he was ordained Priest by Cardinal Zurla. He thus writes to Mr. Phillipps on the event : "I made my arrangements directly (on being called off suddenly to England) for ordination to the priesthood on St. Philip Neri's Day, and saying my first mass on the day following, which was Sunday. How will you sympathise with my joy when, in the middle of my retreat, Dr. Wiseman told me, what none of us had observed at first, that the 26th May was not only St. Philip's feast at Rome, but in England that of St. Augustine, our Apostle, and that he should ask Cardinal Zurla to ordain mè in St. Gregory's Church, which his Eminence did. It was at St. Gregory's only that we learned from the monks that the next day was the deposition of Venerable Bede."

The coincidences are really remarkable with regard to his destination for the English mission. He was born on the feast of the Apostle St. Thomas ; he arrived in Rome, as a Catholic, on the feast of St. Gregory ; he was ordained on the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury ; he said his first mass of St. Bede, by special leave from the Pope, on that Saint's day. He was ordained by a Cardinal of the Camaldolese branch of the Benedictine Order, to which St. Augustine belonged ; and he got the blessing and commission of

Pope Gregory XVI., a member of the same order; and under all these auspices set out directly for England.

During his stay in Rome he made the acquaintance of our Father Dominic. This was a great happiness to him. Father Dominic was on fire for the conversion of England, and Father Spencer echoed back, with additions, every sentiment of his zealous soul. They spoke together, they wrote to each other, they got devout people to pray, and prayed themselves every day, for the conversion of England. We cannot know how far prayers go, we only know that the continual prayer of the just man availeth much; and therefore, it might not seem safe reasoning, to attribute effects that can be traced to other causes to the prayers of some devout servants of God. Without attempting to assign causes, we cannot help remarking the fact that these two holy souls began to pray, and enlist others in praying, for England's conversion in 1832, and that the first number of the "Tracts for the Times" appeared before the end of 1833. Neither of them had anything to do with the Tracts, if we except a few letters from Father Dominic in a Belgian newspaper, as writers or suggestors of matter; but both took a deep interest in them, and fed their hopes, as each appeared more Catholic than the one before. He spends a week with Father Dominic in Lucca, on his way to England, and in Geneva happened one of those interesting events with which his life was chequered. He thus tells it in a letter to the *Catholic Standard* in 1853:—"I went one day, at Genoa (see Chap. IX., Bk. I.), in 1820, to see the great relics in the treasury of the Cathedral. Relics, indeed, were little to me; but to get at these, three keys from various first-rate dignitaries, ecclesiastical and civil, were necessary. This was enough to make a young English sight-seer determined to get at them. A young priest, the sacristan of the Cathedral, received me and the party I had made up to accompany me, and showed us the precious treasures. I did nothing but despise; and yet why should I, or other Protestants, look on it as a kind of impossibility that any relic can be genuine? However, so I did; and I let the sacristan plainly know it. Yet he was not vexed. Nay, he treated

me with great affection, and said, among other things, 'The English are a worthy, good people, *brava nazione;* if only it had not been for that moment, that unhappy moment!' 'What moment do you mean?' said I. 'Ah! surely,' he replied, 'when Henry VIII. resolved on revolting against the Church.' I did not answer, but I thought within myself, 'Poor man, what ignorance! what infatuation! And what were my thoughts of that moment of which he spoke? My thoughts on this head had been formed in my young days, and, oh! how deep are first young thoughts allowed to take firm root undisturbed! When I was a child"—— Here he relates the discourse of his sisters' governess about the English Reformation, given in a former chapter. "When, accordingly, the Genoese priest thus spoke I thought, Poor, blind man! little he knows what England gained at that same moment for which he pities it. . . . I cannot but add to this last circumstance, that twelve years later I was returning from Rome—a priest! I came by sea. Stopping one day in the harbour of Genoa, I went on shore to say mass at the Cathedral, and found the same priest still at the head of the sacristy—the same benign features I saw, but somewhat marked with age. I asked him did he remember and recognise the young English disputer? *O altitudo!* . . . . And is it I whom they would expect to give up my poor countrymen for hopeless? No! leave this to others, who have not tasted like me the fruits of the tender mercies of God."

As soon as he arrived in England, he went to see his family, who were in Ryde for the summer, according to their custom. He was cordially welcomed; but it must seem a cold thing for a newly-ordained priest to come to a home where not a brother or sister would kneel to get his blessing, nor father nor mother be in ecstacy of joy at hearing him say mass for the first time. This was in July, 1832. Early in August he met several priests at Sir Edward Doughty's, Upton House, Dorsetshire; and Lady Doughty says:—"Mr. Spencer greatly edified all who then met him by his humility, fervour, and earnest desire for the conversion of England. On the 11th of August he left Upton,

accompanied by Dr. Logan, for Prior Park. On that morning, as the coach from Poole passed at an early hour, Mr. Spencer engaged one of the men servants to serve his mass at five o'clock. The servant went to call him soon after four, but finding the room apparently undisturbed, he proceeded to the little domestic chapel, and there he found Mr. Spencer prostrate before the altar in fervent prayer, and he then rose and said mass; the servant's conviction being, that he had been there in prayer all night."

An incident occurred, as Father Spencer was passing through Bordeaux on his way to England, which deserves especial mention, if only to recall the droll pleasure he used to experience himself, and create in others, while relating it. He met there a great, big, fat convert, who had just made his abjuration and been baptised. Father Spencer questioned him about his first communion, and the trouble of preparing himself "in his then state of body" seemed an awful exertion. However, after a great deal of what the gentleman termed "painful goading," Father Spencer succeeded in bringing him to the altar. The fat gentleman sat him down afterwards to melt in the shade of a midsummer June day in Bordeaux, grumbling yet delighted at the exertion he had made. The Bishop of Bordeaux was giving confirmation in some of the churches in the town, and Father Spencer thought he should not lose the opportunity of getting his fat friend to the sacrament. He knew how hateful exertion of any kind was to the neophyte, who, though he believed all the Catholic doctrines in a kind of a heap, was not over-inclined for works of supererogation. He resolved to do what he could. He went to him, and boldly told him that he ought to prepare himself for confirmation. "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, making an effort to yawn, "have I not done yet? Is there more to be got through before I am a perfect Catholic? Oh, dear!" And he moved himself. He was brought through, however, to the no small inconvenience of himself and others, and many was the moral Father Ignatius pointed afterwards with this first essay of his in missionary work.

At Prior Park, Father Spencer met Dr. Walsh, and he

was appointed to begin a new mission in West Bromwich; he sets about it immediately, and gets an altar for it from Lord Dormer in Walsall. He met Dr. Wiseman, who came to England about this time, and they are both invited by Earl Spencer to spend a day at Althorp. The Earl was charmed with Dr. Wiseman, and Father Spencer exclaims, in a letter, "What a grand point was this! A Catholic priest, and a D.D., rector of a Catholic college, received with distinction at a Protestant nobleman's!" He met some of his old parishioners, and was welcomed by them with love and kind remembrances. His church in West Bromwich was opened on the 21st November, 1832, and he was settled down as a Catholic pastor near where he hunted as a Protestant layman, and preached heresy as a Protestant minister.

CHAPTER IV.

F. SPENCER BEGINS HIS MISSIONARY LIFE.

FAR different is the position on which Mr. Spencer enters towards the close of 1832, from that which he was promoted to in 1825. Then he took the cure of souls with vague notions of his precise duty; now he took the cure of souls as a clearly defined duty, for the fulfilment of which he knew he should render a severe account. Then he received a large income from the bare fact of his being put in possession of his post; now he has to expend even what he has in trying to provide a place of worship for his flock. Then, there were eight hundred souls under his charge, most of them wealthy and comfortable, and all looking up to him with respect for being his father's son; now he could scarcely count half that number as his own, scattered among hovels and garrets; amid their more opulent neighbours, who mocked him for being a priest. He then dwelt with pleasure on his rich benefice, and on the rising walls of his handsome rectory; now he prayed the bishop to put him into the poorest mission in the diocese, and delighted in being housed like the poor. The life he led as a priest in West Bromwich is worthy of the ancient solitaries. He began by placing all his property in the bishop's hands, and his lordship appointed an *Econome*, who gave him now and again such sums as he needed to keep himself alive, give something to the poor, and supply his church with necessaries. He keeps an account of every farthing he spends, and shows it to the Bishop at the end of the quarter, to see if his lordship approves, or wishes anything to be retrenched for the future. His ordinary course of life was—rise at six; Medi-

tation Office and Mass, hear some confessions, and, after breakfast, at ten, go out through the parish until six, when he came home to dinner, and spent the time that was left till supper in instructing catechumens, reading, praying, or writing. He had no luxuries, no comforts, he scarcely allowed himself any recreation, except in doing pastoral work. He leaves two rooms of his little house unfurnished, and says he has something else to do with the money that might be thus spent. Much as he loved Mr. Phillipps, he did not go to see him after his marriage, because he thought it was not necessary to spend money in that way which could alleviate the poverty of a parishioner; and because he did not like to be a day absent from his parish work as long as God gave him strength. During the first year of his residence at West Bromwich he opens three schools; one of them had been a pork-shop, and was bought for him by a Catholic tradesman. Here he used to come and lecture once or twice a week, and is surprised and pleased to find a well-ordered assembly ready to listen to him. He says in a letter at this time: "I go to bed weary every night, and enjoy my sleep more than great people do theirs; for it is the sleep of the labourer." He is rather sanguine in his hopes of converting Protestants; but, although he receives a good many into the Church, he finds error more difficult to root out than he imagined. He bears up, however, and a letter to Mr. Phillipps will tell us what he thought; he says: "Keep England's conversion always next your heart. It is no small matter to overturn a dynasty so settled and rooted as that of error in this country; and how are we possibly to expect that we shall be made instruments to effect this, unless we become in some measure conformable to the characters of the Saints who have done such things before us? Yet let us not give up the undertaking, for as, on the one hand, no one has succeeded without wonderful labour and patience, so, on the other, none ever has failed when duly followed up. Let us not be discouraged by opposition, but work the more earnestly: and as we see people about some hard bodily exertion begin with their clothes on, but, when they find

the difficulty of their job, strip first the coat, then the waistcoat, then turn up their sleeves, and so on, we must do the same. God does not give success at once, because He wishes us better than to remain as we are, fettered and attached to the world. If we succeeded before all this encumbrance is stripped off, we should certainly not get rid of it afterwards." He did "turn up his sleeves," and toil, no doubt, at converting his neighbours; he opened a new mission in Dudley towards the Christmas of 1833; he first began in an old warehouse, which he fitted up with a chapel and seats, and turned one or two little houses adjoining into a sacristy and sitting-room for the priest who might come there to officiate.

He goes on in this even course for the whole of the two first years of his life in West Bromwich, without any striking event to bring one part more prominently forward than another. His every day work was not, however, all plain sailing; in proportion as his holiness of life increased the reverence Catholics began to conceive for him, it provoked the persecution and contempt of the Protestants. He was pensive generally, and yet had a keen relish for wit and humour. He was one day speaking with a brother priest in his sacristy, with sad earnestness, about the spiritual destitution of the poor people around him, who neither knew God, nor would listen to those who were willing to teach them. A poor woman knocked at the sacristy door, and was ordered to come in; she fell on her knees very reverently, to get Father Spencer's blessing, as soon as she approached him. His companion observed that this poor woman reminded him of the mother of the sons of Zebedee, who came to Our Saviour *adorans*. "Yes," replied Father Spencer, with a very arch smile, "and not only *adorans*, but *petens aliquid ab eo*." Such was his usual way; he would season his discourse on the most important subject — even go a little out of his way for that purpose — with a pointed anecdote, or witty remark.

All did not feel inclined to follow the old woman's example in the first part of the above scene, though many were led

to do so through their love and practice of the second. A person sent us the following letter, who still lives on the spot that was blessed by this holy priest's labours, and as it bears evidence to some of the statements we have made from other sources, it may be well to give it insertion :—

"I was one of his first converts at West Bromwich, and a fearful battle I had ; but his sublime instructions taught me how to pray for the grace of God to guide me to his true Church. He was ever persecuted, and nobly overcame his enemies. I remember one morning when he was going his accustomed rounds to visit the poor and sick, he had to pass a boys' school, at Hill Top ; they used to hoot after him low names, but, seeing he did not take any notice, they came into the road and threw mud and stones at him ; he took no notice. Then they took hold of his coat, and ripped it up the back. He did not mind, but went on all day, as usual, through Oldbury, Tipton Oudley, and Hill Top, visiting his poor people. He used to leave home every morning, and fill his pockets with wine and food for the poor sick, and return home about six in the evening, without taking any refreshment all day, though he might have walked twenty miles in the heat of summer. One winter's day he gave all his clothes away to the poor, except those that were on him. He used to say two Masses on Sunday, in West Bromwich, and preach. I never saw him use a conveyance of any kind in his visits through his parish."

It could not be expected that the newspapers would keep silence about him. He gets a little in that way, which he writes about, as follows :—"Eliot (an apostate) has been writing in divers quarters that I know of, and I dare say in many others (for he was very fond of letter-writing), the most violent abuse of the Catholic Church, and of all her priests, excepting me, whom he pities as a wretched victim of priest-craft. I still hope there is some strange infatuation about him which may dissipate, and let him return ; but if not, the Church has ramparts enough to stand his battering, and I am not afraid of my little castle being shaken by him. I feel desirous rather than not that he should publish the

worst he can about me and mine in the Protestant papers. It will help to correct us of some faults, and bring to light, perhaps, at the same time, something creditable to our cause."

He must have felt the extraordinary change in his state of mind and duty now to what he experienced some four or five years before. There are no doubts about doctrines, nor difficulties about Dissenters; his way is plain and clear, without mist or equivocal clause; there is but one way for Catholics of being united with heretics—their unconditional submission to the Church. There is no going half-way to meet them, or sacrificing of principles to soothe their scruples; either all or none — the last definition of the Council of Trent, as well as the first article of the Apostles' Creed. If he has difficulties about any matter, he will not find Bishops giving him shifting answers, and seemingly ignorant themselves of what is the received interpretation of a point of faith. He will be told at once by the next priest what is the doctrine of the Church, and if he refuses to assent to it he ceases to be a Catholic. This looks an iron rule in the Church of God, and those outside her cannot understand how its very unbending firmness consoles the doubtful, cheers the desponding, strengthens the will and expands and nourishes the intellect.

A priest has many consolations in his little country parish that few can understand or appreciate. It is not the number and efficiency of his schools, the round of his visits, or the frequency of his instructions. No; it is the offering of the Victim of Salvation every morning for his own and his people's sins, and it is the conveying the precious blood of his Saviour to their souls, through the Sacraments he administers. Only a priest can understand what it is to feel that a creature kneels before him, steeped in vice and sin, and, after a good confession, rises from his knees, restored to God's grace and friendship. All his labours have this one object—the putting of his people into the grace of God, and keeping them in it until they reach to their reward. There is a reality in all this which faith alone can give that makes

him taste and feel the good he is doing. A reality that will make him fly without hesitation to the pestilential deathbed, and glory in inhaling a poison that may end his own days, in the discharge of his duty. He must be ever ready to give his life for his sheep, not in fancy or in words, but in very deed, and thus seal by his martyrdom both the truth which he professes, and his love for the Master whom he has been chosen to serve.

The number of priests who die every year, and the average of a missionary priest's life, prove but too clearly how often the sacrifice is accepted.

CHAPTER V.

PROSPECTS OF WIDENING HIS SPHERE OF ACTION.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1834, Earl Spencer died. George, of course, felt it deeply; he loved his father with, if possible, more than filial affection, for he could look up since his childhood to his paternal example; and all the virtue he was able to practise during his younger days, despite the occasions into which he was cast, he attributed chiefly to the influence of his father's authority. The country lost a statesman, and the Catholics an advocate in the noble earl; his death was therefore regretted by more than his immediate family; but there was one great reason why his son felt so deeply—his father had not died a Catholic. There were many things to make up for his exclusion from the *mementoes* of his son in the mass, as not being one of those *qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei;* such as, his real natural goodness, his acting up to his lights, and his kind treatment of his son; but they were, of course, poor, weak assuagements to the stern fact that he could not pray publicly for the repose of his soul, and only, by the merest conditional permission, even privately. Father Spencer goes shortly after to Althorp. The new earl thinks proper to prohibit his brother speaking to any except those of his own rank while visiting there. He had, of course, his reasons, but it was a sore trial to Father Spencer, who ever loved the poor, and never felt so happy as when exercising his patience in listening to the detailed account of their sufferings, or in trying to relieve them by words or alms. He put up with it, and a *thank God* soon made him at home amid lords and ladies for the time of his short stay.

It may strike some person as a very strange thing that

this illustrious convert and great saint, as he really was and appeared to be, should be shut up in a poor hamlet whose name does not appear even on railway maps, and not located in some resort of pride and fashion. But the Honourable and Reverend George Spencer had seen enough of fashion and gentility to be thoroughly disgusted with both the one and the other. He understood no way of going to heaven except that which Our Lord pointed out to us and went Himself first for us to follow, the way of the cross in poverty and humility. Hence he applied to Bishop Walsh for the poorest and worst mission in the diocese. If one will not be inclined to give this good Bishop credit for forwarding the apostolical intentions of his young priest, let him know that there might be also a more inferior motive why he should accede to his request. Priests with private incomes can better subsist in poor missions than those who depend on the charity of their flocks; and we find at present that many, who have property of their own, are appointed, notwithstanding the honourable and creditable prefixes to their names, to missions which are not able to support a priest from their internal resources. These two reasons put together will account for the placing of the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer in the mission of West Bromwich.

St. Thomas defines zeal, "an intense love by which one is moved against and repels whatever is detrimental to the good of his friend, and does his best to prevent whatever is against the honour or the will of God." Alphonsus Rodrigues says: "It is the love of God on fire, and a vehement desire that He should be loved, honoured, and adored by all; and so intense is it, that he who burns therewith tries to communicate its heat to every one." This effect of zeal is the special gleam by which the shining of great saints can be distinguished from ordinary servants of God. They are filled with the love of God, they overflow with it, and dash off floods that sweep down vice and sin by their impetuosity. When obstacles occur to show that the time is not opportune, or that the sluices should not yet be drawn, the saints are far from languishing into ordinary ways. No; the springs are open afresh, their hearts are filling the more

they are pent up, and seek avenues on every side and in every way in which they may possibly allow some heavenly water to escape. Such was the zeal of St. Chrysostom, who would be blind if his audience could but see. Such was the love of St. Francis Xavier, who went through unknown and almost inaccessible regions to convert the heathen. Such was the love of St. Teresa, who sighed that she was not a man, because her sex and state forbade her to be an apostle. Such was the Psalmist, when he said, "The zeal of Thy house has eaten me up."

The difference between heavenly zeal and fanaticism is, that one is willing to be directed, the other breaks the bonds of authority. One acts sweetly and consistently, the other intemperately and rashly. One distrusts self, the other begins and ends with self.

Father Spencer was full of zeal. It was, in fact, his zeal that brought him into the Church. Now that he found himself commissioned to propagate God's kingdom, his zeal arose to that of the saints, and began to burst forth and devise means by which that kingdom could be speedily and perfectly spread. He devised plans for the sanctification of the clergy by introducing a kind of religious life amongst them; he formed plans for the perfection of the laity, after an old but abandoned model, which will be described; he had conceived plans of founding a religious institute, of which a devout soul he knew was to be first rev. mother; he had plans of preaching, away at some place or places which he does not tell us about; he had plans for finding out the secret by which the Jesuits became such successful missionaries; he had plans of going to Cambridge for an installation, and bearding the lion of heresy and error in his very den;—and all these he proposed from time to time to his director and diocesan superior, but all met the one fate of being drowned by the cold water thrown upon them. He complains a little, in a letter he wrote at this time, of "the slowness of Catholic prelates with regard to schemes;" but after being told to lay them aside, he resigns himself with perfect submission. He finds out, in a short time, that the Catholic prelates were right, and he drops his wings completely, by saying: "I am resolved to give up forming plans

for the future, and I shall try to gain more love of God and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This again He must give me, and Mary must gain it for me; or rather, I must charge her to persevere in making this request for me, whether I forget it occasionally or not." Besides the crossing of his plans, he has another cross to endure; he loves to visit Hagley, where Lady Lyttelton, his sister, generally lived, and he is received only on condition that he will not speak of religion. This he feels b l, as he loved this sister very much, and thought he could n t show a greater proof of his affection than that of communicating to her, if possible, what he prized more than his life—his faith.

One plan he forms, however, which does not meet with the disapproval of his superiors, and that was, to go to London and beg among his aristocratic friends for funds for a new church he intended building at Dudley.. He seems to have succeeded pretty well, as there is a nice gothic church there at present, which was built by him. We have only one peculiar incident of his first begging tour.

He took it into his head to go and ask a subscription of the Duchess of Kent, mother to our Queen. He was received kindly by the Duchess, and the Princess Victoria was allowed to be present at the conversation. Father Spencer spoke for some time about the lamentable state of England, on account of its religious divisions; he gave a short account of his own conversion, and wound up by putting forward the claims of the Catholic Church to the obedience of all Christians, as there ought to be but one fold under one shepherd. It may be said that he formed a very favourable opinion of the Princess from this meeting; he said once, when relating the story: "I considered the Princess very sensible and thoughtful. She listened with great attention to everything I said, and maintained a respectful silence, because she sat beside her mother. I had great hopes of her then, and so far they have not been disappointed. I hope ye will all pray for her, and we may one day have the pleasure of seeing her a Catholic." This he said in 1863, and then he was firmly convinced that the Duchess herself had died a Catholic.

He returned soon to his mission in West Bromwich, a

writes, in a letter to Mr. Phillipps: "I had a project in my head when I returned, more extensive than any that filled it of late. That is, going to Dublin to see if there I might find some unknown mine out of which I could draw what I want for Dudley. This soon grew into the thought of a tour round Ireland, and the subject of collecting alms for Dudley soon began to look trivial and secondary. I could hardly contain myself at the thoughts of preaching all over Ireland the conversion of England, and exhorting them all to forget their earthly miseries in the view of our spiritual ones, and to begin to retaliate the evils they have endured in the way of the true Christian, not by violent opposition, but by rendering good a thousandfold, or rather beyond reckoning." This scheme was put off for some time, by the advice of the Rev. Mr. Martyn, who seems to have been his director.

In the beginning of August, 1835, Father Spencer got a severe attack of illness: it proceeded principally from over-exertion. He began to spit blood, and as soon as his friends heard of it, his sister, Lady Lyttelton, and his brother-in-law, Lord George Quin, came for him and took him to Hagley, where he might be carefully nursed until he should recover. They set him down to say mass in Stourbridge, and allowed him all the spiritual aid he wished for, even going so far as to invite a priest to come and stay with him, and make Hagley his home for the time. This was in keeping with their usual kindness, and Father Spencer never forgot it; nay, he would treasure up the least act of kindness done him by any one, much more so when received from those who differed from him in religious matters. He writes now, apparently under the shadow of death: one thing looks strange to him when he thinks of dying, that he cannot see why God gives him such a strong desire for an apostolic life if it be not sometime carried into effect. "It may be that He will give me the merit of the desires without their accomplishment, but this seems less probable. His will be done. I only mention this to prevent your being discouraged on my account. What is an illness in His sight? It is easier to restore me my vigour than at first to give it to me. Let us only wait prepared for quick obedi-

ence to His call, whether for this world or the next." In another letter, written about the same time, he says: "What I am further to do must be decided by my present *bodily* director, Dr. Johnstone, to whom for my correction and humiliation the Bishop has committed me."

It seems most likely that he wrote the autobiography during this illness; it has the marks and tokens of his then state of mind upon the first part of it at least.

After his recovery there is talk of his being made a bishop, and some of his friends are doing their best, by writing and so forth, to help his promotion to the mitre. No better idea can be given of the way he felt with regard to this matter, than by introducing a letter he wrote at the time to one of his friends: "I know you are as eager about everything that concerns me as about your own matters; and that you are now boiling to come and be busy about this most interesting affair. Yet it will prove better to go on quietly. To be sure I should exult if it please God of His own will to enlarge my powers and faculties of advancing His kingdom, trusting to Him to furnish me with graces sufficient; but the call must be clear, and His will manifest, or, I thank God, I have made up my mind to answer, I stir not. And how can I know this but by the rule of obedience? Many reasons strike me *pro* and *con.* immediately; but these I had better not meditate upon. I shall leave it to Dr. Walsh to decide whether I accept or do not. I cannot be right any other way. If he chooses to hear me plead the cause for myself, stating what I think are the motives *pro* and *con.*, I will do it when he likes; if not, it is certainly better not to go against him. I was at Prior Park three years ago, when Dr. Baines knows that I refused the offer of an Irish clergyman to propose me for an Irish bishopric, on Dr. Walsh's judgment, and he approved of that decision. No doubt he will of this."

We hear nothing further of this, so it is likely Dr. Walsh judged it proper for him to refuse the contemplated honour.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWSPAPER DISCUSSIONS, ETC.

From the end of the year 1835 to the middle of 1836, Father Spencer was more or less engaged in newspaper controversy with some ministers. The first champion of Protestantism, or rather assailant of Catholicism, he condescended to argue with was a Mr. Gideon Ouseley. This gentleman is described in a letter written at the time as a "Low Church parson, or Methodist, of Armagh." There may be some distinction between the two characters, but it is only fair to say that we freely grant him the benefit of the doubt. They had a paper fight about the usual topics of controversy, beginning with mis-statements of doctrine from Mr. Ouseley and explanations from Mr. Spencer, and continuing through a very brisk parrying of logical thrusts to a conclusion which ended by the newspaper refusing to insert any more letters. Some good effects may have been produced by the controversy, which seldom happens, and also some breaches of charity; but there is one circumstance worthy to be mentioned, though perhaps it cannot well be traced back to *The Watchman* newspaper, that this same Rev. Gideon Ouseley is, at the time these pages are writing, the officiating chaplain of the *soi-disant* monks of Norwich, Br. Ignatius and his companions.

The next adversary was a Mr. Dalton. Father Spencer expends some very good arguments on him, among others, the following in the first letter: "You and other Protestants may say that they consider this doctrine (transubstantiation) unscriptural; but the arguments by which you endeavour to impugn it never are scriptural. I once used to argue against it myself, and the best arguments I could find were from

reason." There may be fault found with this argument, because a thing could be unscriptural, though its denial or refutation were not; but F. Spencer establishes the positive side of the question afterwards. And the argument was good thus far that its denial is an Article of the 39, which should be proved by "sure warranty of Scripture." He does so in a passage which begins thus: "If Scripture be appealed to simply, I know not how any one can deny that it speaks altogether in our favour, whenever the Eucharist is mentioned or alluded to. When we are asked for proofs of our doctrine we invariably begin by an appeal to the simple words of Christ given in Scripture. 'This is my body,' 'This is my blood,' which, taken as they stand, can agree with no doctrine but the Catholic."

F. Spencer thought he had a gentleman to deal with in his adversary, but found that he had overrated the attributes his charity supposed him to possess. He pointed an argument upon the unity of our teachers as contradistinguished from sectarian ones, by bringing in Mr. Dalton and his brother as an example. At this Dalton took offence, and F. Spencer made a most ample and beautiful apology. This evoked all the bile of his opponent in a flourish of trumpets, by which he boasted of a post relinquished in the argument, which really argued gain in F. Spencer as a Christian antagonist. He flung out then in glorious confusion—imperfect councils, bad popes, Spanish inquisitions, just as they came to hand. When Spencer saw this, he thought of answering him according to his folly, and instead of analyzing his "concentrated lozenge," wrote something in the style of cudgelling him for the fun of the thing next time. Here is an extract from his next letter, which is produced more as a specimen of his humour than of his logic:—

A sentence of Mr. Dalton's letter ran thus: "But let me first remind you what our view of private judgment is. Do we mean that every man may set up as an interpreter of Scripture, that every shoemaker and ploughman (as Catholics say) may become a preacher? By no means; we recognise authority when it is scriptural, and believe that an authorized ministry is God's mode of extending the Bible."

Father Spencer replies:—"Now this sentence suggests so many reflections to me that I hardly know which way to begin with it. I will first try what a little paraphase will do, and explain what I think might perchance have been in your mind when you wrote it, and you may tell me whether I am near the mark before I make further comments on it. I would figure you to myself as reasoning thus with yourself:—The right of private judgment must be maintained in some form, or else even we ministers shall not be able to stand our ground against the Romanists. If we allow of any reasonable notion of Church authority when we talk to *them*, they will hook us up again, and we shall not be able to assert even our own liberty to interpret as we like. But, on the other hand, if we put away talking of Church authority when we mount our pulpits, and impart the word to our hitherto obedient poor followers, they will begin to ask themselves, what need, then, is there of our reverend guides? Why should we pay any more tithes, and seat rents, and church rates, and Easter offerings, and the like? Yea! then would be sad danger that our craft would come to be set at nought, and the Temple of Great Diana (the Church of Great Elizabeth) would be reputed for nothing, and therefore we must teach people that there is such a thing as ministerial authority at least, if we cannot make much of an attempt to prove ecclesiastical authority; we must take care to maintain that to be capable of being a minister, a man must be able to read the New Testament in Greek, and the Old in Hebrew, at least, have a smattering of Hebrew, or else we shall have shoemakers and ploughmen setting up opposition without being able to put them down; for they will be able to match us in what we must hold forth as the grand proof of the ministry, viz., that a man should be able to quote texts at pleasure, and talk about them so rapidly and unintelligibly as to make a congregation think him mighty wise and deeply spiritual. Such are the men who must be proclaimed worthy of great honour and admiration, but, above all, of ample revenues. Never mind how many contradictory systems enter into their respective reverend heads, we must persuade the

people, as long as they will swallow it, that they all speak by the Holy Ghost. It would, indeed, be more according to Scripture and reason, if all who professed to be led by the Spirit taught one doctrine; but this we can never bring about, unless we all get back to popery: and, indeed, it is not needful, nor even expedient, for the purpose we have before us, which is not to speak sound words which cannot be reproved, but such words as will keep together our congregation, and suit their tastes. Now as the tastes of men are so various, it is absolutely necessary that the doctrines we give them should vary too, and, therefore, as we know that Bible truth is but one, and the Bible, nevertheless, is the book out of which we must all pretend to teach, we cannot sufficiently praise the cleverness of those gifted individuals, who, by organizing a sort of skirmishing ministry, to take the place of the old uniform heavy phalanx of the Romanists, one fit *to extend the truth of the Bible*, so as to suit the tastes of all sorts of men, have enabled so many of us to extract from the pockets of all a genteel maintenance for our wives and families. I have in this paraphrase found myself obliged to pass over one word when you speak of *God's* mode of *extending* the truth of the Bible. This operation, I think, God had never anything to do with. I believe that 1,800 years ago, God did, by his only Son, institute a ministry as his mode of *preserving* the truth of the Bible, but *extending* the truth of the Bible is a very different sort of affair. These words, though rather obscure, yet seem to convey very felicitiously the idea of what the Gospel ministers of the present day have accomplished, that is, making the Bible truth so extensive as to embrace all the various contradictory systems—Church of England, High, Low, Evangelical, *et hoc genus omne*. But the time would fail me to tell a tenth part of the glorious variety which the spiritual bill of fare of the nineteenth century presents to the dainty taste of our countrymen. This plan of truth extension is a wonder which was reserved for the wisdom of our preachers to contrive and to develope, under the guidance of a wiser spirit than that of man, and yet certainly not the spirit of God. The ancient saints had no

more idea of it than Archimedes had of a hydraulic press. I have taken the liberty of playing upon your exposition of authority, to show how vain it is to attempt to uphold anything like a legitimate authority, and the right of private judgment together. I do not wonder that you got rather into a perplexity in trying to explain how they may be reconciled. The Church of England has tried to explain this matter in her 20th Article, but finds it too hard. She just says, 'the Church hath authority in controversies of faith,' but leaves it to her children to guess whether this authority be divine or human, infallible or fallible, granted her by the King of Heaven or the king of England. She intimates, indeed, that it is not quite to be depended on, by the next words, in which it is said, 'it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything contrary to God's word written:' but again we are left to divine who the judge is, who is to keep the Church in order: is it the king, or every licensed preacher, or every single Christian? . . . . . Ah! these Articles are troublesome things. I have known what it is to be under those shackles, and what it is to be set free from them."

In the next letter, his opponent complains that Father Spencer has *hurt his feelings*, and made his *heart sicken*, which complaint the *wily priest*, as he was termed, began to answer thus:—"I have heard of certain ladies who have recourse to a method something like this to escape being kept in order by their husbands, and who silence everything that is said against their humours by falling into hysterics. A tender husband will once or twice perhaps be melted by the alarming spectacle; he will run and fetch the smelling-bottle, ring for the servants, beg pardon, and say pretty things to compose his dear partner's mind again. But when he finds that as soon as she has gained her point she gets well directly, and is more saucy and wilful than before—if he wishes to be happy, or to make her so—he will be what she calls cruel next time, and let her get well by herself till she is tired of fainting fits. Now, sir, I have once been tender-hearted over you . . . . . I apologized . . .

In the next letter you took advantage of this to make an impertinent remark. This discovered to me that your feelings need not be so tenderly dealt with, and I proceeded with my disagreeable questions, and shall still do so at the risk of your telling me in the next letter that I have not only sickened you, but made you quite faint away." After thus sickening his delicate friend, he sums up in the last letter and answers the difficulties objected to him very well indeed. We forbear introducing purely controversial matter, except in as far as it bears upon the peculiar gifts or manner of Father Spencer. There is nothing but what any ordinary priest of fair acquirements could have said in defence of our doctrines in the remainder, except that the answer to the hackneyed objection about some councils being of doubtful authority is very clearly and forcibly given.

A third champion entered the lists before these had been "conquered" enough to think themselves qualified "to argue still." This was a Rev. W. Riland Bedford. Indeed, he was so impatient of distinguishing himself by the honour of having once engaged with so respectable a foe, that he could not wait until Mr. Dalton was ousted. Besides, it is very likely he thought Mr. Dalton was missing fine opportunities of giving clever strokes, by spending too much time in quarrelling with the ungenerous hits of his adversary; or, perhaps, he thought he did not take the proper instruments of warfare. However, he made a grand stroke, and aimed also at what he believed to be the most vulnerable, as well as the most defenceless, spot in the person of F. Spencer's system. Here we might be corrected by the *Maid of Lille*, who said, very pertly, to Mr. Spencer once: "Catholics have no systems." They have doctrines. At all events, Mr. Riland Bedford did attack F. Spencer, and lest he might lose by being single-handed, a brace of them—Revs. Messrs. M'Ghee and himself—made an onslaught on Revs. Messrs. M'Donnel and Spencer, thereby intending, of course, to make a grand breach in Popery. The subject of their letters was the treating of certain sins by our moral theologians. F. Spencer made use of the usual line of defence here, but

he added also an *argumentum ad hominem.* "St. Paul, in the chapter above referred to (Rom. i.), tells us that there were no sins more prevalent in his day, and none more destructive, than that grievous class of sins to which these questions relate. The afflicting experience of the pastors of the Church leads them to fear that no less awfully in these times and in this country, do habits of the like crimes make ruin of thousands of souls; and *your own recollection of the University, where, I suppose, you were educated for holy orders, must convince you that our fears are not unfounded. For what must be expected in the body of the people, when, among those who are preparing to be their pastors, at the most critical time of their life, there are so few who dare openly to withstand the prevailing fashion of iniquity, and so many who profess to despise morality and chastity as a thing to be ashamed of.*" F. Spencer was tripped up in some allusions he made to a Protestant attempt at a prayer-book, of which there were two or three editions; but, since he happened not to be correct as to one edition, and to miss something about another, still, though his argument was not thereby weakened, but Rev. Mr. Riland Bedford thought it was, and so, or nearly so, the matter ended.

F. Spencer was induced to begin this paper controversy by the hope of conveying some information about Catholic dogmas to those who would not read Catholic books, but would, and did, read newspapers. Shortly after, he learnt, by one instance, what little good generally comes of this kind of contention. He paid a visit to Hagley, and, in a conversation with Lord Lyttelton, asked him if he had seen the *Birmingham Gazette* lately. "Yes," replied the other, "but delicacy forbade me to allude to your share in that concern." The sum of it was that his lordship thought George under a perfect delusion, and wondered he was not confounded at such powerful refutations as his adversary's were. All F. Spencer wrote looked to him perfectly trifling; so much so, that he had made up his mind to take George in hand himself, and convert him back again, and was then

actually getting up some little theology to aid him in doing so more summarily. This George took in very good humour, and hoped good from, especially as Lord Lyttelton appeared to be the leader in the family in point of religion. He was doomed to a sad disappointment; for Lord Lyttelton died shortly after this conversation, and, as far as documentary evidence goes, without having had another conversation with Father Spencer.

CHAPTER VII.

PRIVATE LIFE AND CROSSES OF F. SPENCER.

It could scarcely be supposed that the self-denying, laborious life of F. Spencer in West Bromwich, which has been already alluded to, could be one of those effervescent fits that pass away with the newness of change, when one remembers his life as a Protestant minister. He did not abate one iota of his mortifications or labours, but he became systematized with them, and managed, under the advice of his director, to keep from extremes. He no longer scrupled paying for a conveyance, if he thought the object of his journey was worth more than the coach-fare. For letters, he followed the same rule, though, as he was in a position to obtain franks very frequently, he had not so much difficulty to put up with in the matter of paying heavy postage. To bear these remarks out, we have some of his own letters, but the letter of a lady, who made his acquaintance some time about 1835, and had frequent opportunities of observing him up to the time of his becoming a Passionist, will be more satisfactory than snatches of sentences here and there, which accidentally tell what he was doing.

"In the year 1835 I first became acquainted with the Catholic religion, and, in consequence, with the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, who instructed and afterwards received me into the Church. From that time till the present I never for a moment doubted of his extraordinary sanctity. He never in all his discourses with me, which were numerous, spoke of anything but with an aim to the glory of God. I knew his housekeeper at West Bromwich, a very good woman, who has been dead many years. She told me that she many times found him, very early in the morning,

cleaning his own shoes, and she dare not let him see her for fear of confusion. She often remarked that he spent a very long time in the exercise of prayer and meditation. He was so zealous for the salvation of souls that whenever he saw any new comer in his chapel he would find them out, go to their houses and speak with them; he thus brought many into the Church. Although he was insulted in all kinds of ways, on his walks, he rejoiced and thanked God for all. When he opened his mission in Dudley, rather than go to a public inn he slept, wrapped up in a large rough cloak, on the bare floor of what served as for sacristy, and continued to do so for some time until he had a proper place prepared. Many nights at his own home he used to disturb the bed a little, but it was found that he had not lain in it at all for the whole night. When he was instructing me in the year 1836, he broke a blood-vessel; and though the blood literally flowed from his head into a dish, he continued on the instructions. He visited the sick constantly. On one occasion he went to see a poor woman, who had not one to attend her; she became very restless whilst he was there, and wanted to go downstairs; he wrapped her up in a blanket and carried her down. She was no sooner down than she wanted to be brought up again; he brought her up, too; she got quiet then, listened to him, and after a short time expired before he left the room.

"At one house where he visited, a child was suffering from a bad mouth, so that it was quite distressing to look at it. Father Spencer laid his finger on the child's tongue, and said, 'It will be well;' in a half-an-hour afterwards it was quite well. Once my grandmother was at the point of death; he came and blessed her, and in a day or two she was quite well." Miraculous cures are wrought very frequently by priests' blessings. "Whatever thou blessest shall be blessed," is not pronounced in vain at their ordination; and "we must," as Father Ignatius would say pointedly to those who reflected little on them, "remember that our Lord's words do deserve some little attention." Faith can remove mountains, and it is only proper and just that faith could do something less. Since the faith of the person

"made whole" is often as powerful as the faith of the servant of God, each side escapes the vanity of having wrought wonders, by attributing the effect to the other. "He generally went to the kitchen himself, or other places, to get what he wanted, and would often do without a thing, rather than trouble his housekeeper or a servant, if he knew them to be engaged. He wished to be not only his own servant, but the servant of everybody as far as he could. He used to beg of my father and me to pray that he might become poorer than the poorest man we ever knew. He even once asked my father to pray that he might become so poor as to be compelled to *lie down and die in a ditch.* I never saw him out of heart or in the least discouraged, however difficult a case he might come across: he would generally say, 'We must go on, rejoice and thank God; it will all come right in the end.' One of his former high-up friends and he were walking by a lunatic asylum once, and his friend remarked that he should soon be fit for admission there. This he used to relate with as great glee as if he had received a first-rate compliment, perhaps greater. When he visited our house in the country once, he struck his head against a beam somewhere, and I was astonished at hearing him exclaim, 'Served me right.'"

Several dear friends die about this time, and the conflict between affection and religious detachment is beautifully pourtrayed in the yielding of the former to the latter by several remarks of his own and others, which we subjoin.

He hears of the death of Cardinal Weld about the beginning of the year 1837, and thus writes to Mr. Phillipps about it: "You have heard, of course, of Cardinal Weld's death. I have felt that it is to me like the loss of a father almost; for he treated me as a child, as no doubt he did a great many more. But we must not give way to sorrows, for we have enough to do with our feelings in the battle against present evils, without wasting them on evils which are irremediable." The next death he heard of was that of the Honourable George Quin, a nephew of his, and he wrote to Mr. Phillipps: "That is another warning to us to pray better for the remainder, when one of our four families is

carried off before the fruit of our prayers appears." Somewhere about this time Lord Lyttelton dies also, without having succeeded in the project he formed last year, nor did poor Father Spencer succeed much in bringing him over to his side. He always respected this good brother-in-law, and the feeling was returned. He felt greatly for his loss, as well as for the bereavement of his sister. To add to his trials, a change comes over the relations between him and his family. Hitherto it was stipulated that Father Spencer was to be always received as a welcome guest provided he never spoke on religious subjects. The Bishop thinks it, as of course it was, unfair to place restrictions upon him, and not leave the matter to his own discretion. It was not quite becoming for a priest to pay visits, and keep his lips closed by contract on everything that was proper to his sacred character. On the other hand, the family did not like to have their agreeable parties disturbed by controversy, which was likely to draw out hotter words than was suitable to the state of things. Both sides had some kind of reason to show, and Father Spencer was placed between them. He communicated the decision of his bishop to the more influential members of the Spencer family, but he found they would not bend. He cheerfully gives up visiting, and even consoles some of his friends who manifest their concern that he should be debarred a pleasure so innocent and apparently so justifiable. How much he felt this, notwithstanding his cheerful resignation, may be seen from the following testimony, of one who knew him well, to the affection he had for Lady Lyttelton, his sister, who still survives :—

"In the year 1837 Mr. Mackey (Mrs. Mackey writes the letter) was engaged painting a picture for Father Ignatius, for his chapel at West Bromwich, and we saw a great deal of him. He was devotedly attached to his sister, Lady Lyttelton, and he often used to speak of her loving care of him when a boy ; and once, when I quoted those lines of Gray :—

" ' See the wretch that long was toss'd
On the stormy bed of pain,
At once regain his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.

The meanest note that swells the gale,
The simplest flower that scents the dale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise—'

he was much affected, and said he had not heard them since his sister, Lady Lyttelton, repeated them to him after recovering from an illness when he was young. There was, also, a song he sang occasionally at our house, because *she* liked it, and had taught it to him. He sang it with such feeling that it always moved me to tears, and as soon as I heard of his death I began to sing it, and it kept recurring to me all day. I seemed to rejoice for him in the song. These are the words: they are Moore's:—

"'The bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay:
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from ev'ry care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's nobler air,
To wing my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.'

He was always very much moved when speaking of Lady Lyttelton."

It was no small sacrifice to submit with cheerfulness to the circumstances which prevented him visiting this sister, now that she had become a widow and had need of a consoler to help herself and children to bear their affliction. He simply says: "I find all my crosses and vexations to be blessings; and directly I made the sacrifice of feeling to duty, God sent me the best set of catechumens I have had yet.

Among others, a man and wife who have been *male* and *female* preachers, among the Primitive Methodists, or Ranters."

His great friend and director, the Rev. Mr. Martyn, was the next of whose death he heard. This good and virtuous priest was more than a friend to Father Spencer. He served his novitiate to the work of the English mission, under his direction in Walsall, for three months before he came to West Bromwich. He had been his confessor and guide in all his practices of piety until now. He managed his affairs with as much interest as if they were his own; he was ever ready with his counsel and assistance, and seems to have taken the Dudley mission as soon as Father Spencer had built the church there. Father Spencer preached his funeral oration, and paid the last tribute of respect to his mortal remains in the very spot where he so often profited by his counsels. Here there was no cause of regret, except for the good priest's widowed flock, for his saintly life gave strong hopes of a blessed eternity.

It was said, in a former chapter, that he gave all his money to the Bishop, and had sums given him now and again, of which he returned an account at stated times, to see if the way in which he spent them would be approved of. It may be interesting to know how he kept these accounts. Fortunately a few leaves of the book in which they were noted have been found among his papers, and from them we make the following extract:—

1838.		£	s.	d.
Dec. 1.	Mrs. Nicholl's rent paid up to Nov. 12	1	0	0
	Advanced to Mr. Elves	0	10	0
	Mr. Davis, for a walk to Walsall	0	1	0
2.	Letter to Paris	0	1	5
3.	Omnibus to and from Birmingham	0	2	0
	Given to Bridget Cullinge	0	2	0
	Shoe-string	0	0	6
Mrs. Cooper.	Housekeeping	1	1	7
	Washing	0	5	8
	Postage	1	1	9½
	Watchman	0	0	9
	Mr. Elves	0	3	6

1838.		£	s.	d.
Dec. 3.	Betsy Hawkins, quarter's wages	0	15	0
	Mrs. Cooper, towards wages	5	0	0
	Advanced to Mr. Elves	5	0	0
4.	Mrs. Whelan	0	10	0
	John and Barney White, for a message	0	1	0
	Elizabeth Morley	0	1	0
5.	Armytage, 6*d.*; Mrs. Brown, 1*s.*	0	1	6
	Coals, paid Mr. Pearse	1	6	3
6.	P. O'Brien, 2*s.*; Peggy, 1*s.*	0	3	0
	Boy who brought horse	0	1	0
	Gordon, butcher's bill	5	19	0
	Sealing-wax	0	0	6
	Letter to Dr. Wiseman	0	2	3
7.	Mrs. Cottril, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Gale, 1*s.*	0	2	6
	Turnpike, 8*d.*; Chs. Gordon, 6*d.*	0	1	2
8.	Gig-whip, 2*s.* 6*d.*; turnpike, 8*d.*	0	3	2
	Morris, for Mrs. Callaghan's rent	0	15	0
	Shenton, for holding the mare	0	1	0
	Clothes-brush	0	2	6
9.	Conway, 7*s.* 6*d.*; school-window mended, 6*d.*	0	8	0
10.	Turnpike, 4*d.*; horse at Dudley, 6*s.*	0	6	4
	Hat at Domely's	1	1	0
	Mrs. Brown, tailor's	0	2	0
	Gloves	0	1	10
	Armytage, 6*d.*; lucifers, 2*d.*	0	0	8
11.	Stuff to make a collar, &c.	0	3	9
	Two dozen Douay Catechisms	0	4	0
	Carriage of parcel to Dr. Fletcher	0	1	2
12.	John Collinge, 1*s.*; P. O'Brien, 2*s.*	0	3	0
	Adv. to Mr. Elves	0	1	0
13.	Adv. to Mrs. Cooper, for wages	6	0	0
	Housekeeping	0	17	10
	Ribbon for stole	0	5	2
	Parcel, 8*s.* 2*d.*; postage, 3*s.* 8*d.*	0	11	10
	Washing, 4*s.* 9*d.*; Mr. Elves, 8*d.*	0	5	5

To this may be added, that on the credit side he puts his instalments from the Bishop, and every single penny he gets in the shape of offerings, seat-rents, alms, &c., &c. There have also remained, between some of the leaves of this account-book, a few little slips of paper, on which he pencilled whatever he paid or received when away from home, so as to be able to note it down when he came back. It

may be well to remark that the extract given above cannot be taken as an average of his expenditure, as December is a month when bills come in thicker than in other months of the year.

It will be remembered that this mode of managing his household affairs, was the result of the trial Father Spencer made of the vows of religion in his secular state, which has been alluded to in a former chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

It was in the year 1838 that he began the great work to which his life and energies were afterwards devoted—the moving of the Catholics everywhere to pray conjointly for the conversion of England. Before this time he and a few of his friends prayed privately, said or heard masses for this intention, and encouraged one another by letters and conversations to perseverance in so holy a practice. Now he went to work on a larger scale. How this change in the working of his zeal was brought about will be best seen from a letter he wrote to Dr. Briggs in November, 1838. Before, however, quoting it, it may be well to remark that the cause of his going to France with Mr. Phillipps was that he was breaking down in health, hard-worked by two laborious missions, for which he had no assistant since Mr. Martyn's death, and that his doctor advised change of air and rest. Here is the letter :—

"London, *Nov.* 5, 1838.

"My Dear Lord,—I hope I shall be doing right to explain to your lordship the real circumstances of the transaction which, you may perhaps have been told, has been adverted to in *The Times* newspaper of Nov. 3, and some other paper since; which states, from the *Gazette de France*, that I have been at Paris, with Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, busy in establishing an association of prayers for the conversion of England to the Roman faith. I am certainly ready to plead guilty on this charge; but I do not find cause to repent of it. However, a good thing may be done so out of place and out of time as to make it not worth much, and it may be necessary, therefore, that I should explain myself before I am approved of in what I have been

doing in Paris. In the first visit which I paid to the Archbishop on my arrival at Paris, I was saying, what I say continually, that what we want above all in England is good prayers; and that it would be a great benefit if the French would undertake to unite in prayer for us. I did not think of making any proposal for an actual arrangement of the kind till the Archbishop himself (then Monseigneur Quelin) encouraged, and almost obliged, me to do all I could by the zealous manner in which he took up the idea. He appointed that I should meet him after two days at St. Sulpice, where seventy or eighty of the clergy of Paris were to be assembled to offer him an address of thanks for a retreat which he had given them. After the business was concluded, he introduced me to them, and having explained how I came to be there, he proposed that they should undertake to pray for the conversion of England on every Thursday. The proposal was most favourably received, and I heard of its being acted upon by many offering their mass on the first Thursday. This encouraged me to go on. I obtained a circular letter of introduction to the superiors of religious houses, and visited about twenty of the principal. All of them undertook to offer their prayers as I asked them, and to write to their sister houses through France. The General of the Lazarists, and the Provincial of the Jesuits, undertook to recommend it to their brethren; but what I thought more satisfactory yet was, that all the Archbishops and bishops whom I could meet with in Paris promised to recommend the prayers in their dioceses and provinces; so that it appeared to me that there was reason to say that all France would soon be united in this prayer, and I trust other countries of Europe will follow their example. I remember, at the time when your lordship received me with much kindness at Halford House, on our speaking of the importance of prayers being regularly said for the conversion of England, and you told me of what had been done at Ushaw under your direction. I forget whether I said to you that I had then lately adopted the practice of offering my mass every Thursday regularly for that intention. I took this from the nuns of Mount Pavi-

lion, with whom I had become acquainted the summer before, but especially what they do on Thursday, when there is high mass and exposition all the day, and a solemn act of reparation for the outrages committed against the Divine Eucharist. It seemed to me that this was a devotion peculiarly suited to the object of obtaining from Almighty God graces for England, one of whose most crying sins is; *the blasphemy of the Blessed Sacrament authorized by law for three centuries.*

"I had only proposed the idea, however, to a few priests of my acquaintance, to unite in saying mass for England on that day, and was rather waiting for some plan to be suggested for a general union of prayers in England by some one of authority. But, as nothing had been done, and when I found myself engaged in this pursuit at Paris, it was necessary to propose something definite, I have nothing better than to request prayers from all the faithful for England, all days and at all times, but especially to offer mass on Thursday, if they be priests and at liberty, or communion, or assistance at mass, or visits to the Blessed Sacrament, or, in short, whatever they did for God, particularly on that day, for England's conversion.

"The manner in which this request was accepted by all the good people whom I saw was most consoling to me; and it appears to me that I am bound to make it known in England, to those whose judgment is most important, and whose approval would most powerfully recommend the Catholics in England to correspond with the zealous spirit exhibited in behalf of our country by France.

"It is not for me to suggest to your lordship what might be done. I only venture to hope that you may think this matter perhaps worthy of your attention, and will perhaps mention it to the clergy as occasion may present itself. I would add, that in France the superiors of several seminaries were most ready to undertake to recommend it to the students, and it pleased me particularly to interest those communities in behalf of England, because the devotion might so well spread in that way through all classes. Would your lordship think fit to mention the subject at Ushaw?

I have nowhere asked for any particular prayers to be said as that might be burdensome; but simply that this intention might be thought of at least, if nothing more was done in reference to it.

"I beg again to be excused for my boldness in thus addressing you, and am your lordship's

"Obedient humble servant,

"GEORGE SPENCER."

The passage he alludes to in *The Times* was as follows:—"The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, brother to the present Earl, who was converted from Protestantism to the Catholic faith some years ago, has lately been passing some time at Paris, with Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, a gentleman of distinction of Leicestershire, eldest son of the late member for the northern division of the county. They have been busily occupied there in establishing an association of prayers for the conversion of this country to the Roman faith. They have had several interviews with the Archbishop of Paris on this subject, who has ordered all the clergy to say special prayers for this object in the *memento*. A number of the religious communities in France have already begun to follow the same practice." This paragraph was taken up, of course, and commented upon by the second-rate papers. To be sure, the whole thing was magnified into nothing less than a grand stir for a Papal aggression, which, if it did not make the English shore glitter some day with French bayonets, was certain to cram every workshop and church with Jesuits in disguise.

The Bishops were all favourable to Father Spencer's zealous ideas; they gave him leave to speak on the subject with all the priests; they mentioned it in their pastorals: but they did not wish him to go too publicly to work, as they rather feared the spirit of the times, and did not know when another Gordon riot might arise and overthrow what they had been building up since the Emancipation. In the meantime, the work was progressing rapidly. A Dutch journal reached him which let him know that all the seminaries and convents in Holland had given their Thursday devotions for England. A good

priest wrote from Geneva to say that the programme should be widened, and that all heretics and separatists ought to be included as well as England. To this Father Spencer consented after some deliberation, and in the space of about six months all the Continent were sending up prayers for England's conversion. He makes speeches at formal dinners and public meetings, and always introduces this topic; whereupon the reporters conceive a terrible rage, and puff the matter into all the taverns and offices of London, Liverpool, and Manchester. Of course, all this is accompanied with gross misrepresentations and personal abuse. Of the former point he thus speaks in a letter:—"The misrepresentations, as far as I have seen them in the public papers, by which they have endeavoured to obstruct the proposed good, are so glaring that I think all thinking persons must be benefited by reading them." "My notion was to ignore the English public altogether, and go on with my work as if it did not exist." "The opposite papers have certainly helped me and well, in making the matter as public as I could wish, without a farthing's cost to me, and in a way in which I cannot be accused of being the immediate agent of its publicity, as it was put about as though to annoy me, but they are pleasing me without intending it." This was the good-humoured way in which he took all that was personal in the journalistic tirades. It gives one an idea both of his great zeal and the great virtue with which he accompanied it.

He now writes to the Irish Archbishops, and receives very encouraging answers. So much did they enter into his sentiments that, in a meeting of the Irish episcopate in Dublin, they gave his proposals a good share of their attention, and approved of them.

This he accounted great gain. It was the prayer of the martyr for his persecutor, of Stephen for Saul, and of Our Lord for the Jews. Poor Ireland had groaned and writhed in Saxon bondage for centuries. She saw her children scattered to the winds, or ground by famine and injustice beneath the feet of the destroyer; and, at the voice of a Saxon priest, she turned round, wiped the tear from her eye,

pitied the blindness of her oppressor, and offered up her sufferings to Heaven to plead for mercy for her persecutor. The cry was a solemn universal prayer, framed by her spiritual leaders, and carried to every fireside where the voice of the Church could drown the utterings of complaint. F. Spencer thought more of the prayers of the Irish than of all the Continent put together; these were good, but those were heroic. He began to love Ireland thenceforward with an ever-increasing love, and trusted chiefly to the faith and sanctity of her children for the fulfilment of his zealous intentions.

He pushed his exertions to Rome also, by writing to Dr. Wiseman, and asking him to see the devotion carried out in the Eternal City and the provinces. It met the same success as in France, Belgium, Holland, and Ireland. There is a letter extant which Dr. Wiseman wrote to F. Spencer about this time (it is dated Ash Wednesday, 1839), and it must be interesting, both for its intrinsic merit as well as the giving an evidence of the harmony of feeling and sentiment that bound the great cardinal and the zealous priest together since their first acquaintance until they both went, within a few months of each other, to enjoy the eternal reward of their labours in England and elsewhere, for God's glory:—

"Rome, *Ash Wednesday*, 1839.

"My Dear Friend,—I must not delay any longer answering your kind and interesting letter. Its subject is one which has long occupied my thoughts, though I never contemplated the possibility of enlisting foreign Churches in prayer for it, but turned my attention more to exciting a spirit of prayer among ourselves. I will enter on the matter in hand with the most insignificant part of it, that is, my own feelings and endeavours, because I think they may encourage you and suggest some thoughts upon the subject. In our conference this time last year, I spoke very strongly to the students upon the wants of England, and the necessity of a new system in many things. One of the points on which I insisted was the want of systematic prayer for the conversion of England, and, at the same time, of *reparation* for her defection. I observed that it is the only country

which has *persisted in* and *renewed*, in every generation, *formal acts of apostacy*, exacting from every sovereign, in the name of the nation, and from all that aspired to office or dignity, specific declarations of their holding Catholic truths to be superstitious and idolatrous. This, therefore, assumes the form of a national sin of blasphemy and heresy —not habitual, but actual; it is a bar to the Divine blessing, an obstacle of a positive nature to God's grace. It calls for contrary *acts*, as explicit and as formal, to remove its bad effects. Now what are the points on which this blasphemous repetition of national apostacy has fastened? They are chiefly two: Transubstantiation and the worship of the Blessed Virgin. These, consequently, are the points towards which the reparation and, for it, the devotion of Catholics should be directed in England. I therefore proposed, and have continued to inculcate this two-fold devotion, to our students on every occasion. I have for a year made it my daily prayer that I might be instrumental in bringing back devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, its daily celebration, frequent Communion, and *public* worship in England; and, at the same time, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, chiefly *through the propagation of the Rosary*. (My reasons for the choice of the Rosary I shall, perhaps, not be able to explain in this letter.) Allow me to mention, as I write to you, quite confidentially, that the idea struck me one afternoon that I happened to be alone in the Church of St. Eustachio, observing that the altar of the Blessed Sacrament was that of the Madonna; this led me to earnestly praying on the subject of uniting those two objects in a common devotion in England, and offering myself to promote it. Several things led me to feel strongly on the subject which, being trifles to others if not to myself, I omit. First, as to the Blessed Eucharist, my plan was different from yours in one respect, that, instead of fixing on one day, I proposed to engage priests to say mass for the conversion of England on different days, so that every day twenty or thirty masses might be said for its conversion, and in expiation to the Blessed Sacrament. At such a distance from the field of action, I could do but little; I therefore made the few priests who have left since last

year at this time put down their names for two days a month, for mass for these purposes, intending to fill up my list as I could. One of them, Mr. Abraham, writes that he observes his engagement most punctually. With all deference, I submit to you whether, while Thursday remains the day for general prayer, every priest (for I should think none would refuse) would choose a couple of days a month, or a day each week, for these purposes. In a sermon in the Gesù e Maria, last spring, I alluded to a hope I fondly cherished, that public reparation would before long be made in England to the Blessed Sacrament, and this brought me a letter from a devout lady, earnestly begging I would try to have something done in that way, and naming persons in England most anxious to cooperate in anything of the sort. My idea was borrowed from my excellent friend, Charles Weld, and consisted in *Quarant' Ore*, not confined to one town, but making the circuit of all England, so that by day and night the Adorable Sacrament might be worshipped through the year. I have proposed it to Lord Shrewsbury, for I think it should commence with the colleges, convents, gentlemen's chapels, and large towns, in which I trust each chapel would consent. As the Exposition at each place lasts two days, it would require 182 changes in the year, or, if each would take it twice a year, 91. There are about twenty-five religious communities and colleges; the chapels in large towns could afford to make up other twenty-five. I think that many pious people would like to have the *Exposition*, and gladly contribute the expense, and the *giro* might be published for the year in each directory. I must say I should set myself against the common practice of keeping the Blessed Sacrament in a *cupboard* in the vestry, without a light oven, and never having an act of adoration paid to it, except at mass. Security from sacrilege must be purchased, but not by a sort of sacrilege which it always looked to me; the faithful should be encouraged to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the day. Secondly, as to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I proposed the forming of Confraternities of the Rosary, and, while Saturday should be the general day for the devotion, I would have different congregations

fix on different days, so that each day the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin might be invoked upon us and upon our labours, and reparation be made to her for the outrages committed against her. I offered Mr. Oxley and Mr. Procter to write a little treatise on the Rosary, if they would disseminate it. *One* of my reasons for preferring the Rosary, both for myself and English Catholics, is what ordinarily forms an objection to it. Pride, when we come to pray, is our most dangerous enemy, and I think no better security can be given against it than to pray as the poor and ignorant do. Do we then *wish* that God should judge us by the standard of the wise who *know* their duty, or by that of the poor little ones? If by the latter, why spurn the prayers instituted for them, and say, 'We will not use them, but the prayers better suited to the learned.' The 'Our Father' was appointed and drawn up for men who said 'Lord, teach us how to pray.' It is a prayer for the ignorant, as is the Rosary. But more of this another time. It was my intention to have begun daily prayers for England last St. George's Day; I was prevented from drawing them up, but hope to begin this year. In the meantime, I took out of our archives a printed paper, of which I enclose a copy, showing that prayers for the conversion of England, &c., have in former times occupied the attention of our college, which blessed beads, &c., for the purpose of encouraging them, and that the Holy See conferred ample spiritual privileges upon the practice. You will see how the Rosary is particularly privileged. This paper, through Giustiniani, I laid before the Congregation of Indulgences to get them renewed for prayers for England, and was told that it would be better to draw up something new, suited to present times, when Indulgences would be granted. So far as to my views and ideas before your better ones reached me, and I willingly resign all my views and intentions in favour of yours. Now, as to what is doing here. On the Feast of St. Thomas we distributed to all the cardinals that came, a copy of your sermon received that morning, with a beautiful lithograph of St. Thomas, Cant., executed in the house at some of the students' expense, to propagate devotion to him.

Cardinal Orioli declared that he had for years made a *memento* for England in his mass, and Cardinal Giustiniani told me the other day that every Thursday he offers up mass for its conversion. There is a little religious weekly journal published here for distribution among the poor, and it has lately been in almost every number soliciting prayers for the same purpose. Its principal editor, an ex-Jesuit, Padre Basiaco, called on me the other evening, and told me, as a singular coincidence, that since he was in his noviciate he has made it a practice to pray on Thursday for that object. To show you to what an extent the pious custom is spreading, the Austrian Ambassador the other evening told me that his little boys (about seven and eight years old) prayed every Thursday morning for the conversion of England; and that having been asked by their mother on that day if he had prayed for it, one of the little fellows replied, 'No, mamma; it is not Thursday.' Surely God must intend to grant a mercy when He stirs up so many to pray for it, and that, too, persons having no connection with the object, except by zeal or charity. I am going, in a day or two, to concert with Pallotta the best means of propagating this devotion, both in communities and among the people. I perfectly approve of enlarging your original plan so as to embrace all that are in error. I am in favour of giving *expansion* to charities in any way, and *Catholicising* our feelings as much as our faith. We are too insular in England in religion as in social ideas. This was one of my reasons for wishing to have the *œuvre* unconnected with domestic purposes, which would, however, be benefited by the greater energy which the spirit of charity would receive by being extended. I am endeavouring to excite in the students as much as I can the missionary spirit; all the meditations are directed to this. By the missionary spirit I do not mean merely a parochial, but an apostolic spirit, where each one, besides his own especial flock, takes an interest in, and exerts himself for the benefit of the entire country, according to the gifts he has received. Remember me in your prayers, and believe me your sincere and affectionate friend,

"N. WISEMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

HIS LAST DAYS IN WEST BROMWICH.

THE account given of Father Spencer's zealous labours for the conversion of England would be incomplete if something were not added to show how he succeeded in bringing persons into the Church in the locality of which he had the spiritual charge. There is no record of the number he received, and only from stray notes, from various sources, can some instances of his way of working be given. He was not a great preacher, as all knew; but there was a peculiar spirit in what he said which seemed to impress his discourse upon the hearer as if it came not from himself. This want of human eloquence was a drawback to him, inasmuch as it was not likely to bring crowds to hear him. An anecdote or two will illustrate this. Once he was asked to preach in Manchester, and many Catholics who heard of it went, of course, to hear the convert who was talked and written about so much. Among the rest, one young man who had beforehand built castles in his own mind about the glowing eloquence he should hear. To his disappointment, the preacher was cold, dry, and tame. He was not too pleased, but some way or another every word took effect upon him, and he could not quit thinking of the sermon, and the peculiar way in which many things were said. The end of it was, that he became, some time after, a Passionist, and was one of those in whom Father Ignatius found great consolation, on account of the zeal he showed and continues still to show, in the pursuit of the darling objects of Father Ignatius's life. A lady was more pointed in her remarks. She went to hear him on some other great occasion, and she said:—"I saw him go into the pulpit; I heard him address

the people, and I was waiting all the time thinking when will he have done talking and begin to preach, until, to my surprise, I found what purported to be a sermon coming to a conclusion, yet I can remember to this day almost everything he said."

From the little weight Father Spencer laid upon human learning in the work of conversion, one would be tempted to suppose he undervalued what he did not possess. No greater mistake could be made. He was a Cambridge first-class man, and must therefore be a good mathematical and classical scholar. He spoke Italian and French almost without a grammatical fault, and conversed very well in German. He was well read in the English Protestant divines, and knew Catholic theology with accuracy, and to an extent which his academical course would not lead us to expect. It may be said that his youth and manhood were spent over the pages of the best English writers, and in the company often of the best living authors. Althorp and Spencer House were famous for their literary coteries, and the son of an earl who patronized men of talent, and gave unmistakable proofs of great talent himself, was not one to let such opportunities pass without profit.

He trusted little, however, to the sway of intellect, and put his hope in fervent petitions for divine grace. He told Dr Wiseman that he should apply his mind to something more practical than Syriac manuscripts, or treatises on geology, and that he would rather see him taken up with what suited a priest on the English mission as it then was. The rector, of course, took the rebuke as humility dictated; but we should certainly be sorry that he had not written his *Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*, and his *Lectures on the Eucharist*. Spencer, to be sure, was mistaken in this; but the idea gave a bent to his mind, which he could hardly be expected to change when hampered with the work of a parish.

They who knew him well can give testimony to his high attainments, and all who ever heard him speak of himself can bear a more ample testimony still to the very low opinion he had of his own acquirements. It is no wonder that he

wrote no books; the little he did publish in the way of newspaper letters and sermons during his last years in West Bromwich, did not produce much apparent effect. It is not our province to review these here, but it is well to say that the sermons rank far above his spoken ones in point of style and matter, especially the French sermon he preached in Dieppe in 1838.

The prayers, to which he chiefly trusted for the conversion of his countrymen, did not bring much evident gain. Others reaped what he sowed in this way, and he tells us in the Dieppe sermon that during a confirmation Dr. Walsh gave in that year he had 600 new converts to impose hands upon.

His field at this time was confined mostly to his conversation and example; to both of which his name and reputation added something in the eyes of the world. These gave him leave to speak at least, and procured him listeners where other priests would not obtain a hearing. And he had no small power in word and example, as all who knew him are aware, and a few incidents may serve to illustrate.

As to his conversation, its peculiar charm consisted in the importance of its drift, and the nice sweet humour by which he rendered it agreeable. Besides, it may be safely said, that there scarcely ever was a man so happy in his illustrations, or in the homely way in which he put an argument, or answered an objection. This last property can be seen from the following passage, which is quoted from one of his letters to a newspaper:—"I was once attacked by a stanch Church of England man, who had been an old sailor, and had lost an arm in the service, for what he thought was unworthy of my character and family, leaving my colours and changing sides. I answered him thus: Suppose you, my friend, had entered a ship bearing the King of England's flag and pennant, and gone out and fought many a battle against French cruisers, but then found out by chance that the captain of the ship was an outlawed pirate, who had no right to the colours which he wore, and was making you fight for himself, not for your king, would you let me call you a deserter if the next time you came within hail of a

true king's ship you jumped overboard and swam to her? The good sailor seemed to understand me, and said no more about leaving my colours."

It was remarked that very few ever went to speak with him in earnest about their soul with any kind of docility, whom he did not succeed in bringing into the Church. Then his example was a continual sermon. He preferred the poor, not as poor wretches on whom he thought it was heroic to spend a few kind words of mawkish pity, but, in order to make them feel as if they were his brothers and sisters. He would come into their hovels, sit down with them, and even take a cup of tea there, which he might have refused at a richer place. They represented to him the person of Jesus Christ, who said, "The poor you have always with you," as a substitute for Himself.

His patience was no less wonderful. One day he was walking with a sort of bag on his shoulder, when an insolent fellow came out before him and spat in his face. His housekeeper was with him, helping to carry some articles, for he was then going to say mass in one of the little places he had opened near Bromwich. She of course fired with indignation at once, and said: "You wicked man! how dare you spit in the face of Lord Spencer's son, and he such a good gentleman?" Mr. Spencer took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and only said to the housekeeper: "And how *dare* you be angry? I am proud of being treated as my dear Lord was;" and went on his way as if nothing had happened. He did not even allude to it again.

He was also very abstemious, and never took wine or spirits for a number of years; indeed, he may be said to have tasted none except as medicine since he became a Catholic, and for sometime before. His bishop told a very curious anecdote about this. Father Spencer took very little sleep, and in fact he so shortened his time of rest that often, when returning home from a sick call, he would be nodding asleep up the street, and walk like a man who had taken "a little more than was good for him." He was reported to the bishop as being seen in this state. The bishop was amused first, and then surprised; but when he found

out the cause, notwithstanding that he was edified, he made the good priest sleep a little longer every night. This only shows how captious were the people he had to deal with, and how easily they might have been scandalized. Yet he was venerated by all Catholics as a saint, and Protestants began to respect him after some time as a really good man, and a server of the Lord according to his conscience. The opinion of his sanctity was not merely superficial hearsay; his brother priests, who knew him most intimately, and were not the persons to take the appearance of holiness for the reality, are all of one opinion, that his life was the life of a great saint. A student writes to Father Spencer's assistant, Rev. Mr. Elves, in 1838, from Rome, in the following terms: "It must be a very great source of edification to you to be the companion of Mr. Spencer, and I well know he has got in you a friend willing and ready to imitate his holy example. I am sorry that illness obliges him to retire from you for the present, but it will be a consolation for you to think that he has gone to gather more strength for the contest. Many a time I have dwelt with delight on the idea of being at some future period his fellow missioner, for I feel it would be a source of zeal and fervour to me to live with such a person, and I hope and pray God my wishes may be fulfilled, and that I may have such a companion, or rather such a director, during the first years of my missionary career." This letter must have been an answer to the account the priest sent his young friend of the holiness of his companion.

Again, Father Spencer never heeded what we call the public, as he said himself he wished to ignore its existence; and strange enough by that very means he gained its esteem. This is best illustrated by what happened on his return from France, in '38. He saw the clergy there of course go about in their soutanes and full ecclesiastical costume; and he did not see why he might not do the same. He ignored the public, put on his cassock, and went in full priestly costume everywhere. He went to towns, into trains and omnibuses, walks the streets, and he gives the result in a letter to a friend thus: "This has not procured me one

disrespectful word, which is worthy of remark here, for I do not think I ever passed two or three weeks in this place without being hooted after by boys or men somewhere."

Thus we have the servant following his Master, drinking in insults as sweet draughts in silence and humility; and when he was supposed to be ground to the very earth by ignominy, gaining a respect, a love, and a reputation that is as fresh to-day in his old parish among not only those who knew him but their children who heard of him. Yes, this day, more than 25 years in distance of time, he is, if possible, more venerated and more regretted than the day he resigned the pastoral charge of West Bromwich.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER SPENCER COMES TO OSCOTT.

THE Bishop, Dr. Walsh, calls Mr. Spencer to Oscott College towards the end of April or perhaps in the beginning of May, 1839. The object of this change was, to give him the spiritual care of the students, in order that he might shape their characters, and infuse into them that apostolic spirit of which he had already given such proofs. Here is one other instance of the true way to real distinction in greatness in the Catholic Church, lying through the road humility and its concomitant virtues points out. Father Spencer sought to be unknown; he petitioned for the poorest and the most unprovided mission. In his little parish he found his earthly paradise, and the toils and troubles he went through, to make his practice keep pace with his fervour, formed the links of his happiness. He prayed, he lectured, he heard confessions; he sought the stragglers in their haunts of idleness; he had no idea of extending his sphere of action beyond the limits of his mission, and, he even made the half of that over to another, that his working could be the more effectual as its space was narrowed. Every plan he devised for doing good on a large scale was fated to become abortive. His natural means of influence he had cast aside; he gave up writing in newspapers, and let dogs bark at him without stooping to notice them; his high connections were virtually sundered when he gave up paying visits to his family; his property he divested himself of altogether, and grieved that the steward who was appointed to look after him took too much care of him, and did not let him feel what it was to be poor indeed. Here then is the young nobleman transformed into the

priest, and stripped of everything, which priests who were not noble often pursue as necessary for their position; ay, thoroughly shorn to the bare condition of a priest. He was a priest and nothing more, and that is saying a great deal. If priests were always mere priests they would always be great saints. But when a priest dips his sacred character into worldly pursuits, riches, human aims and ways; when that sublime dignity he has received is trampled upon by his own self, and is saturated in the deep dye of worldliness, he ceases to be great, inasmuch as he ceases to be a priest in sentiment and action. It is often supposed that a priest has to do many things in consideration of "his cloth." Many actions that humility dictates are considered *infra dig.* It would be so, for instance, to carry one's own bundle, polish one's shoes, allow a navvy to spit in one's face, or a ragamuffin to tear one's coat, without handing him over to the police. St. Francis Xavier did not think it *infra dig.* to wash his own shirt, and Father Spencer was very much of that saint's way of thinking on this and kindred points.

When, however, he had arrived at the lowest depth of humiliation he could possibly reach, like his Divine Master, he began to shine forth and to move the whole world. We have traced above how this change came about. He used to speak to every one, merely as agreeable matter of hopeful conversation, about the conversion of England, and get them also to pray for it. His crusade was quite accidental as far as his own preconceived notions were concerned. He went to France with Mr. Phillipps, much against his will, and found himself all of a sudden launched into the great work of his life, by the encouraging words of French prelates. He was not the man to lose an opportunity of doing good through lack of energy or fear of opposition. He could brave everything for God's glory. If there was anything that helped him best in his work, it was the opposition he encountered. He knew that, and therefore every new stroke levelled against him from friends or foes was a fresh impetus to new exertions. Hence he is now the correspondent of the heads of the Catholic Church at home

and on the continent; all the religious orders have heard of him and his zeal for England; seculars have heard; priests, nuns, monks, all chime in with his notions; many because they were glad to have the opportunity, many because they did not wish to be behind their neighbours, and all because it was a good, holy, and laudable thing to pray for the conversion of heretics.

He says little about his property or what is being done with it in any of the letters that remain after him; but a bishop in whose diocese he lived has told us something. Mr. Spencer had from his father's will and testament £3,600 in some funds, besides an annuity of £300 for life, to which £300 were added *ad beneplacitum dantis.* His moderate way of living took very little from this sum every year, so all the remainder, with the interest of some years, was at the bishop's disposal. Two missions, Dudley and West Bromwich, were founded by him with this property, at least for the greater part; and the ground upon which the present college of Oscott stands was bought chiefly with what Father Spencer gave the bishop. He gave a pension to his old housekeeper, which she still receives, and whilst his property was thus doing good for others and the Church, he would not travel in a first-class carriage on the railway, and often walked from Oscott to Birmingham, in order to be able to give the fare for his journey to some persons along the way.

He had done more than this: he was in close correspondence with Dr. Gentili and Father Dominic. He paved their way, and worked upon the opinions of many whose influence was required for their introduction into England. Dr. Gentili was a personal friend of his, and so was Father Dominic; but Father Spencer thought the claims of the former somewhat stronger for reasons which can only be surmised. Mrs. Caming, his cousin, to whose letters we owe a great deal of the information we are able to glean concerning their transactions, was the great advocate of the Passsionists. She so pressed the matter upon him that he gets rather impatient, and tells her to mind her prayers and leave these things to others. Our Fathers agreed in General

Chapter, in 1839, to send a colony to England; but as there was no provision made nor opening offered, for some years more this decision, was not carried into effect. The Passionists refer their coming to England, under God, to Cardinal Wiseman, acknowledging at the same time that Father Spencer did something towards the work. He also had a good deal to do with the coming of the Trappists to Loughborough, near Mr. Phillipps's. In all these three events he works in his own quiet way, beneath the surface, writing and advising, and doing what lay in his power consistent with other duties.

He keeps up correspondence by letter with some of his old friends at college, and with one or two of the Tractarians, Mr. Palmer, the author of the "Church of Christ," among the number. An old friend of his writes to him from among the Irvingites, and Father Spencer writes to another in these terms:—"The supposed miraculous voice, to which that party (the Irvingites) attend, has named 12 men as Apostles, who expect shortly to be endued with miraculous powers to enable them to restore the Church in its perfect beauty. Drummond the banker is one. Spencer Percival, and my great friend Henry Bridgman, Lord Bradford's brother, others." It is not a little strange that this Mr. Bridgman comes into the journal of Father Ignatius's Cambridge life very frequently, and mostly in the character of a Mentor.

Father Ignatius never gained much from correspondence, sought on his part, with leading men in the great religious movements of the period. But whenever others sought his advice, they generally became Catholics. They were disposed for truth, and he could remove objections, tell them of books, and pray for them. He broke off this kind of unasked-for correspondence at this time, but he resumed it again on a different footing, as shall be related in its place.

He had another means of doing good now, which could not come into his line while simple pastor of a country district. The college of Oscott was a place worth seeing, if not as a specimen of architecture, at least as being the stronghold of Catholicism, and the centre of a great deal of

intellectual and moral training. Many of his great friends, who could not hitherto devise any plausible plea for visiting him in his retirement, could find one immediately now, from the place he dwelt in as well as the position he there held. His name was also noised abroad, and persons would feel some curiosity for the acquaintance of one who was moving heaven and earth for their conversion. Accordingly, we find that he entertains his two brothers, the then earl and his successor, on one day; Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone on another day, and so forth. Thus, that particular power he possessed in his conversation had a field upon which it could be brought into requisition, in a manner which former arrangements had debarred to him.

Several of the sermons he preached were published and distributed. There was no faculty of his, natural or supernatural, no good deed he was capable of doing, that did not come into play far better by his late transfer to Oscott. He was also practised in the drudgery of a missionary priest—that sphere of action which fills up a priest's ordinary life; and he was able from experience to teach others, not only how to prepare themselves, but how to succeed with profit to themselves and others in this work. He had also peculiar advantages here; he could give the young ecclesiastics not only the abstract rules for missionary labour, but a taste and relish for it, for very seldom can one succeed well if his tastes run counter to his duties. He did this by continuing in Oscott his old parish work; he visited the sick, brought them the sacraments; he gave a portion of every day to his favourite work, and by the incidents he came across, and the results of his labours, he raised up the young gentlemen's notions to the looking upon that as the poetic side of their ministry which is generally supposed to be the most prosaic. This is a great secret in the training of young men; to tell them best is best, and prove it to them, will convince them of course; but it will not lead them; there must be some grace, some romantic aspect put upon the thing, and then it entices them of itself. This was Father Spencer's secret, and, indeed, it might be said that it was his rule. He writes in a letter now, that he condemns asperity in controversy,

and that civility and good breeding, with pity and love, is the way to confound opponents; and that he would rather see a clever argument unanswered than met with pungency and acrimony. This might be quarrelled with, for in war all things are lawful; but the real state of opinion to which he came on these matters; was, that opponents were surer to be conquered by being enticed than driven. Let the Catholic religion but be seen in its native beauty, and thousands will be led to examine it.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME OF HIS DOINGS IN OSCOTT COLLEGE.

FATHER SPENCER'S way of training young men has been already hinted at. He carried it out while he remained in his new office; he would go heartily into all their sports, make up their matches for cricket, and even give the younger ones instructions in the art. They had all a high opinion of his sanctity, and therefore the keeping of their juvenile spirits in order was not always a difficult matter. Oscott contained at the time 140 students, 30 only of whom were ecclesiastics. Among the lay students, who are mostly younger than the others, and have a notion too that because they do not intend to be priests they are not obliged to be so guarded as the rest, there were several who were not very manageable. One day a class he had in hand were rather uproarious; he quietly advised them to come to better sentiments; his words were, however, lost, and the noise was not abated. He remonstrated again, but all to no purpose. At length he got a hearing, and said: "Since I cannot correct you, and do not wish to chastise you, I shall pray to God to chastise you Himself." This, said in his sad mood, had such an effect upon the boys that it was never forgotten, and he never had the least difficulty with his class again.

On another occasion he did something in execution of his duty, which gave great offence to one of the young men. This young man grossly insulted him, in words that shocked all who were within hearing, and particularly reflected on the Father's character as a gentleman and a man of honour. The insult must have been the more galling as the person who was guilty of it was by birth and education in the position of a gentleman. One calm and placid look was the

only answer from Father Spencer, which reminded many present of our Lord's look at Peter after his denial. For this anecdote and the next we are indebted to the Right Rev. Dr. Amherst.

"When he (Father Spencer) was a superior at Oscott, I had the good fortune to be under him. He frequently visited me and several of my companions in our rooms, where he would talk with greatest earnestness of the conversion of England, of the sanctification of the priesthood, and of the entire devotedness which should characterize a priest. Sometimes his visits took place late at night after we were gone to bed, when, if we were not asleep, he would sit upon a chair, a table, or the edge of the bed, and speak of his favourite themes for an hour. Once I remember awaking in the morning, after one of these visits, and expecting to find the father still seated on my bed, not perceiving that the night had passed. He had, no doubt, found that I had gone asleep, and went away quietly."

Another time one of the students, a young man about 17, who is now a zealous priest in the English Mission, happened to be out shooting somewhere. He took a shot at a blackbird, and some poor old woman was within range, and received a shot just over the eye. She cried out that she was shot, and one may imagine the embarrassment of the young student. She recovered, however; but in a year or two after the occurrence, a quack doctor applied some remedies to a new swelling in the eye, and swelling and remedies resulted in her death. There was an inquest held in Birmingham, to which the student was summoned. Whilst awaiting the day, the poor fellow was in very low spirits, as might be expected. Father Spencer went to his room to console him, and said that he had no reason to be cast down, that it was quite accidental, and permitted by God as a trial, with a great deal more. It was of little use, the poor student said, "but they might transport me." "Beautiful, beautiful," exclaimed the good Father; "fine field for the exercise of apostolic zeal among the poor convicts." "But then they might even hang me," rejoined the student. "Glorious sacrifice," said Father Spencer; "you

can offer your life, though innocent in this case, in satisfaction for your other sins." Well, the student, though he thought the sentiments very high for his grade of spirituality, did not fail to profit by them, and tells the story to this day with a great deal of interest. Thus did Father Spencer work among the students, a model in all virtues, and so sweet and holy in his manner that his words went to the very heart with effect.

This was how he went on in the ordinary routine of the work allotted to him; but his zeal could not be bounded by such a sphere, he had tried what expansion could do, and he sought by grand schemes to get other ways of doing good. His great notion was "perfection for all." "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," was ever ringing in his ears, and he desired to see that great counsel of our Divine Lord acted upon with more earnestness. He would do *his* share; he had long been living like a religious, and practising the three evangelical counsels with success. He wanted now to extend the same rule to others. Of course, he did not find many to adopt his notions, but lest priests might be considered to assume too much in condemning his plans, he was advised to put his ideas on paper, and send them to Rome. He did so, and the answer of the Roman Censor was unfavourable. This was a heavy blow, but he submitted at once, and thanked God he had superiors who could find out his faults, and knew how to correct him without human respect. We have reason to suppose this censor was no other than Dr. Wiseman, for he and Father Spencer differed a little about the introduction of religious orders into England. Father Spencer said his hope was not in religious orders, but in secular priests living the lives of religious. This was why he took no leading part in bringing Passionists or others into his country; he had a great opinion of their holiness, and wished to see them working for the conversion of England, but rather at a distance than in the field.

To add to his crosses, Dr. Baines published a pastoral towards the end of the year 1839, in which he gave no hopes of the conversion of England, and prohibited public

prayers being made for that end. This was a terrible blow to poor Father Spencer; he wrote as if he did not well understand what he had to say, and the thing looked to him so uncalled-for and so uncharitable, that he was unable to explain himself. He was, however, pleased to find out afterwards that this very opposition gave new strength to the cause.

In a sermon which Father Spencer preached in Manchester, in May, 1839, he used some expressions that gave offence to Catholic principles. The drift of the discourse is that Catholics and Protestants should sacrifice everything except truth itself for peace sake. In bringing this principle into application, he says the Catholics should offer themselves open to conviction, and be ready to lay down their belief, if it could be proved not true. He uses the following words:—"The truth of my faith as a Christian and a Catholic is, to my mind, a certainty, because I have evidence that it was taught by God, who cannot deceive nor be deceived. Will that evidence be weakened by fresh examination and discussion? and do I anyways make an unholy or a perilous concession, when I declare myself ready to renounce my belief, if it were sufficiently shown to me that the evidences on which I believe it to be divine are wrong? I embraced and hold it now, because the evidence of its truth, was, and is to my mind unanswerable. I show no doubting of its truth, but, on the contrary, I declare how little doubt I have of its truth, when I profess myself with all my heart willing to renounce it if proved not true, and to embrace any form of doctrine which shall be presented in its place on sufficient grounds of credibility. This is the spirit in which I wish all Catholics would offer themselves to discussion with our Protestant brethren."

If he meant this as a bold assertion of the certainty with which he held the Catholic faith, and would offer these terms because convinced of the utter impossibility of proving him to be wrong, it might be barely tolerated. It is a form of speech that has sometimes been used by controversialists—Maguire, for instance—but it has none the less been always considered rash. That this was the sense in which

Father Spencer used it, is abundantly evident from other parts of the sermon. However, the proposition that a Catholic and a Protestant may meet on equal terms to discuss their tenets, each open to conviction by the other's arguments, is simply erroneous and scandalous, to say nothing more. We cannot do such a thing without denying the very basis of our faith. Our faith is not opinion, nor is it certainty simply. It is something more. It is a divine virtue infused into our souls, whereby we believe certain things. We must use reason to come to the evidence of faith, but faith once obtained must never be left at the mercy of the fickleness and weakness of any individual's understanding or power of argument.

To lay down the proposition we animadvert on, would be equivalent to denying the objectivity of faith altogether. Whether a Catholic reasons well or ill, answers arguments or is confounded, his faith is the same; it is not his faith simply, but the faith of the Catholic Church, the faith given by God, which no man can add to or take from. Nay, the very putting of oneself in the position here mentioned is a real tempting God, if not undermining faith itself, by laying it open to the possibility of doubt. There is no use in deceiving Protestants, therefore, by apparent concessions like the rash offer which we said might be tolerated. It is impossible; our terms are fixed, and we are fixed in them, so that it is merely an exaggeration, in its mildest form. When, therefore, Father Spencer lays it down thus, and says that it is the spirit in which he would wish all Catholics to discuss, he may be fairly taxed with the second interpretation. Whether or no, it was wrong to preach it to all Catholics. Fancy a poor woman, who could scarcely read, entering into a discussion with an educated Protestant on these terms. He was of course called to order for this sermon, but his Catholic spirit was his safeguard. He first wondered how he had been wrong, but even laymen point out his mistake to him, and a word from the Bishop is enough to make him retract. Thus he soon found out the keenness of Catholic instinct to anything coming from a priest that even grazes the brink of error.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME EVENTS OF INTEREST.

In the year 1840 Father Spencer had the happiness of hearing that his great friend, Dr. Wiseman, was consecrated bishop, and was coming from Rome to be coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, and take up his residence in the very College of Oscott where he himself was. Another event occurred, of no less interest. One of his brother priests, Dr. Wareing, was consecrated Bishop of Ariopolis, and Vicar-Apostolic of a new district, the Eastern district in England. Father Spencer preached the consecration sermon; and these two additional bishops in England raised his hopes of the spread of the Catholic faith. It may not be out of place to insert a sentence or two from a letter this venerable bishop, who has retired from his pastoral duties in consequence of ill health for some time past, has written to one of our fathers.

"On many occasions, while at Oscott College, the Superior, and myself among the rest, often thought his zeal too unbounded and rather imprudent, and could not sanction some of his projects and undertakings. Though it cost him much, he always obeyed, and used to pray that Heaven would direct his superiors, whose direction he never refused to obey. I believe he never wished for anything but the will of God, and waited patiently for its accomplishment. I remember also on one occasion hearing him say, 'How *beautiful* it would be *to die in a ditch, unseen* and *unknown*.'* These were his very words; and I was forcibly struck when I

* This was his continual aspiration. He wished to die like his Lord, deprived of human aid and sympathy.

heard of the exact circumstances of his holy death, to see how his wish and prayer were granted to him."

He receives news in the beginning of the year 1841 of six nuns having bound themselves by vow to pray for the conversion of England. But a more beautiful and consolatory piece of information still was, that a French missioner had formed an association in Persia of prayers for the same object. He goes to London and preaches in several churches, among others, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, of course about the conversion of England, for he scarcely ever preached a sermon in which he did not introduce this topic; nay, he never held a half-hour's conversation without introducing it.

It was about this time, too, that he came across Mr. Pugin the elder. His first meeting was rather characteristic of both. Father Spencer had preached a sermon somewhere on the conversion of England, and he gave benediction after it. Pugin came into the sacristy. The famous Goth saw Father Spencer in a Roman cope, and he comes up to him in a kind of nettlesome mood, saying, "What! convert England with such a cope as that?" Father Spencer says in a letter written at this time, "I am not possessed with the enthusiastic zeal for correct forms (Gothic) which some are. It is not my special calling . . . . . Mr. Pugin is the authority to which I would defer in these matters." The only other opinion of Pugin's he records in his letters, is that he said to Father Spencer one time, "It is absurd to expect to get anything for one's works from booksellers or publishers."

Another event that gave him joy, and afterwards a good deal of sorrow, was the conversion of a well-known clergyman. This remarkable convert lived some time in Oscott after his conversion. Father Spencer took him with him sometimes on his parish duties, and had great hopes of him. These were all disappointed when, in a couple of years, he went back again after being ordained priest and having said mass. Father Ignatius often spoke of him, often visited him, and asked others to pray for him. He used to tell us one curious anecdote about him. Shortly after his apostasy,

he was invited to a tea-party where Evangelical ladies assembled to congratulate themselves, and sip their tea with new relish by having it sugared with some telling remarks of the lately-rescued slave from Popery. He was put several questions, such as "What do you think of Transubstantiation?" He answered, "Oh, that's as plain as possible in the Bible," and so forth. They were, of course, egregiously disappointed. Father Ignatius used to lament with peculiar anguish over this sad case. He always hoped for his return to the Catholic faith, and, strange enough, one of the first pieces of news in the way of conversion which we heard after Father Ignatius's death, was his return to the faith he had deserted.

In the middle of the year 1842, he visits Ireland for the first time; he preaches in several places, in Dublin; especially for the Jesuits, in Gardiner Street; the Franciscans, Merchant's Quay. All, of course, about the conversion of England. He says: "My argument was, that the Irish having been specially victims of oppression under England, if I could gain the Irish to pray for England, prayers springing from such charity would be irresistible." He made a kind of a tour through Ireland, and got as far as Tuam. He feared the Archbishop of Tuam, knowing his opposition to England, and his detestation of English rule. For that very reason Father Spencer was the more anxious to convert him, or make him return good for evil. What was his surprise when he found the Archbishop not only kind and Irish in his hospitality, but really favourable to his projects. His grace got Father Spencer to preach, and promised him that he would give the substance of the same sermon to his people in their own sweet ancient tongue on the next Sunday. He was so enchanted at this, that he wrote off almost to every friend he had in the world about it. Though he often felt afterwards the powerful blows Dr. McHale delivered at England's doings, he never could forget his kind reception of himself, and always mentioned his grace's name with gratitude and reverence, only wishing that he would not be so hard on England.

The next event he writes about was the arrival in England

of Father Dominic of the Mother of God (Passionist), and his staying at Oscott for some time in order to learn English and wait for an opening in Aston to begin the first retreat of the English province. Before we quote his account of Father Dominic, it may be well to give a rather characteristic remark of his which occurs in the letter to Mrs. Canning, who was a great promoter, in the letter-writing way, of Father Dominic's coming. He says, "Your accounts of yourself are always interesting, as they must be in all cases where a person knows how to delineate accurately his own interior; for, in seeing the picture of another well drawn, we always may discern little touches of our own portraiture which had before perhaps escaped us, and that gives all the pleasure of sympathy, which is one of the realest pleasures."

Further on in the same letter he writes :—

"Padre Domenico has had his cross to bear with us, all this time; it is not like what usually makes crosses for people. He mourns over having plenty to eat, having windows which keep the weather out, having chairs to sit *on*, and tables to sit *at*, and longs to be in his house, which I suppose will not have much of all this to trouble him. I have to try to console him now and then, which I do by telling him that I never hear of anything brought about in our ecclesiastical arrangements without long delay, and yet all comes right at last, with patience. I tell him also that he must have known enough of the deliberativeness with which things of the kind are settled by the known slowness of all things at Rome. However, why should you have to bear this burden with us? You will, I hope, be consoled before long by hearing that they are settled, and going on, and have first a chair, then a table, then a kettle, and likely to have a smoke-jack, toasting-fork, and such like in due course, and, what will be not less interesting in its way, having good novices, and plenty of converts."

The next thing he speaks about is not one event, but a series, though all only items in a great result for which he continually prayed and laboured—the conversions, which multiplied every day. In 1843 he says that converts are

received in Birmingham at the rate of one a day, and many more elsewhere. He also mentions with great satisfaction that within the last year, 1842, three Anglican clergymen, four Oxford students, two countesses, and two earls' daughters had become converts. Although Father Spencer mentions these particularly, it is not to undervalue conversions from an humbler grade of life he does it. The soul of the beggar is as precious in the eyes of God, *apud quem non est acceptatio personarum*, as the soul of the king. Father Spencer did not undervalue the conversions of the middle and lower classes; on the contrary, he worked hard to get as many as possible from them. He had always notions of a great move towards Catholicity, and he thought that if the higher ranks took the lead in this, the others would follow.

In 1844, he mentions his going to Nottingham with a large party, among whom is Mr. Ward, "one of the most advanced Oxford clergy. Oh! that he would come a little further, but at present he seems to have no thoughts of it. God knows whether he may not soon get a little help onwards. Make a good prayer for this." Mr. Ward did get certainly onwards. Here and there we find sighs escape him about his beloved people of Northampton and Brington. He did assuredly love his native place intensely, and it must have been a trial to his feelings that he could do nothing externally towards alleviating its spiritual destitution.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS TOUR ON THE CONTINENT IN 1844.

In 1844 he became so nervous and weak that he was forbidden exertion of any kind; his ailment is manifest in his tremulous handwriting. On medical advice, he takes a tour on the Continent with Mr. and Mrs. Phillipps and their children. His account of this tour is preserved in a Journal, and we think it well to give it entire, without any compression.

On Wednesday, July 3rd, 1844, I set off from Grace Dieu Manor for a tour on the Continent with my dear friend, Ambrose Phillipps, his wife, his two eldest boys, Ambrose and Edward, and John Squires, his servant. He took his carriage, in which he and his family sat on the railway from Loughborough to London, while I went in a second-class carriage. We arrived at the Burlington Hotel, and dined about 7 o'clock. Afterwards we went out different ways. I called at Dr. Griffiths, but he was not at home. I had tea with Dr. Maguire, whom I found at home; we had an hour's talk, about the Oxford men principally. Got home about 10.

Thursday, July 4.—Went with the Phillippses to Father Lythgoe's, in Bolton Street, where I said mass, and breakfasted at 10. I went to see Dr. Chambers, in Brook Street, being ordered by Dr. Wiseman to consult him as to the propriety of taking a long tour, as is proposed by Phillipps. Dr. Chambers recognized me at once, as I used in 1824 or 1825 to follow his visits to the patients in St. George's Hospital, with a view to learn medicine. He judged it quite necessary that I should have at least three months' absence from work, and approved of my travelling with

moderate exertion. So I am fixed at last to set off. God knows how I shall go through. The present plan is to go through Belgium, to Munich, the Tyrol, Venice, Milan, Turin, Lyons, Paris, and home; and my purpose is to get prayers for England's conversion, and to see men rather than places and things. After Dr. Chambers, I went to the Bank, to get my letter of credit, then to Buckingham Palace, to see my sister. After I had waited a half-hour she returned from her drive, and took me to her nursery apartments at the top of the house. I had my first glance at Prince Albert, going out to ride with Colonel Bouverie. From Sarah, I went to Lyttelton's house, 39, Grosvenor Place, where I found Caroline Lyttelton was expected home in an hour, and so I went on to call on Sisk, who was out, and I came back and saw Lyttelton, with whom I went in his carriage towards the House of Lords, and was set down in St. James's Street. On the table in Grosvenor Place I saw what I was 21 years ago, in a miniature painted by Ross—a blooming rosy youth. I did not believe it till Caroline told me. I came to dine with Sarah at 8, and staid till 10. Our conversation was most interesting, about the Queen and the children, and the great people from abroad, &c., whom she saw; above all, the Czar and the Duke of Wellington. She set me down at our hotel at 10½, after calling at Neville Grenville's, where I saw Lady Charlotte and a large family.

Friday, July 5th.—Mass and breakfast as yesterday. About 11 started for Dover, in the same order as from Loughborough; arrived at 5. I went to call on Mr. Savage, the priest, my old companion at Rome. He does not seem a movement man. He came to tea with us.

Saturday, July 6th.—As the packet was to start at 7, I missed saying mass. As it happened, we had to wait on board till 9 for the mail. We had intended to cross to Ostend, but Phillipps, getting afraid of the long crossing for sickness, so we all agreed to prefer the shorter-by-half passage to Calais. We had a good passage, but we all were miserable; the two boys were very sick. However, as the French boatmen assured us, the tread of the dry land of

France worked wonders to cure us all. We went to Dessin's Hotel. I was full well reminded of September, 1819, my first landing in France, and of divers other epochs, Sept. 1820, Nov. 1820, and Feb. 1830. Before dinner we went to the church to give thanks, and commend our future to God. I asked *le Suisse de l'Eglise* (the verger) to pray for England. Nothing else done at Calais. We started in the afternoon for S. Omer, which we reached late. The country we passed was very fertile; for the first time I have seen cultivation which struck me as superior to English; the state of the people is manifestly more happy and prosperous. After tea I went to the Grand Vicaire, M. Dumez, to ask leave for mass, &c. I had forgotten to get credentials from Dr. Wiseman, and so he hesitated, but gave the *celebret*. I went on, though tired, to M. Durier, Curé de Notre Dame, who received me most cordially, and on my stating my errand, pressed me to preach at the high mass on the morrow. I hesitated, but he came with me to our hotel, and Phillipps joined in pressing it, and so I wrote a quarter of an hour's worth before going to bed, hoping I was not out of rule, but doubting.

Sunday, July 7.—Said mass at Notre Dame, a fine Gothic church; went home to breakfast, and back to high mass at 9½. After the Gospel, M. Durier first read the *annonces*, the Epistle, and the Gospel, and introduced my object to the people. Then I went into the pulpit, and made my address without any difficulty. He then rose opposite to me, and pledged himself and his flock to pray for England. After mass, I went a round of the convents of the town with an old man sent from one of them with me. The convents which promised their prayers were the following:—

Les Ursulines, 37 nuns; 300 scholars.

Les Sœurs Hospitalières de S. Louis.

L'Hospice de S. Jean, served by nuns.

L'Hôpital Général des enfants trouvés, &c.

Les Religieuses de la Sainte famille.

Le Couvent du Saint Sacrement, where are only 3 nuns, the Superioress an Englishwoman, who observed that

in her profession, when prostrate—a time when it is said the chosen prayer is sure to be granted—the first thing she asked was England's conversion.

Les Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes. The Superior promised to recommend the prayers to his brethren of 30 houses in this district, who meet in August for a retreat.

We proceeded at 3 to Lille, stopping at the exit from St. Omer to see the ruined Abbaye de St. Bertin. We stopped at Cassel, a place on the top of a mountain commanding a grand prospect over a vast plain richly wooded and cultivated. The maître d'hôtel wanted us sadly to stay, but we went on, after a walk to the top of the mount, and to the church. We came late to Lille, and not finding room at l'Hôtel de l'Europe, we put up at l'Hôtel de Gand, not a very nice one, in the Grande Place.

Monday, July 8. — I first went to the Church of St. Catherine, to see Abbé Bernard, my friend, introduced by Mrs. Canning. He was gone, yesterday, to Paris. I then went to Rue Royale, No. 61, memorable for ever as the direction to which my letters from Brington to Miss Dolling were addressed. M. Friot Chombard, who lives there, was also absent from Lille. I then went to the Church of St. Étienne, where the Grand Doyen lived; and, having seen him, I said mass. I then called on him in his house, and obtained his promise to advocate the cause of England. After breakfast, I went to the Church of St. Maurice, which is called the Cathedral. It is the first I have seen with four aisles. I saw nothing more in Lille; we left it about 12, and reached Tournay about 2. I went at once to the Évêché, where I found the Bishop's Secretary, who took me to a great convent of nuns, which the Bishop has founded, and is building this house for. It is to contain sixty nuns, and a great number of *pensionnaires*. I was presented to his lordship in the garden, and obtained a full promise of his patronage of the cause of England. I came back to dine at the Hotel (du Singe d'Or); to my surprise and pleasure, Talbot came in with Phillipps, who had met him in the Cathedral. After dinner, he and I took a

carriage and went to see the Passionists au Château d'Ere, about three miles off. Le Père Pierre, Superior of the house, received us with all kindness. He has three companions priests, and three brothers. They were building a church of good size, and seem to prosper; but he complains that no postulants come; they have received not one cleric yet. He thinks they fear the bare feet. He came back with us to Tournay, to see Phillipps. Soon after, we started on our way to Brussels; still by post horses, as all the way from Calais. We stopped at Alte to sleep. The hotel was one of the most agreeable and cheapest, though small.

Tuesday, July 9. — There are two churches at Alte. I went to St. Julien's, and said mass. Afterwards I introduced Phillipps and Madame to the Doyen, M. Picquart, who was most pleasing and full of knowledge, and promised all for England. We here had a contest with John, which threatened his being sent home, but he came round before the day was out. We started at 10 for Brussels. The country not equal to France. We came to the Hôtel de Belle Vue, in the Place Royale. Having engaged a suite of rooms, we sat down at once at the *table d'hôte*. After it, I went to seek for the Abbé Donnet, to whom I had a note from Seager. He was out. I then went to Ste. Gudule, the cathedral, and saw the Vicaire, a Dutch priest, with whom I settled to say mass to-morrow. Then I took a *vigilante* (*i.e.* a cab) to the College de St. Michel, of the Jesuits, where I saw the Second Superior. Then to the Redemptorists, where the Superior took up the cause warmly. Home to tea.

Wednesday, July 10. — Went at 7 to Abbé Donnet; then to mass at Ste. Gudule. At 9, Abbé (Chanoine) Donnet called, and, after an hour's talk about Oxford, took us to Monsignor Pacci, the Pope's Nuncio, Archbishop of Damietta. He is a most holy-looking man; conversed with us most kindly; knew much about the Oxford people; promised his help. I then let the Phillippses go their way, intending to make a day of canvassing convents. But M. Donnet took me only to three, and then had to go his way at 12. The three were:—

Sœurs de Notre Dame, Rue de l'Étoile, 14 nuns.

Pauvres Claires, Rue de Manige, Maison Mère à Bruges, 13 nuns.

Couvent de Bellaymont. Chanoinesses Régulières de St. Augustin. Unique Maison.

After this, I went to Ste. Gudule, and met Phillipps, with whom I went to the Jardin Botanique, and to the hospital for old men. It is a grand establishment, by private charity. It contains 700 old men, of whom 100 pay for themselves; the rest are kept free, and with wonderful regard to their comforts. I called on a curé close by, thinking to get the prayers of these *vielliards;* but he took me for a begging priest, and turned me out of doors. *Deo gratias.* Thence to the Musée, a collection of pictures, which hardly paid the trouble of looking at. After dinner at the *table d'hôte*, we took a carriage to go to Jette St. Pierre, to meet the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur there. On the way we saw an interesting church; outside was a tomb of Madame Malibren. At Jette, Madame de Wall, my friend of 1832 at Bordeaux, introduced us to the Cardinal. This was a consolation indeed. He undertook to recommend England to all the Bishops of Belgium, invited me to their meeting on the 29th July, and promised that all their priests and convents should engage in the cause. This is a noble convent. Madame de Wall said they prayed for England every half-hour in the day.

Thursday, July 11. — Said mass at St. Jacques, in the Place Royale. Went to Malines by the *chemin du fer*, Phillipps in the carriage on a truck, I in a *char-à-banc.* Arrived at l'Hôtel de la Grue just in time for the *table d'hôte*, on which I only remark the immense length of time taken to dine. After it, we went to the Petit Séminaire, where we were warmly greeted by the Abbé Bonquéan, our friend of Oscott and Grace Dieu. He took us about to a few places; and at 5 to the Salut, at the Cathedral; after which he introduced Miss Young, the convert, sister to Isabella. She went with us to Hanicq's, the printer's, and to a fine old church, &c. I visited no convents, reserving this for my return. Opposite our hotel, the grand

Théâtre des Lapons forced itself to be noticed till late at night.

Friday, July 12. — After mass and breakfast, we went to visit the Cardinal Archbishop, who graciously gave me a paper of testimonial, which will, I hope, save some trouble. His countenance and manner are highly prepossessing. At 12 we started for Antwerp, by railway, leaving the carriage at the station at Malines. We arrived at the Hôtel St. Antoine, just in time for the *table d'hôte* at 2. There I met Mr. Blore, with his daughter, now grown a fine young woman. After dinner, to the Cathedral. I need not speak of the glorious tower, 466 feet high. What attracted our attention most was the wonderfully beautiful restoration of the stalls in oak carved work; 40,000 francs have been spent in this already, and not half the stalls are finished, and this actually in process of work is more pleasing to see than the most beautiful morsels of ancient work, for the promise it gives of better days. The pulpit is a mass of exquisite carving, in a style seemingly favourite in this part of Belgium. The most beautiful we saw was at Brussels, Ste. Gudule, where, below the preacher, are seen Adam and Eve banished from Paradise; and above, the head of the serpent, who winds round the pulpit, crushed by Mary. The same style of carving is around the pulpit at Malines, Louvain, &c., but is seen no more at Liége. After seeing the cathedral, we went to the Musée, containing first-rate specimens of Rubens, citizen of Antwerp; as also of Van Dyke and Quintin Matsys, of whom there is an excellent picture of the Descent from the Cross. Finding myself near the College of the Jesuits, I went in and saw the Rector, who took up our cause zealously. He walked home with me to see Phillipps, and they soon got intimate.

Saturday, July 13. — After mass in the cathedral, we went, by last night's appointment, to visit the Superior of the Jesuits, who showed us his house. Then, Phillipps going to see some churches, &c., I went with a lay brother, given me for guide by the Superior, to visit convents.

We called at the following :—

Coletines, près la Porte Rouge ..... 28 nuns

Dames de l'Instruction Chrétienne.....	17	nuns
Sœurs de Notre Dame	20	„
Sœurs Grises	34	„
Sœurs Noires	49	„
Apostolines, in two houses	67	„
Sœurs de Charité.....	12	„
Béguinage (that is, a collection of houses, in which Sisters live under a Superioress, not bound by vows for life)	54	„

Except the latter, where I was referred to the Director, who was not so attentive, all received the proposal warmly. The brother was my interpreter with many who did not know French. At 1 we got home, and I took the Phillippses to the curé of the cathedral, who introduced to us M. Durlet, the young architect, who, with a partner at Louvain, is doing the beautiful work in the choir. We went into the cathedral again, and I was prevented going to two remaining convents, but the curé promised to do it for me. M. Durlet came to dine with us at the *table d'hôte*. I just called at l'Hôtel du Park, to see Miss Dalton, who is ill there. Mr. Turpin and Mr. Crowe, two Lancashire priests, are with her. The former accosted me in the cathedral. We set off then to Malines by the railway; there met Abbé Bonquéan; had tea, and went on to Louvain. We got in late, in heavy rain; Phillipps had to walk from the railway a mile in the rain. I went first to the Hôtel de Suide, where I found Dr. Ullathorne and Mr. Hansom, his architect.

7th Sunday af. Pent. July 14.—I had my palpitation worse than ever to-day. I wish to attribute it to my two days' abstinence, and not to my walking after convents. It went off after breakfast. I said mass at the Cathedral St. Pierre. High mass at 10. It was one of extreme opposition to plain chant, with drums and orchestra. In this church remember the beautiful tabernacle, a stone pinnacle, on the Gospel side of the altar. There was no *prône*, and a second high mass immediately after. The Hôtel de Ville is a famous piece of Gothic, not so admirable to my view as

that at Brussels, which is much larger, not so highly wrought, and has a beautiful spire. After dinner, at 1, with Dr. Ullathorne, and at the *table-d'hôte*, we went to see M. and Madame de Coux. We got into interesting talk with him on matters religious, ecclesiastical, and political. He is a professor of political economy, a Frenchman, brought up in England under old Dr. Woods. We went on till after 5, and so missed the *salut*, sermon, and procession at the church. He took us to the University, where we saw Abbé Malou, who claimed me as an old acquaintance, one of the three at the Collegio Nobile whom I knew at Rome. He is Professor of Dogmatic Theology, most learned, high bred, and amiable. M. Bonquéan came kindly to meet us from Malines, and was with us till 6. After having spent nearly an hour with M. Malou, who showed us the library (10,000 vols.) of which he is keeper, we went to tea with M. de Coux, and came home at 9½.

Monday, July 15. St. Swithin.—Mass at St. Pierre, for the Feast *de Divisione Apostolorum*. After breakfast I went again to M. de Coux, who took me to see a M. Mühler, whom he recommended as tutor to John Beaumont. At 12, railway to Liége. Dined at 5, at l'Hôtel de France. At 6, *salut* at St. Denys. Before dinner I went to the Redemptorists, but found Père Van Held and Deschamps out of town. The Bishop also away. We went at 7 a walk to a bookseller's, from which I went in quest of the Grand Vicaire. I met an old priest in the street, Abbé Marsomme, who took me to M. Jacquenot, the second Grand Vicaire, and then walked home and took tea with us. These two promised to spread prayer for England through Liége. I wrote to Mrs. Beaumont before bed.

Tuesday, July 16. Our Lady of Mount Carmel.—Mass at St. Denys, where is a beautiful piece of old oak carving. Phillippses received communion. After breakfast, at 9, we went to high mass at the cathedral. It was solemn plain chant. The church has many stained-glass windows, like those of Ste. Gudule, Brussels, of 1550, much gone off from the older time. The pulpit is new carved oak, with a beautiful tower with pinnacles above, a great improvement on

the carved pulpit above named, though not so costly perhaps. The church is much debased, as usual, in other parts. We met Chanoine Erroye, who took us to the other great church, St. Jacques, which rivals or surpasses the cathedral. The ceiling coloured, though like the cathedral. They are doing a great deal to restore this church. The Doyen was there overlooking the work. The stained glass was much better than at Brussels, but not the best (date 1527); not so far down hill. The Chanoine then took us to the Abbé Marsomme, who is Director of an hospice with 19 nuns, taking care of 180 old women, beautifully kept. The Quarant' Ore was being celebrated in this church. It is kept up in Liége all the year round, and comes four times to each church. We then went with the Chanoine Erroye to the Grand Séminaire. The library is beautiful. There are here 120 students; and at the Petit Séminaire, 360. They go through nine courses at the Petit, and three at the Grand, so that 40 are sent on the mission every year, and 40 more come on below. Came home to *table d'hôte* at 1. After it we made an attempt to go to Angleur, 3 miles off, where Mrs. Ambrose's father, Hon. Thomas Clifford, who died at Liége in 1817, is buried. We were stopped by mud and rain, and came back, seeing the church of Ste. Croix, which was not very remarkable (*Mem.* a dog carrying the keys as porter), and St. Martin, a fine church of second rate, but famous as the place where, at one of the side altars, the feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated for the first time, owing to the inspirations received by a nun called Sœur Julienne. The 6th Centenary will be held in 1846. We met a young, amiable-looking priest in the church. He promised to think of England at the altar, in the special mass of the Blessed Sacrament, which is celebrated at it every Thursday, whatever feast may interpose. It was heavy rain, and we came home to *salut* at St. Denys, and thence to the hotel. I wrote up a good deal of this journal.

Wednesday, July 17. St. Osmond.—We took a stouter equipage, and got to Angleur early. I said mass, and the Phillippses communicated over the place of her father's repose. The boys served the mass. The Curé, Matthias Jn. Convardy, who remembered Mr. Clifford while himself quite

young, gave us breakfast after, very kindly. All these priests were warm for England. We returned to Liége, and I went to the banker; then home to dinner at 1. Then went off by railway to Aix-la-Chapelle. It passes through beautiful romantic scenery. There is no railway with so many tunnels in the distance. I got into conversation with a party of Oxonians going to spend the long vacation at Baden. One of them, Mr. G. F. Brown, of Trinity, was full of information, and quite moving on, a great friend of W. Palmer, of Magdalen. He promised to visit Oscott. We came to the Hôtel Nuelleus, a very grand one. I went to the Chief Canon, the Grand Vicaire being gone to Cologne, and got leave for mass to-morrow. We are now in Prussia, and all on a sudden all German—hardly a word of French spoken. We had tea, and I finished my Journal up, in my room, after saying matins.

Thursday, July 18.—I went to the cathedral, and after mass, saw the wonderful relics which are preserved in the sacristy of the cathedral. This cathedral consists of a round Byzantine building, which was built by Charlemagne as the chapel to his palace; and a high Gothic choir, which was added to it after the palace had been burnt down. A young priest showed the relics; he is always in waiting for the purpose, except for the time of high mass and office. The great relics—viz., the dress of the Blessed Virgin, the clothes which our Lord had on Him on the cross, and the cloth into which John Baptist's head fell—are kept in a magnificent chest, which is shown, but is only opened every seven years, and when a crowned head comes. The next time is July 10, 1846. Above this chest is one containing the bones of Charlemagne, whose skull and spine-bone, and even hunting-horn, are shown in separate reliquaries. His crown and sword are at Vienna. Here is shown also the girdle of our Lord, of leather, with Constantine's seal upon it; the rope with which he was tied to the pillar; the girdle of Our Lady; and many other glorious relics less important. The interior of the doors enfolding these treasures is lined most beautifully with paintings of Albert Durer, and many admirable Byzantine paintings.

These relics were principally given to Charlemagne by the Caliph, Haroun Alraschid. The cases were gifts of several emperors, &c., as Lothaire, Charles V., Philip II. They were preserved in the French Revolution by a priest, who conveyed them to Paderborn and hid them. After breakfast I returned to the cathedral with Phillipps for high mass, which was in solemn plain chant, and then saw the relics again at 11½, after going to the Palais de Justice. At 12 I got a little dinner, and went by the railway to Gand, parting from the Phillippses, please God, for a fortnight only. I went to bed at the Hôtel de Flandre, leaving no luggage —all left at Malines.

Friday, July 19.—Went to the cathedral to say mass. My morning was taken up with going to the railway about my poor luggage, which at last I saw, and visiting the Provincial of the Jesuits, to see about my retreat. I dined at the hotel. The cathedral is a most beautiful specimen of the Greek fittings in a Gothic church. I did not stop to have the finest pictures uncovered, for I had my business to see after. Two other beautiful churches, St. Nicholas and St. Michael. No signs here of Gothic restorations. At 3 I went with the Provincial to Franchismes, where they have bought an ancient Prémontré Abbey, which does not preserve much of the abbey still, except some corridors, once, as it seems, cloisters. It is, however, a beautiful establishment for its end. I saw and spoke to two English and one Irish novice, of course about England. I went back to Gand; and there Père Coultins, by desire of the Provincial, went with me to the Recollets, a reform of the Franciscans; their chief house is at St. Froud. Then to the Pauvres Claires; and then to one of the two Béguinages. Here are establishments, in one of which 800, and in the other 300, *quasi* nuns live in a cluster of separate houses.

Their origin is immemorial. They are bound by vows of obedience and chastity, not poverty, for the time that they remain. Hardly ever does one return to the world. The Père Coultins promised to visit for me the other convents of the town. This is what I could do for Ghent. At 6, I started by railway to Louvain, where I was received as an

old acquaintance at the Hôtel de Suide. The Provincial sends me here for my retreat. In the train to Malines, I had Mr. Maude and Mr. Perry. Finished Journal, and to bed at near 12.

Saturday, July 20.—After mass at the cathedral, and breakfast, I went to the Seminary of the Jesuits, with a letter from the Provincial to Père Rosa, the rector. He introduced me to Père Vanderghote, who is to direct my retreat, and left me with him. We went to walk about the town, called on M. Malou, who undertook to translate a prayer from Dr. Wiseman's prayers for England, into French. I called on Mr. De Coux, and at 1 dined with these two fathers, and we went into the garden. I then wrote to Dr. Wiseman, Phillipps, and M. Bonquéan, and at ¼ to 5 began my retreat for eight days please God, till the end of which my present journal intermits. *Orate pro me omnes qui diligitis Deum.*

Monday, July 29.—I rose this morning out of my retreat, hoping that by the help of Almighty God I may preserve some of its fruit durably. I said mass once more at 7½ in the private chapel, then after a conversation with my kind Father Vanderghote, I went to the College du Saint Esprit, where I saw M. Malou, and then went into the hall, where theses were defended by a young priest called Bacten, and then degrees conferred, and a discourse in Latin pronounced by Abbé Malou. The Nuncio and the Bishop of Amiens were there, with many others. At 2 I dined with M. Malou. The chief guests were the Grand Vicaire de Bruges, a monseigneur, and Abbé Marais, of the Sorbonne; much conversation was on England, and some good interest excited. I went again to see Père Rosa, and Vanderghote, and at 6½ was on the railway to Malines with a multitude of priests. I went to the Petit Séminaire, and supped, and M. Bonquéan walked with me to the Grue.

Tuesday, July 30.—Said mass at the cathedral, and then at 8 went to the Archbishop's palace, where, with much trouble, I got at the Chanoine's private secretary, who introduced me to the Cardinal and his five suffragan Belgian

Bishops of Bruges, Tournay, Gand, Namur, and Liége, sitting after breakfast. I sat down, and in a short conversation a great deal seemed to be done for the cause. I was desired to draw up documents with M. Bonquéan to-day, and to dine with the prelates at 1 to-morrow, to hear their conclusion. *Laus Deo semper.* At 10½ I went to M. Bonquéan, where I found two young Oxford men, whom I afterwards found were Christie of Oriel and his brother. They went with M. Bonquéan and me on all our rounds to the convents of the town to-day. At 12 I dined at the Petit Séminaire, then, with M. Bonquéan and M. Vandervelde, who was very zealous for England, I began to prepare for to-morrow; at 4½ the Christies came, and we walked till 7. The convents which we went to, and which all promised, and (except one which was cold) all with great warmth, were:—

Les Sœurs Hospitalières de Ste. Elisabeth...	21	nuns.
Les Marie Colæ	17	,,
Sœurs de Charité, not St. Vincent's, but a house under the direction of the Grand Séminaire	23	,,
Sœurs de Notre Dame, Abbé Bonquéan is Director here; we saw an interesting English novice, and stayed some time	30	,,
Les Sœurs Apostolines.....	24	,,
Les Pauvres Claires, not so zealous.....	25	,,

Lastly, we visited a new house and institute called Frères de la Miséricorde, lately founded by a canon of the cathedral, by name Scheppers. There are now 27 brothers, of whom 25 are on their mission, which is to enter, several together, the prisons of the country, and devote themselves to the spiritual and bodily care and cure of the prisoners. The Government favours them remarkably; it seems a most notable institution, and the founder was a most interesting man. He promised warmly to engage all his brethren. At 7⅓ I went to the station, and met Elwes, on his way home from Kissengen. I brought him up, and we had supper at the Grue. I went to bed after a good bit of work to be got up, office, Journal, account, &c.

Wednesday, July 31. St. Ignatius.—Elwes and I said mass at the cathedral. From 10 till near 1 he and I were both at work copying an address for the Bishops, of which I thought to give each a copy. At one I went to dine at the Cardinal's. There were there six Bishops and the Nuncio, and many of the chief clergy. I sat next to Mgr. de Namur; afterwards I took an hour's walk in the garden, and at 4 attended the meeting of the Bishops, who came to a happy resolution of granting an indulgence of 40 days for every mass, every communion, even hearing mass, or saying it with a memento for England, and reciting a prayer which they determined on. The Cardinal was full of noble kindness. This grant was more than I had proposed in my paper, and so my morning's work and Elwes's was useless in a very agreeable way. I went to the Grue and found M. Bonquéan and the Christies with Elwes. In packing up I found my passport was lost, and went off, therefore, uncertain whether I could pass the frontier without writing for one to Brussels. The Christies travelled with me. I had some interesting conversation with each about their position in the Church of England. They took it with great gentleness, and answered well. They seem not to have thought of coming over, and yet to be in good disposition to do what they shall see right. We met very agreeably with the very priest of whom we have heard so much, who learnt English to instruct a lady in his parish near Bruges, whose daughter was already a convert, and writes letters to Dr. Wiseman for publication in England (Miss Heron). We became great friends, and he, with another young priest, his neighbour, who are taking a little tour together, came with us to the Aigle Noir, nearer the Redemptorists than l'Hôtel de France. We were very nearly upset in the omnibus, as we came up from the station; it was overloaded with luggage, and struck the wheels on the right in the sand, having got off the paving. We got out, unhurt, into another omnibus passing by; supper, and to bed.

Thursday, August 1.—Said mass at the Redemptorists. Le Père Van Held invited us all to breakfast, *i.e.*, the Christies

and the priests, our new friends. I met there the Bishop's secretary, who gave me a letter to the Governor of Liége, Baron Van der Stein, who, happily, was come this morning into town, and gave me my passport. I then went on with my *vigilante* to see the Miss Nicholls, who have been living two years at the Benedictine convent, Quai d'Avroy. I met them last at Boulogne, in 1838. They promised to be busy in getting prayers. I then visited the Jesuits' College, and Abbé Marsomme. Dined at 1 at the *table d'hôte* with the Christies, whom Père Van Held had sent about sight-seeing with one of his priests. At 2.45 we took the convoy to Cologne, which we reached duly at 9¼, and went to the Hôtel du Douane, Gasthof zum Kölner Dom, close to the cathedral; we took a walk round the cathedral by moonlight after supper.

Friday, August 2.—I went to say mass in the cathedral, which we then looked round. It gives a melancholy spectacle of what miserable times have been gone through while it remained thus unfinished so long; but it is a consolation to see the glorious restoration now going on. The most beautiful points of the decoration of the choir are the fresco paintings above the pillars, and the rich gilded diapering on the lower part of them round the choir, in which one column alone is finished; and beautiful figures under canopies on each column, half-way to the top. The building is surrounded with great masses of stones for the completing of it. It is expected that it will be finished, fit for consecration, in four years, but not quite complete till twenty years hence, please God, if we have peace. After breakfast we went to call on Professor Michel, at the Seminary. He could not come with us. We saw the Jesuits' church, and returned to assist at part of a requiem mass at the cathedral, the anniversary of the Archbishop Ferdinand. I spoke to the Vicar-General about England, then went home, wrote to M. Malou, dined alone; and at 1 set off by a steamboat on the Rhine for Koenigswinter, parting from the Christies in the boat. I had nothing very remarkable in the passage; reached Koenigswinter at 5. I took up my lodgings at the Hôtel de Berlin, where the Phillippses had been for twelve days.

They came in from a ride in the mountains about 6, and we went to tea with Count and Countess Kurtzrock. He is Mrs. Ambrose's second cousin. Their daughter Marié and her governess gave us music.

Saturday, August 3.—Said mass at the little church at Sta. Maria. The altar with altar-cloth only over the altar stone. The rest of the altar was brown wood. We breakfasted with Mrs. P.'s aunt, La Baronne de Veich, whom they are visiting. She lives in a small house with two nieces, Antoinette and Fanny Lutzou. At 10 we went across the Rhine to Gothsburg, a watering-place, where Mrs. Amherst and daughter have been staying; but they are gone to Italy. We walked up to a castle battered into ruin in the Thirty Years' war, overhanging the town. The little church half-way up the hill is a bad specimen of taste enough inside. We came back to dinner at the Baroness's at 2. I went home for two hours, then walked with Phillipps and Tony, as they call Antoinette, to see a house which she is undertaking to form into an asylum for old poor women; back to tea, and home to the hotel at 9.

Sunday, August 4. 10th after Pentecost, here marked 9th.—I heard mass at 7 with the famous Kirchen Gesang, of whom I heard from Dr. Sweers while translating Overbury's Life. All the people sang German hymns through the whole mass with wonderful unison. After it I said mass. At 10 was the high mass, *i.e.*, another mass with Kirchen Gesang, rather more solemn; and a sermon. I came home then and wrote a letter to the Vicar-General at Cologne. I received from M. Bonquéan my book of papers pro Anglia, which I had left at Malines. At 1, dinner. Professor Schutz, of the University of Bonn, came to dine. We saw him off at 3, and then found that some one must go to Bonn to get money from the bank; so I took the charge, that I might see Bonn. I crossed the Rhine in a boat, and met an omnibus which took me on the road I travelled in 1820. The cathedral at Bonn, called the Münster, is of a style older than Gothic, but not quite Byzantine, something like our Saxon churches. The choir is elevated high above the nave, which sinks below the level outside, or the outside

must have risen. Some arches are Gothic. The University is a large building, what would be called Grecian. In front of it is a handsome promenade or park. At 7½ I called a second time at Professor Schutz's house, and found him with M. Marais, of the Sorbonne. He gave me coffee, &c. His rooms are full of curiosities from Palestine and Egypt. In 1819, 1820, and 1821, he was travelling, commissioned by Government, a literary journey through Egypt, Abyssinia, &c. He is Professor of Scripture, a great Orientalist, a friend of Dr. Wiseman's. We spoke about Humanarianism and Overbury, and the Paris University, &c. I went out and met my omnibus at a ¼ to 9, crossed the Rhine, and got home at 10.

Monday, August 5. Sta. Maria ad Nives.—Mass at 7½; at 9 we went to a high mass de requiem. They always sing one for every person who dies; and when the family can afford it, bread is given to the poor, as was done to-day. I stayed at home nearly till one, then dinner at la Baronne's. Mr. Ambrose was not there, having had a fall yesterday, and taking rest for precaution. After dinner, looked over the Life of Napoleon in German; came home till I went to tea. The Count and Countess Kurtzrock and daughters came. The Countess promised to be an associate for England, and to spread it at Hamburg, where they live.

Friday, August 6th.—Mass at 6. I started at 7.30 by a steamer for Mayence. We passed Coblentz (lat. *confluentia*), at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, at 1, and then dined (*table d'hôte*) on deck. We made agreeable acquaintance with two priests, M. Bandry, Chanoine of Cologne, and M. Steigmeier, a P.P. in the Black Forest. The first went off at Coblentz, the second spoke only Latin; both were highly interested for England. I was busy a good deal with reading German, with a dictionary. The weather was beautiful till about 6, when suddenly a terrible squall of wind, and thunder and lightning came on. The steamer was driven aground on a sand-bank, and seemed likely to capsize with the wind and waves. Terrible fright and crying among ladies and children. We seemed to think little of the rain and lightning which gleamed on every side

of us. It was very frightful; at least, it appeared so, and I saw what a warning was given here to be ready at a moment. No great preparation, I found, would be likely to be made in a time like that. It brought on me a palpitation which lasted till morning. We got off after ten minutes, as the storm blew over, and got to the Hôtel du Rhine at Mayence (Mainz) about 9. My greatest alarm since Messina.

Wednesday, Aug. 7. San. Gaetano. Remembered Affi, 1820.—Said mass at the cathedral. This is a venerable old church, St. Boniface's see. It is something like our Norman style of architecture; at the west end is a remarkable baptistery, with a high vaulted roof now opening to the church. There are many fine monuments, and many more of the worst style; fauns and dragons supporting archbishops, &c. They showed us a holy-water stoup, where Gustavus Adolphus, having ridden into the church, made his horse drink! Near the church is a statue of Güttenburg, the first printer, claimed as a citizen of Mainz; bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen. We had not time to see more. I was not disposed, with my palpitation just subsiding, to go after the Archbishop or others. We started past for Manheim; on the way we looked at the torn-down cathedral of Worms, in a later style than Mayence, and very venerable. This place was famous in the contests between Charles V. and Luther. We dined at Manheim, then took the railway to Heidelberg, where we put up at the Badische Hof. We saw nothing at Manheim but the appearance of the town, which is very handsome. A French gentleman whom I met in the town, Girardon, of Lyons, said the ducal palace was very grand.

Thursday, Aug. 8.—I went out at 9¼, having had rather a bad night, and said mass at the Jesuits' old church, which is now the only exclusively Catholic church in Heidelberg. The curé lives in an old college; the church was dreary and empty, and things seem to be at a low point. We went after breakfast in a carriage to the ruins of the castle, which are fine in their way, but not of the right style. Luther was fostered here by the Elector Palatine. It was burnt by

lightning in 1764. In the altar we saw the great tun, which is no wonder to my mind. At 11 we took the railway to Baden, through Carlsruhe. There we took a walk before dinner, saw the gaming-table, which is a famous occupation here; I never saw one before in a public saloon. I met Mr. Woollett, a Catholic of London, and his two daughters. He wants confession to an English priest, and I went with him to the convent of the Sepulchrines to see about it. They promised prayers for England. 12 nuns; the same order as New Hall; dinner at 5. Then we took a carriage to the ruins of the old castle, much grander than at Heidelberg. I did not venture to go up the castle, as I felt myself not fit. We came back to tea with Mrs. Craven, née La Ferronaye, wife of the English *Chargé d'affaires*, who is a convert. We met l'Abbé Martin de Nerlieu, curé de S. Jaques à Paris, and his vicaire, and Miss Jane Young. Home at 9½.

Friday, August 9.—I had to take a carriage and go at 6 o'clock to Lichtenthal, a mile or two from Baden, where the Herr Landherr is curé, and has power to give leave to hear confessions. There is a convent there of 18 nuns, Bernardines, who promised to pray for England. I returned and said mass at the convent in Baden, having first heard the confessions of Mr. Woollett and Miss Young's maid. I thought that night, as I lay in bed with my heart beating, that I must see a doctor to-day, and consult about the propriety of travelling; but the Phillippses both reasoned against this, and I saw it differently by daylight. We dined at the *table d'hôte* at 1, and then set off on our way towards Munich. We travelled to-day through the grand scenery of the Black Forest, and arrived at 9 at Neuenburg, where there was a very civil host, and a nice inn, though a second rate.

Saturday, August 10. St. Lawrence.—The first, I think, (no, except 1835), on which I have lost mass since my priesthood; but there was no Catholic church. We made a slow day's journey; we began badly by going the first stage to Wildbad, from which we returned nearly to Neuenburg, as it seemed on our road right. The reason was, as we

thought, that they directed us wrong yesterday, and sent us a longer road, whereas we should have got straight to Wildbad, without going to Neuenburg. We should have had a chapel at Wildbad, where a priest came during the season only. We got to Stuttgard at 5, and had a splendid dinner at the hotel. We met an old courier of Mr. Phillipps's, afterwards clerk at the Foreign Office, who lives here on a pension from England. He knew Cavani. He lives now at this hotel. Stuttgard seems an uninteresting place for a capital; has 4,000 inhabitants only. It is well to have seen it. We went on again in the evening to get to Göppingen, where we we were told there was a Catholic church, and we did not get to bed till 2; I fasting for to-morrow, and fearing a bad night.

Hôtel de la Poste, Sunday, Aug. 11.—I slept well, after all. I got up at 8, and we started directly in heavy rain for Gross Eplingen, two miles on our way, where the nearest Catholic church was. There was none in Göppingen. We arrived at the middle of the parochial mass. The Kirchen Gesangen are very impressive. After it I said mass, and after visiting the pastor, we went on to Ulm, which we reached at 5 about. Radhoff (Wheat) Hotel. Before dinner we went and spent a long time in the old cathedral, now a Lutheran church, and for that reason, however strangely, preserved wonderfully from spoiling. It was most magnificent; the aisles divided by most elegant pillars, a most glorious tabernacle, still standing, far surpassing Louvain. The old triptic, with a beautiful group in wood-carving, still over the altar; a beautiful pulpit in the style of the tabernacle; the screen was gone; and the stained glass preserved only in the choir and one or two more places; but so far, I thought it the richest I knew. It was wonderful how much better was the appearance of the church than if it had been in Catholic hands. After dinner was busy upstairs till 10½.

Monday, Aug. 12.—Got up at 5½; we were taken to the Catholic church, a poor thing, compared with the ancient one. I said mass there at 8; at 9½ we started for Augsburg. There was nothing remarkable on the way but the

excessive slowness of the Bavarian post-boys; they are remarkable, I believe, among the Germans. We dined about 5, at a small town called Tusmarchausan, a neat, clean, country town. Talked French with an old Italian who attends at the inn, and Latin with a Dominican priest, in a blue great-coat and Hessian boots. We set off again at 7, and reached Augsburg at 9½ or 10. Put up at the Three Moors,—Drei Mohren.

Tuesday, Aug. 13. — Went to say mass at the Church of St. Ulrick, at the altar of St. Afra, whose body was shown in a glass case over it, as it is within the octave of her feast. She was martyred at Augsburg, under Domitian. After breakfast, I went to the bank, then to the cathedral, where there was a high mass *de requiem*; then I went to seek the Chanoine Stadler, a great friend of the English. I first saw another canon, and the Dean, at the consistorium; spoke about England. I found Canon Stadler at a convent called *of the English nuns*, because founded by English 200 years ago; an examination of the girls under education was going on. The Regierung's President and other personages were there. I sat near the canon at this for half an hour; then went home to dinner. There came to dine a Scotch Kirk minister, who was at the convent which I visited, Mr. ———. He is almost a Catholic in doctrine, but is connected with the Apostolics in England, and so has, I think, no disposition to turn now. Canon Stadler came late to dinner, and persuaded me to put off our journey to Munich from the three to the seven o'clock train. He took us to the Church of the Holy Cross, to see the miraculous Host, which, in 1194, was stolen by a woman of Augsburg, taken home, and wrapped in wax. After five years, she confessed it, and brought it back. On opening the wax, the priest found the appearance changed into that of flesh and blood. It has been preserved ever since, and has been the means of many miracles. We saw it in an *ostensoire*, quite bright-red. The choir of the church is surrounded with pictures on the subject. We then went to the convent again, from whence the Scotch gentleman took me to the bishop, whom we found near the cathedral. He talked no French, and I

recommended England as I could in Latin. We went to the Canon Stadler's house, where the Phillippses were waiting; we parted from him, and came and had tea at the Hof, and then took railway to Munich. We reached the Bayerische Hof, Hôtel de Bavière, at 9¾. This is one of the largest hotels in Europe, they say.

Wednesday, Aug. 14. Vigil of the Assumption.—I said mass in the cathedral, which is near our hotel. It is a high, large building, but very much disfigured. We all stayed at home till 12; then Phillipps and I went to call on Dr. Döllinger, who was out. I had to dine alone, as it is reckoned wrong for a priest to *manger gras* on a fasting day in public. After dinner, we all went to see the new Church of St. Louis, decorated splendidly by the King. Then the Church of St. Blaise in the faubourg, also decorated by him, both built by the town. We thought them very beautiful, but decidedly falling short of the right mark in point of style. In Ludwig Church is a *chef d'œuvre* of Cornelius, "The Last Judgment." It is not to our taste, nor to the king's; for Cornelius went away to Berlin, disgusted with the king's not admiring it. Among other defects, there are no real altars, only portable stones to be let into scagliola altars, which in Ludwig Kirche are all exactly one like the other. At 7, I went to the Franciscan convent, to confess to Père Constantius. He introduced me to the Provincial and community at supper. I spoke of England in lame Latin. At supper, in the hotel, we were joined by Mr. Wake, son of the Rev. Mr. Wake, of Courtene Hall, who recognised me, after about seventeen years. He alarmed us with his idea that a war will break out between France and England about Pritchard. What a war would this be!

Thursday, Aug. 15. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—I had some difficulty in getting leave to hear the Phillippses' confessions, but I succeeded, and said mass at nine, during the high mass, with drums and all sort of music. We went again to mass at 11; then Phillipps and I went and found Döllinger, who came back and dined with us at the *table d'hôte*. Then we walked with him to see Mr. and Mrs. Phillipps. He is a Professor of law, son of an English-

man in Prussia. Then we went to see old Mr. Görres, one of the first minds in Germany. At 8, we went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Rio, the sister to Jones of Llanarth. We found there Mr. Dugdale, a northern English priest, and others. The conversation was very agreeable. Mrs. Rio is very infirm with sciatica, or settled pains like it.

Friday, Aug. 16.—Mass at the cathedral at 11. We went with Mr. Dugdale to the Pinacotheke, a grand building of this king, containing the vast collection of pictures which I saw with Lefevre at Schlussheim in 1820. What struck me most was the gallery on one side of the building, ornamented like Raphael's, in the Vatican. We dined at two; then went to see the new palace, which is opened at times regularly to all visitors. We went among a party of all sorts. I was recognised by Lady Lowther—that was, at least. This was from Lowther Castle, 1816. In the palace, the floors are beautiful wood-work, inlaid. Some rooms have fine pictures of the former German history, of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsburg, &c. The hall of audience is surrounded with striking colossal statues of ancient dukes of Bavaria. We cannot say much for the two rooms of Bavarian beauties; the king's fondness for them is not edifying, they say. From the palace we went to the studios; at half-past 7 went to tea at Dr. Döllinger's, and met almost all whom we visited yesterday, and, besides, Mr. Windischmann, canon of the cathedral. I got a long conversation with him in English. He became very zealous for promoting the prayers for England. There was there Mr. Raby, of Leicester, who was at Munich with his mother; his sister is become a nun at Nymphenburg.

Saturday, Aug. 17. — Said mass at the cathedral at 8½. After breakfast, I visited Mr. and Mrs. Farrell and their family, who are in this hotel. He is uncle to John Farrell. She said she had seen me at Leamington with Mr. Martyn. Then Count de Senufft Pilsach, Austrian ambassador, to whom Mr. Phillipps brought a note from Father Lythgoe, called. We then walked to the palace, and saw the rich chapel, in which many relics are kept in cases of gold and silver, with pearls and jewels, some carved by Benvenuto Cellini; the right hand

of St. John Baptist and St. Chrysostom among them, and some earth stained with the blood of Our Lord. A little triptic used on the scaffold by Mary Queen of Scots. We then went to the palace of the Duc de Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnais. One room full of modern paintings, and another much larger, with a very choice collection of the Italian and Flemish schools, struck me. Dr. Döllinger dined with us, and then took us to the Public Library, a magnificent building, calculated for 1,000,000 volumes, and containing now 500,000, lately built by Ludwig I. We stayed a long time looking about it, and then went on to the University, another new building, very splendid. Dr. Döllinger is rector this next year. The library here is of 200,000 vols.; he is the chief librarian of it. We returned at 8, looking in, *en passant*, to the Ludwig Kirche. A beautiful sunset.

Sunday, August 18.—I went by invitation to say mass at the Auer Kirche, *i.e.*, the new Gothic church in the suburb Au. Trusting to the fine sunset of last night, I took no umbrella, and very nearly got a wetting before I got home. At 9, Mr. Schlager called on me. He is studying the law, and looks so smart that I did not of myself recognize him. We went to high mass at the Theatine church. At 12, I went with Mr. Windischmann, to be presented to the Nuncio, Mgr. Vichi, to plead for England. I could not do much, as other visitors came in. After dinner, we went to seek vespers unsuccessfully at the Theatine church. At 5, we took a carriage, and went to the Sisters of Charity, where we got on badly for want of German, and saw nothing but the church, where service was going on. We then went to the public cemetery, near it. It is in the style of Père la Chaise, but inferior. What is remarkable is the place where the bodies newly dead are exposed for three days before burial. We saw several behind glass windows, dressed out and adorned with flowers. After coming home, I went at 7½ to Professor Görres's. He has open house for the circle of his friends every Sunday evening. Dr. Döllinger wished us all to go, but Phillipps thought it hardly proper without an invitation. There were twelve at supper; among them Dr.

Döllinger, Phillipps, Moy. The party was very agreeable, though I knew nothing of the German conversation, except what Dr. Döllinger translated to me. I came home at half-past 10.

Monday, August 19.—Said mass at the cathedral. Mrs. Dugdale came after breakfast, and went with us to the Glyptotheke, where are some fine pieces of ancient sculpture. I suppose the Ægina marbles are among the most valued. They are of an earlier style than the perfect models of Greek sculpture, finely designed but stiff. The whole thing is too heathenish and so immodest. It is a mystery to me how all these sights are consistent with Catholic principle, especially the Venuses and Adonises by Christian masters, like Canova. The building is very noble. We went thence to what was far more satisfactory, the Basilica, built on the plan of the old church of St. Paul, at Rome, 300 feet long, with two ranges of glorious holy pictures, one range being the whole history of our English St. Boniface. I hope this is there as a memorial of what Germany owes to England, and as an excitement to pray for us. I came back to receive Mr. Schlager to dine with me at the *table d'hôte*. Phillipps dined at Mr. Rio's, where I joined them at 3, having first gone with Mr. Schlager to his lodgings. Rio talked splendidly about England, and Dr. Döllinger promised to write articles to call to prayer for it. I came home at 5, said office in the cathedral, and at $7\frac{1}{2}$ we went to supper with Dr. and Mrs. Phillipps, where we met all the circle, the Görreses, Windischman, Döllinger, Rios, Mrs. Raby, Mrs. Dugdale, &c.

Tuesday, August 20. St. Bernard.—Mass at the cathedral at 10. I took a carriage and went with Mrs. Dugdale and Mrs. Raby to Nymphenburg, where is the principal convent of the English nuns, of which I saw a house at Augsburg. There are ten houses in Bavaria; Mrs. Raby's daughter is a novice there. We stopped a good while, and I hope a good step was taken in my work. Mr. Dugdale promises to follow up ardently the begging prayers. I came home before 2, and stayed at home till 5, when we went with the two boys to a grand dinner with le Comte de Zeuft,

the Austrian ambassador. There were twenty at table: the Nuncio, Mr. Aebel, minister of the interior, the chief Catholic physician, a Polish Countess Kitzka, and all our friends the Professors were there. I sat between Dr. Phillipps and Windischman. We stayed till near 10. The Comte de Zeuft promised great help for England. It is my first opening in Austria. Mrs. Aebel assured me that the Government would be well pleased with whatever was done in this way, which is a great point secured. I also had an interesting talk on the subject with the Countess Kitzka, who proposed prayer for Poland also on Saturdays. This was, in short, a productive evening.

Wednesday, August 21.— Mass at the cathedral. I walked with Mr. Dugdale to the convent of Sisters of Providence joining the great hospital we failed in entering on Sunday. We got one nun who spoke a little French to show us over the hospital, but we made little of gaining prayers. I found palpitations coming from the walk, and so I came home and stayed till I went with Phillipps to dine at 4 with the Nuncio. The chief guests were Comte de Zeuft and Baron Frujberg, *conseilleur d'état*, and twelve or fourteen more. The Nuncio took charge of the little prayer for England adopted by the Belgian bishops, and promised to get ample indulgences at Rome for the masses, communions, and prayers for England. We came home and took Mrs. Phillipps to tea at Dr. Döllinger's, Baron Frujberg, Rio, Hüffler, the historian of the German popes of the 11th century.

Thursday, August 22.—Mass at 8. I stayed at home writing to Dr. Wiseman from 11 to 12; then went with Dr. Döllinger to be presented to Madame di Frujberg, and her sister Amelia de Mongeras. Talked about England and prayers. At home I found Comte de Zeuft and the Nuncio paying a visit. Then dinner at 2½. Mr. Windischman took me to see the Archbishop, 84 years old. He has his intellect quite sound, and was favourable to the prayers, but not very zealous. I came home and stayed till 7, writing to Mrs. Beaumont and Mrs. Canning, saying office, &c. At 7 Mr. and Mrs. Rio and two children, Dr. Phillipps, Döl-

linger, and Windischman came to tea and supper, so a parting visit. Little Miss Rio got sick with the smoke in the salon.

Friday, August 23.—Mass at 7½ in the cathedral for the last time. After breakfast a visit from Mr. Dugdale and old Görres, and a talk with Mr. Woodwich, a very nice young Anglican, whom Phillipps met at Cologne, and came yesterday to Munich. The horses came for our departure at 11, but we did not start till ¼ to 1. I sat in the carriage saying office. We had a pretty journey, approaching a line of fine mountains. We reached a town called Tegern See, and we put up at Le Troitteur Hof. When we came to dine, we found ourselves worse off than we have yet been. No bread without aniseed, and hardly enough to eat for all but me, who took meat. However, this is an interesting spot. Out of my window I have a sweet view of the lake and mountains opposite, with a bright moon upon them.

Saturday, August 24.—I went before 7 to find the old priest to say mass. The church is a handsome one attached to a large building which once was a Benedictine convent, but was turned by the old king, my former acquaintance, into a country palace. Prince Charles lives here now. The old priest was one of the monks. There are four now alive out of forty-three. We started at 9, and went through beautiful mountain scenery, especially that part of the road which lies along the bank of Achensee, a beautiful blue lake. We dined at about 2, at Achenthal, just before coming to the lake. We were delayed by a spring breaking, and only reached Schwartz, a town of 4,500 people. The inn La Poète is kept by Anthony Reiner, one of a family of three men and a sister, who about 1830 were 2½ years in England, singing Tyrolese songs, and made £4,000. Mrs. Ambrose heard them at Sir Thomas Acland's. We had tea in the billiard-room, and saw some beautiful play.

Sunday, Aug. 25.—I said mass at 6½, at the Franciscan church. In the convent are twenty-one priests and twenty-five students, besides lay brothers. I recommended England and was kindly heard. After breakfast we went together to the parish church; at 8 a sermon begins—we heard the end of it, preached by a Franciscan. Mass follows the

sermon. The style of music, both here and in the Franciscan church, where I heard part of the high mass, is high figured. We set off for Innspruck after. It was raining all the way. We arrived at 2 at the Golden Sun (die goldene Sonne), in a fine wide street. We had dinner, during which we were surprised and pleased by a visit from Mrs. Amherst and Mary. She has a house in this street, and saw us pass by. Three daughters are with her. Soon after we went to see the Franciscan church, in which is the famous monument of Maximilian, and round it bronze figures of illustrious personages, and on the side a marble monument of Hoffa. They are not all saints, and it is thought to be an unbecoming ornament to a church. They certainly cause distractions by the number of people who come to see the sculpture, which makes this small church almost like a Glyptotheke. After this, Mrs. Amherst took me to the Redemptorists, where Father Prost talks English, and received me most cordially, and presented me to the Rector. I then went to the Franciscan convent, where, as at Munich, I saw the fathers at supper, and recommended England to the Provincial, who promised to convey my wishes to the 300 subjects of the 10 houses of his province. In this little house there are eight priests. He sent a man to take me to the Decanus, living near the parish church, to ask for leave to hear confessions to-morrow. He was a most amiable, kind old man, and promised to speak for me to all the clergy. I went to meet our party at tea with the Amhersts at 7, and had a very pleasant evening. Home at 9¼.

Monday, Aug. 26th.—Father Prost gave himself to me all to-day. I went to say mass at the Redemptorist church; breakfasted there; then went out with him to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, where there are 15 nuns, and it is the mother house of about eight houses in all. They are under the direction of the Redemptorists. Then to the Jesuits' college, where we saw the Rector; then to dine with the Redemptorists at 12. They are about ten in number. The Rector is most zealous for my cause. At 2 we walked out of the town to a fine Premonstratensian

abbey to which belong 42 monks; but about half are employed as coadjutors to parish priests. The Abbot received us very kindly, and showed us all over his house, which has a great suite of fine rooms, full of pictures of great personages. We came back to settle for my departure to-morrow; and lastly visited the Servites. They have a fine large house in the great street. Their number is only fifteen. Lastly, we called on a lady who can talk English, having learned it, where Father Prost did, in America. I went at 6½ to tea with the Amhersts, among whom I also found William just come. I went home to stay at the Redemptorists, in order to be able to say mass to-morrow. The Rector and Father Prost sat some time with me.

Tuesday, Aug. 27th.—Said mass at 3½; at 4½, Father Prost saw me in the still-wagen, or omnibus, for Brixen. I forgot to say that Phillipps agreed with me to meet at Caldaron on Thursday. They went off yesterday by Landeck, Marenn, &c., for finer scenery. I took my way to see the Bishop of Brixen. My principal companions were four students at the Inspruck University, going out for their vacations. They were two couples of brothers, one called Ehrhart, the other Benz, all of Inspruck. The weather was become beautiful, and we went through splendid scenery. We went over the Brenner mountain, and were going till 8 o'clock at night. We stopped three times for refreshment: at Matraey, Strarzing, and Mittewald. We came to the Kreutz Hof—the Cross Inn—at Brixen, where I took my bed. First, I went to see a pleasing old priest, by name Graffanara, who is Domscholasticus here, and whom I saw by chance at Inspruck. He told of the Bishop being gone to Botzen, and introduced me to the Decanus and Parish Priest, to settle for mass to-morrow.

Wednesday, Aug. 28th. Great St. Augustine's.—I was up soon after 3, and went to the Pfarr-Kirche, where I said mass at 4. The Pfarr treated me with extraordinary respect and kindness, and came back with me to my inn, where I started again, with the same company, to Botzen, in another still-wagen, at 5. We followed the downward course of a beautiful torrent, through rocks and mountains

all the way, till we reached Botzen, at 12. I went to the Kaiser's Krone, and dined at the *table d'hôte* at 12½, next to an English gentleman, by name Harley, who was chiefly taken up with attacks on cookery out of England. He was a man of much information, and gave gloomy accounts of the prospect of war with France. His father was an admiral. I stayed at home till 4½, then went out to the Capuchins and then to the Capellani—the Paroco being out. The chief Capellano came back with me to the hotel, and waited till the Bishop of Brixen came in. He had been out in the country. I was admitted to see him, but quite disappointed in my hopes of finding help from him. He gave me no signs of zeal, and hardly spoke of England. Perhaps it may be for the better some way. No doubt disappointments are good for me, and so thank God for this one. I afterwards went to the Franciscans, where I found real sympathy in one of the fathers, with whom I walked in the garden. This was a refreshment after the Bishop. In the evening I had a visit from the young Baron Giovanelli, whose father has some authority about sending people to see Maria Mörl. He could hardly speak Italian, and though very civil, did not help me much.

Thursday, 29th.—The good Bishop sent me to-day a present of a large number of religious prints, with German instructions, and showed thus his good will to me; and I hope it may be well for my cause. At 7½ I said mass in the cathedral. At 10 I went in a one-horse carriage to Calddaron, or more rightly Caltern. I went directly to see Father Capistrano, confessor to Maria Mörl, at a Franciscan convent, and then dined at the White Horse inn. At 4½, according to his direction, I went to the convent of the Tertiariæ, where Maria Mörl has been for ten years, being removed from her father's house by the Bishop, at her own request, to avoid being seen by so many people. I waited in the convent church till Father Capistrano, who is a tall and venerable monk, I suppose of forty-five years old, came to call me, with eight or nine other persons, to see the *estatica*. (N.B. Father Capistrano told me that the Bishop of Brixen is very deaf, and probably understood nothing of

what I talked about, which explains all my disappointment.) We went into a small room within her convent, rather darkened, where the first sight of Maria on her knees upon her bed was most striking. She kneels with her head and eyes fixed upwards, her hands joined before her breast, just below the chin, and her body leaning forwards in a position out of the centre of gravity, in which, ordinarily, no one could continue without support. It is most moving to see her thus—I think more so than in any of the other positions which she assumed. This was the time when on every Thursday she goes through the contemplation of the Agony of Our Lord; and so, soon after we came in, she being quite unconscious of what goes on around her, began to make signs in her throat of earnest emotion, and then, clenching her hands together, she dropped her head over them, her long, flowing hair being thrown forward over her face, as it were accompanying our Lord in the commencement of His prayer in the garden; after about five minutes thus, she suddenly bends down, placing her face between her knees, as when our Lord was prostrate in His agony. After another five minutes, she rises, her face again fixed with expression of intense earnestness on heaven, and her arms extended back downwards, as expressing perfect resignation. After five or ten minutes thus, she returns calmly to her original attitude of prayer, and thus remained till Father Capistrano spoke to her by name, saying a few words almost indistinctly, and she instantly returned to herself, reclined back on her bed, and, without exertion of moving her limbs, appeared simply recumbent, with the bed-cover over her whole body. I did not see her rise again, but this is done instantly without effort, in the same way. The moment that she was thus awakened from the ecstasy, she looked round on us all with great good-humour, and smiled; and, being forbidden to speak, she made many signs, asking questions of some whom she knew before. One priest, il Conte Passi, offered her some cotton perfumed from the body of Sta. Maria Maddalena di Pazzi; but she would not have it, nor smell it, refusing it in a truly pleasant way. I spoke of praying for England, and she nodded graciously, but did not take much

apparent notice. I suppose she does it about nothing but what comes by obedience. If the conversation had a pause, she immediately became again absorbed in God till Father Capistrano recalled her again. After a proper time, he gave us signs to retire; on which she earnestly made signs for a cartoon-box full of holy prints to be brought, and she began with great earnestness to turn them over, seeming to recollect herself very intently. She then gave me two, and afterwards another. I was struck when I saw the first was a figure of St. George, as she had not heard my name I knew. Afterwards, I supposed she might allude only to England, as she knew I was English. Soon after, she fell back into ecstasy as she lay, and we went away. I walked down to the inn with Conte Passi and a priest of the place, who visits her nearly every day. I began a letter, when, about 6, I was agreeably surprised by seeing Phillipps and his party drive up. He and I went to the Franciscan convent, but could not see Father Capistrano. Conte Passi and I slept in the same room, and into a third bed tumbled some one else, I thought, like the ostler, after we were in bed. I slept none the worse, and why should I?

Friday, Aug. 30. — Said mass in the parish church at eight. Phillipps after breakfast went and had a long conversation with Father Capistrano, who received to-day a letter from the Bishop of Trent, to give leave for all of us to see the *estatica*. Phillipps came back with wonderful accounts of Father Capistrano's views of the future in the Church. He has no bright anticipations. I wrote all the morning, letters to Dr. Döllinger, Signor Giovanelli, and Mr. Le Sage Ten Broek. We dined at 1. At 2½ we all went to the convent church, where, as yesterday, P. Capistrano came to take us to la Mörl. Three o'clock, being the time of Our Lord's death, this is the subject of her contemplation at that time every Friday. Soon after we came in, from the attitude of prayer in which we found her as yesterday; she again clasped her hands, and, looking up with an expression of suffering, she continued for some time to make a sort of sobbing noise, and stertation, as I have seen people dying of apoplexy; this grew more painful till, exactly at

three, she dropped her head forward, and her hands yet clasped hung down before her; and so she remained quite motionless, still leaning forward beyond the perpendicular, "*inclinato capite emisit spiritum.*" This continued till, at one of those almost inaudible suggestions of the confessor, she fell back on the bed, as yesterday, but still in ecstasy, and extended her hands in the form of a crucifix. The fingers were guttered over the palm of the hands, but yet we saw plainly in the palm the sacred stigma. I saw it yesterday outside both her hands, quite plainly, as she was distributing the prints. The marks are not as of an open wound, but red cicatrices like those represented in pictures of Our Saviour when risen from the dead. Father Capistrano said that she eats a little bread and fruit occasionally, not every day; she communicates three or four times a week; she sleeps generally in the night, I understood, but her spirit still continues in a less degree of contemplation. She had a younger sister with her in the convent, to wait on her. The Emperor allows her 400 florins a year. On more solemn feasts, the ecstasy is more intense, and she then appears for a time raised above the bed, touching it only with the tips of her feet. The priest whom I saw yesterday says that he has himself passed his hand at those times under her knees without touching them. It is a rule that no money is given by visitors either to her or the convent. We went away, and prepared for our departure about 4. I engaged a small one-horse carriage to go to *Egna* in Italian, in German *Neumarkt*, intending to see the *Addolorata*, and to meet the Phillippses again at Venice. I began to have a distaste to the rude-looking driver, at the first sight, still more, when I found that the carriage belonged to a priest who had come from Egna this morning. I made it straight for time by taking him with me. A second nuisance was, finding, when I set off, that Phillipps had to go to the same place, as his first stage towards Trent. In a narrow road down the hill, out of Caldaro, we met an immense number of carts, loaded with hay, and drawn by oxen, from eighty to a hundred, which was a good delay, and Phillipps's carriage got terribly scratched in passing one. At

Egna, I put up at the Krono. I went out to see a priest, who took me to the Franciscans about saying mass to-morrow. I preached England.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—I fell into the hands of the sulky driver of yesterday, who undertook to find me a mule to go over the mountains at once to Capriana, but he came last night to say none was to be found; I heard before that there was danger of this in harvest time. I therefore first said mass at the Franciscans', at 3 o'clock, doubtful whether it was not uncanonically early, and at 4 went with my friend driving me, with one horse on the left of the pole, to Caval lesi, a small town in the mountains, which we reached at 8 o'clock. There I saw the physician of Dominica Lazzari, whom Count Passi told me to go to. He was very civil, and recommended me a pleasant guide, who at 9 set off, walking by the pony which I rode to Cavallesi. The day was beautiful, and not too hot for me, though it was for him on foot. It was a most interesting, picturesque ride of 2¼ hours, reminding me of my Sicilian and other rides long since, and I was surprised how this seemed to agree with me now. Capriana is a little very poor village, occupying a spot on an open space, high among the mountains. The very first cottage in the body of the town, and one of the poorest, is where this wonderful being spends her suffering days. The Medico Yoris had written me a note to the primissario, or second priest to the curate, who is Dominica's confessor, who might have helped me about seeing her; but he was not at home, so we went to the house at once. The door of the little place, a part of a building, where Dominica lives with her sister, was locked. The sister was out. I heard her groaning slightly at every breath. She made something of an answer when my guide knocked. He went to seek her sister, and came back saying that she begged us to delay a little, as others had been with her, and she was much fatigued. So we went to the Osteria, and got the best they could give, which was a *brodo d'acqua*, in English, I fancy, tea-kettle broth. This shows that the place is not chosen for its riches to be honoured by God with His wonders. After this pause we returned to the little house,

which has a Tyrolese roof overhanging, and a little gallery outside her door. The sister, who is married and has her children about her, took us in, and in an inner room we saw the Addolorata in her bed. Her appearance naturally will not have been interesting, like that of Maria Mörl, but rather of an ordinary young countrywoman, of low stature, like her sister. She has ordinarily the appearance of great pain and suffering; but when I spoke to her about England, she lifted her eyes and moved her hands in a way more earnest than *l'estatica*, and showed great feeling at the thought of its conversion. Now for her appearance: her face was almost all covered with clotted blood, which flowed, I suppose, yesterday morning, for so it does every Friday, from the punctures as of thorns on her brow. These were not, as I expected, irregularly placed as by a crown of thorns made at hazard, but they formed a line close together on the forehead, and do not go round the head to the back part. Her legs were gathered up as if the sinews were contracted; her body, the doctor told me, is all covered with sores, which, the more that is done to cure, the worse they grow. She keeps her hands clenched before her heart, and groans slightly with every breath. On her hands were seen stigmata, much more marked than Maria Mörl, like fresh wounds by a nail passing through and sinking into the flesh. Her sister said the same was the case with her side and feet. I only spoke to her a little about England, and was delighted at her manner then, which shows how superior she is to her pains. It seems to distress her to be too near her, and as I have learned since it does. She is always hot; her sister was fanning her all the time, and in the depth of winter it is the same thing, when snow drives into her room. She also gives her prints; she made her sister show her prints out of a little case, and when she has chosen them she kisses them and gives them to each with great kindness. There were a young man and woman there, who offered money for them to her sister, but she will take nothing. The sight of her is not at first so striking and pleasing as of la Mörl, but the remembrance is more impressive. It seems a state more meritorious, more humble. It is more poor, and patient.

Having been delayed so long, I could not get to Cavallesi till 3; the sulky face of the driver betokened no good for my return; the horse, too, he said was ill, and in fine, he brought me to Egna just too late for the still-wagen to Lavorno, and I was not so patient as I ought to have been after seeing that example, but I was helped by it a little. I had to take a carriage for myself and the same miserable driver, who was going to sleep all the way, and grunted at me once when I awoke him. I got to a nice inn at Lavorno, the white house again.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—I started at 5 by a still-wagen for Trent, all alone in it. I came to the Rose Inn, and waited to say mass at the Church di S. Maria Maggiora, where the Council of Trent was held, and prayed, as usual on Sundays, for the gift of Faith, which was appropriate here. The church is quite uninteresting in appearance. I breakfasted at a café, and went about my way of travelling; then at ¼ to 11 went and heard the end of a high mass. I thought to be in time for all. After it I was very happy in getting myself introduced to the Bishop, who was extremely agreeable, and said he prayed daily for England, and promised to recommend it to Maria la Mörl, and to all the clergy. I left, as if I need take no more trouble about Trent. I went to the Rosa, and stayed there quiet till dinner at 12½, and then till 4, writing my long days of late in the Journal. At 4, I got into a carriage carrying four inside to Roveredo, where I got to the Corona, and went to bed at 8½ or 9.

Monday, Sept. 2.—I set off soon after 3½ with an old *vetturino*, who rather displeased me last night in making his bargain, by his flattering way; but I found him a nice old man, and very civil. We got to Bosketto, on the banks of the Adige (which indeed we followed all day), at 7½. I said mass and breakfasted. Then we went on to dine at a single house, called Ospitaletto. We stayed from 12 to 2; I wrote two letters. We then started and got to Verona at 4, to the Hotel di Londra. I took a *laquais de place*, and walked to Count Persico's house. I was sorry to find him in the country. Then to the Jesuit Noviciate, where I

thought I might possibly find Connolly. The Superior showed me Padre Odescalchi's room, where he passed his noviciate. I recommended myself to his prayers. I had been reading on the road his memoirs, given me at Louvain.

The Superior promised to recommend England. I went then to the cathedral, and the Bishop being out, I saw the Vicario, who kindly promised to speak for me to the Bishop. I then went into the cathedral, where there was a brilliant illumination, and a most solemn benediction, and then a litany before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, which reminded me of the holy litanies of Rome. I have seen nothing like this on the Continent, nor have I seen a town so full of respectable clergy in every part. Came home and to bed at 8½.

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd.—Started at 4 with my new *vetturino*, who cheated me as usual, but was civil. It rained almost all day. I said mass at a place called Montebello, and got to Vicenza to dine at 11½. Then started for Padua with a new *vetturino*, and had for company an old and a young Roman priest. The old one was Bighi, a well-known professor, who taught Dr. Wiseman and S. Sharples, &c., and was full of kindness to me. I talked myself almost hoarse with him. They stopped at Padua. I went on railroad to Venice. I sat by a priest of Illyricum of the *scuole pie* of St. Joseph Calasanctius; but what was wonderful was my being in the midst of Mrs. Neville and her family, whom Mrs. Rio desired me to see, coming back from a visit to Vicenza. We kept together all across the Sayburne, and made a great acquaintance. I got into a gondola, and had to go a great round to put down another young man, who had already engaged it. I had a great battle about my fare, and for a wonder I conquered. I waited a little, having my chocolate, when Phillipps and all came in, and we made a happy meeting, giving an account of our respective travels.

Wednesday, Sept. 4th.—I went at 7 to say mass at San Marco, but was obliged to wait till 8, as they are very strict here not to allow a priest to mass without leave from the Patriarch, except the first day, when, as to me, leave

is given. I breakfasted at a *café*, then went with Phillipps to St. Georgio dei Greci, and heard a high mass of the schismatic Greeks, of whom there is a colony at Venice; the occasion was the octave of the Assumption, old style. The mass was all celebrated behind a close screen; which is open part of the time, but not during the most solemn part. After the consecration, the host and chalice are carried outside this screen in procession, and presented for adoration; one man before us was making his prostrations all the time. The priests had chasubles, hanging evenly all round to near the ankles; they lifted them to use their hands; there is no musical instrument, but singing all the time. I then went to the Cancellaria to get my licence to say mass, and then to Mrs. Neville at the Corte dell' Albero. She soon after took me to the Armenian College, where the examinations were just finished. There are eighteen scholars, with two priests over them, in an old grand palace of a ruined family of Pesaro. The *vicario* and several others from the island were there. We talked much about England. I came to dinner at the Tavola, returned at 4. Then we went to the Island of St. Lazzaro, to see Padre Pasquale and the Archbishop Sutrio Somal (as the name sounds), great friends of Phillipps at Rome in 1831, and of mine, too. When we came back, I went in a gondola to Mrs. Neville, and back to tea.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—This being the feast of St. Lorenzo Giustiniani, I went out at 6¾ to find the church where his body is laid. He died in the very hotel where we are. The church I went to in a gondola in rain to St. Pietro at Castello—the ancient patriarchal church—and said mass at the high altar, where he lies. I walked back in rain, without umbrella, as I lost mine yesterday. I bought another. At 12, Padre Raffaelle, an Armenian priest, Mrs. Neville's confessor, to whom she introduced me yesterday, called and took me to the patriarch, Cardinal Monico, who received most graciously my propositions for England. I am to call again with the Phillippses on Saturday, and get something more exactly settled about the prayers; we then went across the Great Canal to the Del Redentore, where

is a convent of eighty Capuchins. The church is reckoned a *chef d'œuvre* of Palladio, built *ex voto* by the Republic, after a plague. We saw the guardian, who is also provincial; he learned our want, and promised for his own house and ten others of the province. I came back to dinner. A Greek priest whom Phillipps got acquainted with the other day, came to dine with us, and sat till 9. His conversation was very interesting as showing the ideas of the Greeks about the Roman Church, and their doctrines on many points varying from ours. What a terrible evil is that of separation of nearly half of Christendom! The greater reasons to hasten the reunion of England, that we may draw the others.

Friday, Sept. 6.—The two Neville boys came with me to St. Marco, and served my mass, as their mother had desired. After breakfast, I called on Mrs. Neville, who was not up, then went to Palazzo Pasaro, to Padre Raffaelle. He came with me first to the Franciscans; the guardian promised for his house of fifty, and for three or four at some distance from him. Then to the Dominicans, who are fifteen, a new establishment a year old. Then to the Jesuits, who are eight in number, only this summer returned to their old church, which is one of the most remarkable for its ornaments in Venice, white marble inlaid with black. I remembered it well from twenty-six years ago. The superior, Padre Ferrario, is going to Rome to-morrow, and promised to see about my matters there with Cardinal Acton and the general of the Jesuits. I came home in haste, and found Phillipps, and Mrs. Neville and her friends with her, gone to St. Marco, where we followed them to see the treasury—*i. e.*, the inestimably rich treasures brought by Doge Dandolo from Constantinople, just before it was taken by the Turks. The chief thing is an antependium and a reredos of massive gold, with splendid pearls and enamels. Mrs. Neville took us to the Convent of the Visitation, where is preserved the heart of St. Francis of Sales, which was brought from France when the Revolution drove off all religious. They could not show this relic; but promised prayers, and to write to other houses. There were there

forty nuns. Back to dinner at the *table d'hôte.* After dinner we went all together to see the only large Gothic church in Venice, called St. —— di Frari, which is the Venetian for Frati; it used to be the Franciscan church, and their house is turned into a public Archivium. Phillipps said they deserved it for having such a palace. The church is a fine one, and has some good morsels; but what is most startling, or rather glaring, is the immense marble monument to Canova—a pyramid, with a heathen procession into it. His heart is here. His right hand in an urn at the Arcadinia. We tried at St. Sitorstro (Silvestro) to assist at the 40 *ore,* but all was over. We came back by a fine star light, and went to St. Marco, where we had ices at Floriano's *café,* and heard military music. Canonico Pio Bighi, and his young companion Don Giovanni Moneti, joined us, *ad cor. sat.* We came home at 9.

Sept. 7th.—Said mass at St. Marco, on the altar where the miraculous picture of Our Lady is, by St. Luke. The Greek priest told us there existed seventy-five of them. I went at 8½ to the Jesuits, to give a letter for Cardinal Acton, about indulgences for prayers for England, to Padre Ferrarrio, the Superior, who sets off to-day for Rome. I found Mrs. Neville and Father Raffaelle talking to him. The latter kindly went around with me to-day again. We went first to the Institute of St. Dorothea, founded lately by Conte Passi and his brother, which we desired to see. The Superioress was out, but another made excellent promises.—15 nuns. Then to St. Lucia, to the Sisters of Charity, and another house dependent on them. In the latter was an Armenian lady who spoke English, having been six years at Hammersmith Convent. The Superioress of the chief house spoke of Gentili with great respect; she knew him when she was at the house at Verona. She promised me for thirteen houses under her authority. Then we went past the Jesuits to a house of Reformed Franciscans (Zoccolanti), St. Michele di Marano. Promised for three houses as large as this, about twenty-six, and many more smaller. This is where Gregory XVI. was educated, made his novitiate, and was Superior. We saw the outside of his room; the key could

not be got. We got back at 12½. I went with Phillipps to the Cardinal Patriarch, as appointed before. I gave him the prayer for England which I gave to Padre Ferrario, and he promised to speak with him also. Thence to the Accademia, where for two hours we looked at the pictures and statues. It did not greatly answer me. Thence left our cards on the Duc de Levis, who, with his master the Duc de Bordeaux, is at the Albergo Reale. Then dined. Another *maigre*. After I did not go out with them, as I had office to say. At 7½ we had a party to tea,—the Greek priest, with Mrs. Neville and three children. They stayed till past 11.

Monday, Sept. 8. Nativity of Blessed Virgin.—I said mass at S. Marco. We went to the high Armenian mass at S. Lazzaro at 10. We were a little late. After it we stayed there with our friends the fathers till vespers and benediction, at 3. And after that, dinner at 4. Mrs. Neville and family were there too. It was an interesting day for seeing and conversing. I saw, in the visitors' book, my name under Lefevre's, written by him July, 1820. We sat in the cloister, with the old Archbishop, &c., till twilight. He made us presents of many handsome books printed there. We came back to S. Marco, and sat to hear the band, &c. On coming home, at 7½, we were in great demand with cards and notes, left by the Duc de Levis, to invite us to the Duc de Bordeaux's (Comte de Chombard) salon at 7. We were all thrown back by Phillipps having no dresses to go in. So we had to keep easy at home.

Sunday, Sept. 9.—Mass at the cathedral (S. Marco). P. Raffaele and the Greek priest came to breakfast. At 10 I had a visit from the Superioress of the Institute of Sta. Dorothea and a companion. At 10½ we went to visit the Duc de Bordeaux, who gave us a quarter of an hour's most affable conversation, spoke with great kindness of his reception in England, and asked after Dr. Wiseman, &c. His confessor, the Abbé Trélouquet, was introduced to us, and came in our gondola to Mrs. Neville, of whom we took leave. Mr. Trélouquet promised to engage the French royal

family in prayers for England. He said, the Duc de Bordeaux had spoken of my asking him at Oscott. We went then to S. Tommaso, where I left the Phillippses and went to the banker, Holme, who is Armenian consul. Then back to S. Tommaso, where I found them looking at an extraordinary collection of relics made by a priest, who devoted himself to the work when all things were in confusion in the revolution. He gave the collection to the church, on condition of their being open to the public for veneration. The chief relic is some of the blood of Our Lord, in a beautiful gold or gilt reliquary. I found there Monsignor Arfi, the Pope's Caudatario, and invited for England. I then went to Padre Raffaele, at the college, and went with him to see the two brothers, priests Cavanis, founders of an excellent institute of *Scuole di Carità*. They are in a poor house, with a few companions; one of them complained that no one helped them; but they are like their patron S. Joseph Calasanctius, losing ground in old age, but with hope of better things. P. Raffaele, who has indeed been an angel to me in Venice, came with me to the inn where they were at dinner. At 4 we left Venice, with pleasant remembrances. We crossed the lagune in a procession of boats, and got into the railway carriage, which took us to Padua about 7. At the Stella d'Oro I went out to try to find the Bishop; but he was not in town.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.—I went to St. Antony's church at 7½ to say mass. Before going I met Dr. Roskell, of Manchester, just come with a Manchester party on a rapid tour. I could not have the altar of St. Antony, which seems always occupied. I spoke to the Superior of the house of Conventual Franciscans attached to the church, 50 in number, who promised to recommend my cause. I came back in a little carriage with Phillipps. We started at 9 for Verona, dined at Vicenza; then I took a carriage and called on the Bishop, Monsignor Capellari, a good old man, who received me graciously. We stopped in going out of Vicenza to see Palladio's Olympic Theatre, built to act the Œdipus Tyrannus in 1585. This pretends to nothing but paganism. We reached Verona at 7. I went out to see

the Bishop, who was quite gracious; he begins his retreat with his clergy to-morrow, and promised to begin then and recommend England. I then called at Conte Persico's, who is in town, but was just gone to the theatre. Home, and to bed at 9½.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—Up soon after 5, and at 7 said mass in St. Anastasius, a large church close to the hotel. Soon after Conte Persico came to return my visit, and sat a good while with me, then with the Phillippses, to whom I introduced him. He is grown very old, being now 67. He said he was married two years after I had seen him before, and was now by accident in town with his wife. I thought him very like his old father. At 10 we went in a carriage to see the tombs of the Scaligeri, formerly tyrants of Verona, fine Gothic structure; then the Amphitheatre, and the church of St. Zenone, where I saw the image of the saint again which I before laughed at, as a thing so to be treated, in 1820. I then called at Conte Persico's, and saw his lady. At 12½ we set off for Dezenzano, a beautiful spot at the town end of the Lake di Garda. We arrived at 6, and had a pleasant evening in a little room of the Albergo Imperiale, looking over the lake. I wrote to Mrs. Neville and Abbé de Baudry.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—There was rain in the night, leaving us a fine day without dust. I said mass at 6½ in the parish church. We went to dine at the Due Torri, at Brescia. I went to see the Bishop, who received me very courteously. There I met a Phillippine lay-brother, who introduced me to the church of his order, Sta. Maria della Pace, then to five or six of the fathers sitting together. I had a fine opportunity of recommending England. They are the only religious house in Brescia (of men at least). After dinner at 3 we set off for Bergamo, when we came to Albergo Reale at 9 o'clock. I got up to my knees in a stream near the road at the wet stage, but hope no harm from it.

Friday, Sept. 13.—Anniversary of my first coming abroad, 1819. I got up soon after 5, said mass in a church opposite the inn, breakfasted at a café, then walked up the beautiful road to the high town called the *Città*, where our

inn was is the borga. Between them there are about 36,000. In the *Città* I met a priest, by name Giuseppe Caffi, belonging to the collegiate church, who, when I asked him for Count Papi, volunteered to be my guide altogether. He showed me the cathedral, his own church, Sta. Maria, and a little convent church, Church of the Benedictine Nuns, beautifully gilt. He also went with me to the Bishop, who gave me one of the best receptions. By the same good hap as at Verona, the priests were in retreat. He introduced me to the Abbate Vittadini, conductor of the retreat, who promised to speak of England to the clergy. He was already full of zeal for it; he knew a good deal of the state of things with us. When I wrote my name, he knew it well, and it had a good effect. I went with Abbé Caffi to the palace of Count Papi; all were away. He came with us to the hotel, and soon we started for Milan. We arrived at 3, and found rooms in the best hotel (de la Ville). *Tables d'hôte* at 5. I said office, and just got time to look in the cathedral before dinner, and again after we all went. It was beyond my recollections of old. I admired the ceiling, which seemed all beautiful openwork; I did not remember this. It seemed to be only painted so. How I remember Lord Kinnaird taking my mother to it. We tried two other churches to find Benediction in vain. Then I went with Phillipps to a bookseller's.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—Up at 5½. I went to say mass at the cathedral, and finding that the Roman rite is not allowed in the church alone, I was in the happy necessity of celebrating in the chapel of St. Charles, in the crypt, which is almost reserved for strangers. I waited over two masses. After breakfast we had a visit from Count Mellerio, Rosinini's great friend. Phillipps and I went with him to his palace, and saw Abbate Polidori, who lives there. Mrs. Ambrose came with the carriage to pick us up, and I went to the Church of St. Celso, and to the great hospital fitted up for 3,000 patients; then to vespers at the Duomo, and at 3½ to dine with Count Mellerio. I sat near Polidori. Before we parted he and Signor Mercati seemed gained for England. At 6½ we went to a Benediction at the Duomo, only of relics

of the Passion, and not very solemn. This was by occasion of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross to-day. I then went to the Archbishop's palace to find the Grand Vicar, to get leave for confessions to-morrow, and without expecting it saw the Cardinal himself instead. As Count Mellerio was to prepare my way to-morrow, I did not speak of England. When I got home I found Mellerio at the inn, bringing a permission from the Grand Vicar. To bed after 10. I have got unwell to-day in the inside,—between yesterday's *maigre* and the fruit, I suppose.

Sunday, Sept. 15.—We went together this morning to the old basilica of St. Ambrose, where I said mass at the saint's tomb, in the crypt. The Phillippses received communion. Then we saw the splendid covering of the altar above, in the church. It is exposed only on three days at mass—St. Ambrose, SS. Gervase and Protase, and Corpus Christi. SS. Gervase and Protase's relics are there, with St. Ambrose's. This altar cost to a bishop who gave it, 80,000 sequins of gold, about the year 1000. I spoke to the Directeur du Séminaire de Chamberry, who was there, and he promised to speak of England. We went home to breakfast at 10½. Assisted at high mass in the Duomo again; not so solemn as yesterday. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament before it did not please me much. After high mass I went to call on the Cardinal again. I was not so much disappointed as in the case of the Bishop of *Brixen*, for I had heard nothing promising about this interview as in the other cases; but I felt as one defeated when I went away. I went to the Piazza del Castello to see the Contessa del Verme and her sister, English people, converts to whom Abbate Vittadini, at Bergamo, recommended me. Her sister, Miss Mary Webster, is just about entering the order of the Visitation here. The Count came in just when I was gone out, and followed me to S. Alessandro, of the Barnabites, which he had heard me ask for as I left his house. I brought him to see Phillipps. We dined at 3½, and at 4½ went to the Arena, or Amphitheatre, where there was a grand *spettacolo nautico e pirotecnico*. The arena was full of water, and we had five races of boats, three of men, one of

women, and one of boys rowing; then a procession of two great illuminated galleys filled with musicians; then what struck me most, as most new to me, the ascent of fifty fine balloons; then of one very large one; then a splendid display of fireworks, ending as often with an illuminated palace, with an inscription *alle scienze, alle lettere, alle arti*, as the spectacle was in honour of the Sixth Italian Scientific Congress, now being held here. We got home at ¼ to 9; I almost well again.

Monday, September 16.—I said mass at St. Fidele, formerly one of the three Jesuit churches. At 8 we set off in a carriage to see the Certosa of Pavia. We got to it at 10½, and were two hours examining its beautiful details. Women are now forbidden entrance into the choir, and so Mrs. Ambrose had to stay in the body of the church, while we, with other people who had come to see it, saw the rich high altar and many of the finest things. There are not many precious stones, like rubies, emeralds, &c., but a profusion of altar-fronts of Pietra-dura, beautiful *alto relievos* in marble, and many fine pictures. The convent is but lately re-inhabited. Count Mellerio was the means of replacing monks there. They are all French. We saw the Prior, who knew Michael MacMahon. He promised to recommend England not only here, but by letter in other houses. We dined at an inn half a mile from the church, called Albergo della Certosa, and came back to Milan by 5. I got off near the Contrada S. Maria Falconeria, to call at a convent of Sisters of Charity of the same order as those of Sta. Lucia, at Venice. I saw the Superioress. Then I went to the Count del Verme's palace. La Contessa was confined this morning. I saw Miss Webster, who spoke about two English girls whom they are instructing, wishing me to receive the confession of one who cannot speak Italian. I went out with the priest who instructs them, Don Gaetano Fumagalli, to see them. We first went to the convent of the Salesiani, 54 nuns (visitation), into which Miss Webster is about to enter, and though the time was past, we saw the mistress of novices through the grate, who was very gracious about England. Then we went to a high story in a house where these girls lodge, paid

for by the Cardinal. After coming home I went, on an invitation obtained by the Conte del Verme, to a grand assembly and concert at the Accademia, or the *Nobil Società*. The gayest rooms I have seen a long time. I came home soon after ten, for I knew nobody there, and was almost the only priest I saw; certainly the only one in a cassock.

Tuesday, September 17.—Mass at St. Fidele. At 8 Count Mellerio came, and we started for his villa at Gernetto, beyond Monza. He took Mrs. A. and Amb., and I and a boy went in our carriage, with four vetturino horses. We stopped at Monza to see the glorious relic of the Iron Crown given by the Empress Helena to Constantine, in which is inserted, as a ring of iron within a larger ring of gold, one of the nails of Our Lord's crucifixion beat out into that form. It has crowned from thirty to forty kings of Italy. Among them, Napoleon last but one. Other grand relics of the Passion are with it,—two thorns, and a piece of the sponge. Other relics are in the sacristy. This is kept over an altar within rich doors. The Canonico, who was with us in the church, promised to recommend England. We went on to the palace of the Archduke, surrounded by a park fifteen miles round, dressed like an English park, a noble palace. Then on to Gernetto, where we were for two or three hours before dinner walking gaily with the Count round his beautiful grounds. The villa is very handsome. Two priests of the neighbourhood dined with us at 3. One told me that Count Mellerio is one of the richest, or rather the richest nobleman in Milan,—about £15,000 a year of our money. He is alone, having lost his wife and four children. He came back with us to our hotel, where I found Count del Verme to tell me that the confession of the girls was put off. They have been left here by their mother. Their parents, —— and Ann Carraway, live at Newcastle-under-Lyne. Their grandfather and mother, James and Mary Freakley, at Cheapside, Handley. I went with the Count to the assembly of the learned men who are now met in Milan,—not so smart as yesterday, but very numerous. Then to a café, to read news about the effects of O'Connell's liberation.

Wednesday, September 18.—I went with Phillippses to the Duomo to say mass for them at St. Charles's tomb, but I found it occupied, and so I went to San Fidele again, came back to breakfast, and saw Conte Mellerio, who had called. Then went with them to the Brera, where I went quickly through the gallery, and left them, taking the carriage to go to the hospital of the Fate-bene Fratelli, which is a fine establishment for 100 sick. The Vicario, whom I saw, promised to recommend England to the Provincial, who is here, and through him to the thirty brothers here, and five houses in Lombardy—*vento*. Then I went to the bank. Dined at 1, and at 2 we started with a Swiss *voiturier*, whom we had engaged to take us to Geneva. We passed the beautiful triumphal arch, L'Arco della Pace, reckoned the finest in the world, ancient and modern. We got to sleep at a nice inn, in a place called Casina buon Jesu. I wrote a letter to Dr. Wiseman.

Thursday, September 19. San Januarius.—I said mass at the little oratory of the village. There is mass here only on Sundays generally, but the bell rung three times for my mass, and we had a full chapel. This chapel not very neat; it seemed used for a school-room. We started at ½ past 7, and reached Avona at 12 to dine. How I was struck with the remembrance of the last time in this place with my father and mother, after coming in a boat with Dr. Wilson from Bavino. The inn is a fine new house since then. We saw a steamboat pass, which plies daily the whole length of the lake. I missed going to St. Charles's statue and the seminary near it, belonging to the diocese of Novara, where I should have liked to go to preach England. After dinner we started and went round to Strass, where we stopped and went up the mountain's side to see Rosmini's Novitiate, which overlooks the village. It is a large house, without beauty or character, unhappily. We knew we should not find Rosinini, who is at Roveredo. We saw Segnini and two other priests, Paoli and Gagliardi. They have thirty novices. The situation is beautiful. The ground belonged before to Madame Bolognaro, who has a large house in the town, where, while we were at the convent, the Bishop of

Novara came. I would not have failed to ask an audience had I been alone, but I made the priests promise to speak to him of England. We took a boat to go to the Isola Bella, to see the palace and gardens on our way to Bavino, the carriage going on there by itself. It was almost dark when we got there, and we could only see the suite of grand rooms and pictures, and the chapel with the old family tombs brought from Milan, by candlelight. *Mem.* A room of rockwork underneath the chief suite, where Bonaparte dined, and the bedroom he slept in. The whole of this grandeur is made worse than worthless by the indecent statues and pictures which are all about the place. We got to Bavino at 8; a nice new inn.

Friday, Sept. 20.—Ember Day, but no fast for me! I got to say mass at 4½, and we started at 6 to ascend the Simplon. The day was beautiful. We got to Domodossola at 11. We went up the beautiful road to the Monte Calvario, of which Gentili has made me think so much, first having taken a look at their college in the town, where there are 19 boarders and more than 200 out-students. At the Calvary two priests received us kindly. Along the road to it are chapels with the stations represented in groups of figures as large as life, well executed; only two or three are complete. The situation here again is admirable. The house and church not remarkable. I was well received for England. Coming down, which I did after the rest, I visited a pretty Capuchin convent, half-way up, of fifteen friars, and had a good reception (promise to write to the other houses). After dinner at 2 we set off for Simplon, which we reached after 8. The *voiturier* (coachman), to spare his horses, put us on post-horses at his own expense. The road on the Piedmontese side is sadly dilapidated. It was broken down (by water, as it seems) six years ago, and the King of Sardinia will not have his part repaired, to make people go by Mount Cenis and Turin. Put up at the Simplon Inn.

Saturday, Sept. 21. St. Matthew.—I said mass at 7, spoke to the curé after, who promised for England. We started at 8; we still had two hours going up the hill.

About the summit is the Hospice de St. Bernard, begun by Bonaparte. I remember it in an unfinished state. It now contains four or five priests, and some brothers. We stopped and saw the Prior, M. Barras, who promised kindly to recommend England to the mother house. Phillipps bought a puppy of the famous breed, three months old, who was added to our company in the carriage. We reached Brigy between 12 and 1. I went out before dinner, and saw the Superior of the Jesuits' College here, who is a nice old man, and received us very kindly. I hurried away quickly, thinking to return again after dinner, but the dinner was long after time, and we had at once to set off for Turtinan, which we reached at 6½. We went out before tea to see a waterfall: it was a dark, wet walk, for rain was beginning.

Sunday, Sept. 22. — I said mass at 5. Soon after 6 we set off for Sion. Arrived at 10, and found a grand military pontifical high mass begun in the cathedral. I never heard drums and cannon and the word of command in a mass before. The music was not military, but noisy figured. The occasion of the solemn mass was the feast of St. Maurice, patron of the Valais. After mass the Bishop walked with a great procession about the town, with a feretrum, with relics of St. Maurice. The chief part are at the town of the name, which we are to pass to-morrow. The procession had an excellent effect. I went then to the Jesuits' College, and spoke to the Rector, who told me the first I had heard of the attempt at revolution in the month of May here, which was defeated in a gallant style by the inhabitants of the Valais arming to the number of 10,000, from a population of 70,000, under an old French officer, *i.e.*, a Swiss, trained in the French army, who repelled the party of the Jeune Suisse, who otherwise would have overturned religious order, and perhaps, as he said, have massacred all the religious. Young Bodenham was in their house when the danger threatened. The Rector was very kind, but did not promise much. I went then to dine at a *table d'hôte*, but soon got off, and went to the Bishop lately consecrated, who came from table to speak with me. He was educated at the Collegio Germanico; knew Baldacconi and Father Daniel.

He promised his help. I then went to a Capuchin convent outside the town. The guardian, a young man, was rather cold, but said meanwhile that he always prayed for England, as ordered in the Confrérie de l'Immaculé Cœur. Then to a convent of Ursulines, close to the Bishop's; eleven nuns (well received); then in a hurry to an hospital outside the town on the other side, with eight nuns. The director gave me one of my most favourable receptions, and promised that the nuns should change their day of communion from Friday to Thursday to meet my wishes. We set off at 2 for Martigny, which we reached at 5½. It has a different look from 1819, the year after the inundation. I called on the curé, who is one of the monks of Grand St. Bernard, with the white linen scapular to represent the surplice, which they always wear as canons regular of St. Augustine, to which they belong. He was very good about England. From thence, I went to an hospital kept by six French nuns, to receive poor travellers, female St. Bernardites. The Superioress was very agreeable and zealous. They are going directly to France to make their retreat with 600 other nuns, assembled under the Bishop of Belley. She promised to get him to recommend it to them all. I came back to tea after a happy, successful day (Hôtel de la Cigne). Alpine strawberries at tea.

Monday, September 23.—I said mass at 6. Came away, fearing it would be too late, without saying farewell to the Prior, which was mortifying, as there was time enough. We went to dine at St. Gingolph, beautifully placed on the bank of the Lake of Geneva. On the way we stopped at St. Maurice, where we saw in the church the rich shrine of St. Maurice, containing his body, and several others; two of the sons of Sigismund, King of Burgundy, who did penance here, after putting them to death. In the abbey, which is of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, I saw the superior, who is a bishop *in partibus;* he spoke very kindly about England. I also met a nun there of a convent of Sisters of Charity, who promised for Thursdays at St. Gingolph. I went to the curé, where the Vicar introduced me to several priests dining with him, who became greatly interested, and

promised to speak to the Bishop of Annecy, and to their *confrères* at Thonon, where we came to sleep. I called on the curé, who promised, but I could not quite satisfy myself about him; but was quite satisfied with the brothers of the Christian Doctrine; there are eight. The Superior promised well, and sent two brothers home with me to the inn. The names of the priests at St. Gingolph were:—M. Veuillet, Curé de Désingy; M. Maitre, Curé de Novel; M. La Croix, Vicaire de Chilly; and M. Pollien, Vicairé de St. Gingolph. The first most interesting; the last extremely tall.

Tuesday, Sept. 24. B.M.V. di Mercede.—At 5½ I went to the Convent of the Visitation, where there are thirty-four nuns, who have recovered their house after the Revolution. The Superioress received me most kindly, and promised all. I then went to the Sisters of Charity, who have two houses—a *pensionnat* and an hospital. The Superioress was not up. I left my card with a lay sister. I then went and said mass at the parish church. The Phillippses went to communion. It was at the altar of St. Francis of Sales, in this, the first church which he (or any other one) regained from the Calvinists—St. Hippolyte. I offered the mass for the recovery of our dear cathedrals. The curé spoke to me again, and much more zealously promised all for Thonon, M. De la Millière. We ought to have gone to the Château d'Allinges, where St. Francis lodged when he began the holy work. The chapel has been wonderfully preserved, and lately reopened, Sept. 14, 1836. On our way to Geneva, where we arrived at 12½, we read some of the account of his mission. We came to the Hôtel de Bergues, a new grand house in a new part of the town, built out on the lake about 1834. I took a carriage to Plainpalais, and brought back my good friend l'Abbé de Baudry. I dined after at the *table d'hôte*. He is a tall, venerable old man, dressed in his cassock, as all the priests are. His account of things here was better than I thought. We set off at 3½, and could not get farther than Nyon, where Phillipps and I went to see the curé and his church, all new. There was no mission here till 1831. We interested him for England, I hope. The hotel is de la Couronne. In

every room, as at Geneva, is a New Testament of the Geneva Bible Society.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.—I went at 5 to say mass at the new church; the curé, M. Rossiaud, got up to serve it, and came with me to see us off. We went up the Jura; but the grand view of Mont Blanc was clouded, so we have but once seen it dimly. Yesterday evening we had a troublesome sorting of all our baggage at Les Rousses. We dined at St. Laurent. I went to the curé, M. Gottez, who spoke painfully of the state of France (I think too much so), but brightened up when we were about England. We went on to Champagnole, at the Hôtel de la Poste, a nice little inn. Phillipps and I went to the church; and I called and saw the curé, like Dr. Rock in looks. He accepted my appeal agreeably.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—I got to say mass at the parish church; at 5. The curé, M. Patit, and the vicaire, M. Bouvet, were both up, and the latter walked back with me to the inn, la Poste. We started at 6½; dined at 1 at l'Hôtel de France, at Dole: we got there at 12. I went out and saw a father at the Jesuits', who received me very agreeably; and then a nun at the Visitation Convent. The Jesuit promised for all the convents himself. The Prince and Princess Doria were come to the inn, on their way to Italy. When we came back, I went to see them after our dinner. We went on through Auxonne, where Phillipps and I went to see the church,—*diligence* to Dijon. Arrived at the Hôtel de la Cloche at 7½. I went out to see the Bishop, but he was out. I called at the Séminaire, and saw the Superior and others, who were very kind, and spoke of Brother Luke asking them; then back to supper; after which I went again to the évêché, and waited in the porter's lodge, talking to a nice old man of eighty about the Revolution, &c., till the Bishop came in. He, Monseigneur Rivet, promised his help very graciously. I got home at 10, having also tried in vain to get at the sacristan for mass to-morrow.

Friday, Sept. 27.—I went out at ten minutes to 4, to try once more the sacristan's bell, but no answer, and so I had

to come back and give up mass, as we were to start at 5. We took provisions in the carriage, and we had no mind to stop all day, till at 7½ we reached St. Florentin, a town of 2,400 people, in the diocese of Sens. The weather was beautiful, and we admired the high cultivation and seeming prosperity of the country. We passed a fine château at Aucy le Franc, of the Duc or Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre. At St. Florentin I went out and saw the curé and the sacristan, to provide better for mass to-morrow than to-day. Hôtel de la Poste.

Saturday, Sept. 28.—Got up about 3. At a quarter to 4 I went to the sacristan, and with him to the church, and said mass; a pretty little Gothic church. We set off at a quarter to 5, with provisions again, for Paris, which we entered about 11 at night. We stopped at Sens to see the cathedral. I first went to the archévêché, and was most graciously received by the Archbishop, Monseigneur Mellon Jolly, a young man translated here from Séez last March. He said he had introduced prayers for England at Séez, and would begin again now. He took me into the cathedral, and left me to see the trésor, where the Phillippses already were. The most precious relic was of the true cross, as the sacristan said, the largest in the world; but he could not know of Rome and Jerusalem. It was given by Charlemagne. There are two pieces, placed in a cross under crystal; I should say the upright piece of nine or ten inches, the transverse of four or five, well polished. What was perhaps most interesting to us was the case containing St. Thomas of Canterbury's chasuble, alb with apparel, stole, &c., from which the late Archbishop separated what he gave to Dr. Wiseman. There is also an arm of St. Lupus, a case of St. Gregory's relics, from which some have been begged for Rome. We stopped again at Fontainebleau, and took a rapid view of the palace. The servant who led said it was the finest in the world. I think he must be partial, as the sacristan this morning about the relic of the cross. Louis-Philippe has done a good deal here; spent 800,000 fr. in ornamenting one room. I was much pleased with the gallery with pictures of the history of France. This is the

finest matter for a palace. There was much very indecent. After this it began to rain till we got to Paris. We got rooms at the Hôtel de l'Europe, just opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. Nothing could be better.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—I went at 7½ to say mass at the Madeleine, that glorious church for its style. Then home to breakfast, and then, with the rest, to high mass at Notre-Dame; one of the grandest plain chant masses I ever was at. There I met Mr. Moore, of Birmingham; and I went with him after, in his hackney-coach, on a few errands, and at last to the English convent, from whence he takes one of the Misses Bingham to the convent at Handsworth. Then I went again to Notre-Dame, and very much to my loss: I came too late for vespers. After, I went to St. Jacques, but did not find the Curé de Noirlieu, nor his vicaire. I came back by the omnibus to dine at the *restaurant*, and directly we went to Notre-Dame des Victoires, where we assisted at the service, from 7 to 20 minutes to 10. It was wonderful to see the attention of the people all this time. The old curé, after the sermon by another priest, gave the *annonces* in an interesting way. We heard him recommend England. I went in to ask him.

Monday, Sept. 30.—I said mass at the Madeleine. After breakfast, I went to Mr. Blount, the banker, who told me that Hencage was to be in Paris on Thursday, the very day we go away. Then to the post, and find no letters; then by omnibus to St. Sulpice (where the retreat of the clergy begins to-day), to see the Archbishop. I was introduced to him in a room, where he was among several priests. I got on but poorly. He was gracious, but made little of the affair. The secretary of Mgr. Quelin was there. He testified to his recommending the thing before, but no effect followed. This was damping enough, though I knew something to the contrary. The Archbishop sent me to M. Vollemaux (Mr. Hand's friend), who conducts the retreat, and he promised to recommend England this evening. So the point is gained; though, judging from the tone in which he spoke of England, it is not so promising a prospect as some. But among 600 priests some will be inspired, let

him speak as he may. I then went to the rue de Chaillot, to seek Captain Cooke, to know about John Beaumont. Had to come back empty, and stopped at home, not very well, till 5½, when Phillippses came in from St. Denis to dinner. After dinner Mr. Gordon, of the *Univers*, came to tea, and stopped till 10 nearly.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—I went to say mass at Notre-Dame des Victoires, in les Petits Pères, at 8½. I breakfasted near them, and had a talk with Abbé Desgenettes. Then went to breakfast *à la fourchette*, at 11, with M. Noirlieu, Curé of St. Jacques, and his vicaire, Bourjéant. The latter forced me, against my will, to have some papers with an image and a prayer for England printed. It is the like case with Belgium. I hope it may be well, as it certainly was not my will, and so the denial of my will may be a blessing. We then went to call on the nuncio, Mgr. Fornari; and then to the engravers for this said work. Mgr. Fornari is grown very stout and unwieldy, but was very kind and pleasing; he encouraged my pursuit and this printing. We went home again to St. Jacques *to rédiger* the prayers, when again my friend would have his way against my mind in a point or two. I came thence to the Bank, M. Blount's, then home, and dined alone; then went to call on Captain Cooke, to ask about John Beaumont, who, it seems, does not come to Paris at all; then home, where I found the Phillippses going out to a spectacle, and so I had to go off and try to stop at l'Abbé Desgenettes', who was to come to see him, but he was already from home, and so I came back and received his visit, when I pressed him for England, and he took it well.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.—By desire of M. Gallard, Vicaire of the Madeleine, expressed by M. Bourgoiner, I said mass there. After breakfast, I called on Mrs. Heneage and her daughter, 17, rue St. Florentin; then took omnibus to St. Denis, where I looked through the church below ground and above. It is greatly altered since 1838—wonderful work of painting and stained glass, yet a very little is done of what has to be done. I came back by omnibus to Porte St. Martin; then walked home at 6. I dined with Captain Cooke — a family dinner, purely English, as he is himself.

I liked his conversation much, blunt and plain as it is. He talked of his twenty years' service—Egypt—America. I came home at 8 to meet MM. Noirlieu and Bourgoigne and Gordon, who came to tea and made interesting company till 11, I think.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Said mass at St. Roch; after, I went to the Jesuits, Rue des Postes, and saw the Provincial, M. Boulanger; then to the Sisters of Charity, Rue de Bac; the Sacré Cœur, where Mad. de Gramont gave me a most amiable reception; the Lazarists, Rue de Sevres; then I tried to see one of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and went with a zealous young clerk from their office, 37, Rue de Seine, St. Germain; to seek an *avocat* at the Palais de Justice. I was handing about the engravings, which were ordered on Tuesday, and which are well received. The sister, deputed to see me at the Sisters of Charity, alone, was cold. She was the same as six years ago, when she was very gracious. I came home to dine at 1 alone; at 2 I went to see Heneage, just arrived at his father and mother's from Dieppe. I sat an hour very happily with him, and came home at the time appointed to go away, but it was deferred till to-morrow. So I went to the chief house of the Ecoles Chrétiennes, about 126, Rue du Faubourg St. Martin. The Superior-General was very favourable, and promised to recommend England to his community of 300, and to the 400 houses of his order. I then took omnibus to the Rue de Bac, and had an interesting conversation with Abbé Dubois, now eighty years old. Ever since 1838, he prays for England every day in the mass. He is in retreat. He receives a pension of £100 a year from England. I went again and had tea with him, and so finished the day happily.

Friday, Oct. 4.—Mass at St. Roch. We started for Boulogne at 9½. We stopped on the way to see the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, building in most splendid style, in form of a basilica inside, but with a portico without. Then I stopped at St. Denis, and walked round it again; saw in addition the winter choir most richly adorned. *Mem.*—The twelve Apostles holding the consecration crosses round the walls. We went on to dine at Beauvais. We went, when

it was growing dark, to take a look at the cathedral. The choir alone complete—the finest in the world. We said that the French, with their present zeal and prosperity, would finish this cathedral if the peace lasts ten more years. I left them in the church, and went to see the Bishop. He was at dinner, but came out and introduced me to the party, namely, the directors of the Seminary (among them my acquaintance, M. Bareau), and some Jesuits. He was most kind and favourable, and promised before them all that he would say mass for England once a week for a year. The others all sympathised. After this beautiful incident, I came home, and we dined at the Écu de France. We afterwards drove on to Grandvilliers; arrived at 11. The King of the French dined there yesterday; the landlady was in raptures at it; there was the Queen, and in all twenty-six, at table.

Saturday, Oct. 5.—As they failed to awake me, I missed saying mass. We set off at 6½, and went, almost without a stop, dining in the carriage (135 kilometres, about 85 miles), to Boulogne, where we stopped at the Hôtel des Bains. I went directly to see the Grand Doyen, who was very kind. Returning, I found Mr. Digby with them. Louis-Philippe's birthday—71 years old.

Sunday, October 6.—I said mass at 8½; got back to breakfast, and then we went together to the high mass, sung by Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax. He had no mitre. After this, Mrs. Canning met me in the sacristy, and we went to her house, No. 5, Rue de Doyen. At 2 we walked to the Haute Ville, where we visited the Visitation Nuns in their grand new house, twenty-seven in number, and the Ursulines, fifty-two in number; then to M. Haffreingue. At 6 I went to dine with the Digbys; saw Mrs. Digby for the first time. The Phillippses were there, and four or five more. I walked back with the Doyen in heavy rain at 10, and entered my lodgings with L'Abbé Daniel, 73, Grande Rue.

Monday, October 7.—I went with Mrs. Canning to the Visitation Convent, and said the community mass at 9. After it we breakfasted in the parlour at 11. M. Haffreingue came in with the Phillippses, who had breakfasted

with him, and the Superioress, an English lady of the name of Muller, and other nuns, showed us round the house, which is most stately and beautiful, though it would have been wonderfully better had the money been spent on Gothic work. Mrs. Canning and I left at 12½, and called on Mr. Errington. We came down to dine at 2. The Doyen and M. Daniel came. The Bishop also came to luncheon at 8. I went up to the Haute Ville, and first called on M. Gillies, a Scotch gentleman, converted last year; then went to Digby's for the evening. Besides Phillippses, &c., I saw Nicholas Ball. Came back at 10½.

Tuesday, October 8.—Said mass at 7½; then went to breakfast with Mrs. Canning. About 11 we set off for the Haute Ville, and went once more to the Visitation Convent, where we were allowed to see the whole community through their grate for three quarters of an hour, that I might do my best to recommend England, which I tried to do. Then I visited M. Gillies, and got down to dinner at 2¼. M. Le Cointe, M. Le Roy, and M. Daniel, dined with us. After dinner we went out and visited, first, the Sœurs Grises, an austere convent of poor nuns, who teach school. They have 900 girls under care. The Superioress promised for all; if she fulfils it, it is a fine gain. Then to the Ecoles Chrétiennes. They are seventeen brothers, teaching 1,100 boys in different schools. They were very encouraging; promised for themselves and the boys. After an hour's office and tea, I went to the Haute Ville to see Phillipps and his party at Digby's for the last time, as they go to-morrow. Met Mr. W. Jones and wife, and others. Then at 9 I went to visit Judge Ball at the Hôtel de Londres. The Bishop and others were there. The family was Mr. Ball, Nicholas, and Alexander, and a daughter.

Wednesday, October 9.—I said mass at the Ursulines at 7½, first addressing them on England for a quarter of an hour. Then breakfasted, during which six English nuns were in attendance, and Miss Swift. Then my cousin and I walked to the Annonciades, when we could not see the Superioress; then to the Dames de Notre-Dame du bon Secours (*gardes malades*, seventeen nuns). Then in the Basse Ville

to the Hospitalieres (thirteen nuns); these promised well. Then I went home to office till dinner at 2. Mrs. Canning and M. Tallier, Curé de Neufchatel, who takes care of them, came over to meet me. At 4 M. Thillay came. These two promised to do all they could. At 5 Mrs. C. and I walked to the steamboat office, post-office, &c. Came back to office and tea. Then I went up to change my quarters, and pass some days at the college with M. Haffreingue. I first called and saw Mrs. Gillies. I sat some time with M. Haffreingue, and to bed at 10.

Thursday, October 10.—Said mass at ¼ to 8. At 10 Dr. Walsh came up and sung mass *de Spiritu Sancto*, for the opening of studies. The boys came back yesterday. I assisted him as Assistant Deacon. At 1½ we dined. The Bishop, M. O'Reilly, and a M. Cardham, a London convert, were all the strangers. The rest were the professors of the house. After dinner we had toasts, cheers, and speeches, on England, Mr. O'Reilly leading it. At 10, I went and saw Abbate Melia at Mrs. Errington's. He is going to replace Baldacconi in London. Then to Mrs. Canning's to tea. Returned for night prayers at 7½. Supper comes after. I talked to M. Haffreingue about architecture.

Friday, October 11.—I said mass at 7½ in the chapel of Notre-Dame de Boulogne; breakfasted with M. Haffreingue. At 10 I called on Digby, then Mrs. Canning, and Mrs. Gillies. I dined in the Infirmary, to eat meat with M. Grettan, the English teacher, and little Rosamel, grandson of a great admiral. M. Haffreingue and I took a walk, and went through the crypt of the cathedral. Night prayers and supper in the refectory at 7½. After it, M. Haffreingue and I went to call on Mrs. Muller and Digby.

Saturday, October 12.—Said mass in the Chapelle de Notre-Dame. Miss Muller breakfasted with us. She is the great support of M. Haffreingue's great work of building the cathedral, having begged for it for years past. I asked her to have prayers made for England, as M. Haffreingue announces the cathedral to be undertaken mainly for that enterprise. She promised to interest the poor. I thought of my sermon, and did other things till near 12. When I

went out, called on Mr. Stewart, a Scotch pastrycook, lately converted and received by Sisk. At 1, I dined (*gras*) with Mrs. Canning. After, called on Lady Burke and her two daughters, near the Porte. Came back after; walked an hour in the Grande Salle with Haffreingue, talking over projects for England and France.

Sunday, October 13.—Got up after 7, and sung high mass in the chapel at 9. After it I went to Mrs. Canning's till dinner time, when I returned and dined in the refectory. The afternoon was mostly preparing my sermon, which I preached on the conversion of England at the *salut* at 7. The boys clapped their hands to my surprise when I entered the refectory to supper; in token of acceptance, I hope. I got on better than I could have thought, and was not a bit tired. After supper I went with M. Haffreingue and M. Le Roy; a farewell visit to Digby. It blows hard, and I fear it will be a bad passage to-morrow, or none at all.

Monday, October 14.—The Abbate Melia, Dr. Baldacconi's intended successor, came to sing songs, and breakfast at the college, and went down with me to the port. Mr. Bodenham came with us, too. We waited from 9 till 10.20 before they set off. They seemed to fear the wind. When we got out it was a most stormy passage to Folkestone, of three hours. I stood up all the way, holding on, talking with M. Crawley, of the Hotel, Albemarle Street, except we were nearly sick. We swung through the narrow walk of Folkestone Harbour, and were at once smooth, and soon on England's soil. It was a long work passing the Custom House, but we got off by a train at 3.49. I set Mr. Melia down at Pagliano's, where we found Dr. Walsh (of Halifax), and had tea. Sisk and Mgr. Eyre came in by good fortune, and I went with them home to their quarters at the Chelsea chapel-house.

Tuesday, October 15.—Said mass at 8½. Then went to try Dr. Chambers, who is out of town. Then to Spence House, and saw Appleyard. By his advice, I determined to go to Windsor to-day, the Queen being just now away. I called on Father Lithgoe, and attended a meeting of ladies at Sisk's, then off by the Great Western Railway to Slough,

and so to Windsor. I saw Caroline at Lady Grant's, where she lodges, close to the Castle, where I dined at 8, first having seen Sarah at the Castle, and the Prince of Wales, with whom she was playing. He is a weakly-looking child of four, but noble and clever looking. He behaved prettily to us all in going off to bed.

Wednesday, October 16.—After sleeping at the Castle Inn, I walked to the Catholic chapel at Chrom, attended last Sunday by Louis-Philippe, who charmed them all. I said mass, and then Mr. Wilson took me in a gig a mile on to call on Mr. Riley, at Forest Hill. He was out. I thence called to Windsor, and was with Sarah from 12 to 1½, while the children were asleep. Then went down to Eton, called on Mr. Coleridge, then walked about the well-known places, the chapel, the cloisters, where I left a card on Wilder, now a fellow. I went and mused over the place which once was Godley's, but all is levelled. I stood by the oak-tree there, saw the boys assembling for 3 o'clock school, and talked to some. I brought back many a scene thirty years and more ago. At 3, started back and dined with Sisk. After dinner we went to see Mrs. Bagshawe and Mrs. Jauch back in an omnibus.

Thursday, October 17.—Mass at 8½. Went to see Dr. Watson, whom I found to be my former friend, fellow of St. John's. It was a good account of me, thank God. Then to Mr. Nerincx, at Somers Town. Then to Mr. Morel, at Hampstead, and Mrs. Sankey, near him; then called at the Sardinian Chapel, and home to dine, and sit the evening with Sisk.

Friday, October 18.

(This journal breaks off here, and is not resumed.)

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSE OF HIS CAREER IN OSCOTT; AND HIS RELIGIOUS VOCATION.

DURING the year 1845 his attention was greatly occupied with the converts that were coming daily into the Church through the Oxford movement. As Father Spencer was not a mover in it, and as its history has been written over and over by different members of it, it would be superfluous to give anything like a sketch of it in such a work as this. Father Spencer seemed to have great interest in Dr. Newman, as also Dr. Ward, Canon Oakeley, and Father Faber. Many of them go to Oscott, some to be received, and some to make their studies for the Church; and in the beginning of the year 1846 he writes that he had twelve who were Anglican clergymen assisting at his mass one day in Oscott, and that there were three more who might have been, but were unable to come.

He takes advantage of the Feast of St. Pius V. to preach his famous sermon on Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. In a few days he assists at the ordination of the present Bishop of Northampton, the Right Rev. Dr. Amherst. A number of converts received orders at the same time, and Father Spencer had the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony. He resumes his Journal in May, 1846, and we find these two entries in it: "Tuesday, June 9.—We had news to-day of the death of Pope Gregory XVI. on the 1st of June, after fifteen years and four months' pontificate. God grant a holy successor, full of fortitude and love, especially for England." "June 22.—News of Cardinal Feretti being Pope (Pius IX.). The brave Bishop of Imola, who stopped the progress of the insurgents in 1831. I am perfectly satisfied."

He went into retreat at Hodder under the direction of Father Clarke, S.J., and the result of that retreat was that he became a Passionist. We shall give a letter he wrote to Mr. Phillipps at the time, in which he gives a full account of how this was brought about.

"St. Benedict's Priory, Feast of St. John Cantius,
"Oct. 22, 1846.

"My Dear Ambrose,—Yesterday, for the first time this long time, I heard where you were, and that you were within reach again of a Queen's head. This was from Mrs. Henry Whitgrave, next to whom I sat at dinner yesterday, at the Clifford Arms, Great Heywood, after the opening high mass of the new chapel there, which she and her husband came from Rugeley to attend. I determined not to lose another day in writing to you, lest you should hear from others, which I should not be pleased with, the news I have to give about myself. Perhaps you have already heard of it; but it is not my fault that you have not had the news from me. The news in question is that I am going to become a Passionist. You have frequently told me your persuasion, that what would be for my happiness would be to join a religious institute, and therefore I am confident you will rejoice with me at my prejudices being overcome, my fond schemes of other plans of my own set aside, and this good step at length determined on; though I can imagine that you will perhaps regret that the body which I join is not that with which you are most connected yourself, the Institute of Charity. Surprised I dare say you will not be much. Many others have received the declaration of this intention without any surprise, and only told me that they had been used to wonder how I did not long ago take such a step. You will only be surprised and wonder how I have come to this mind, after such decided purposes, as I have always expressed the contrary way. I can only say, Glory be to God, to our Blessed Lady, and St. Ignatius. It was entirely owing to the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, which I have gone through twice, and only twice, in private and alone in the effective way. Once was at Louvain, where

you parted from me two years ago to go to Königswinter, and the other time was this summer, when I went for a retreat at Hodder Place, under your friend Father Thomas Clarke, who is Master of Novices there. For two or three days in the course of the former of these retreats, I was brought (for the first time) to doubt whether I ought not to give up my own ideas, and take to the regular established course of entering religion; and the old Jesuit who directed me in that retreat, when I expressed these new ideas, seemed at first to think they would lead to this conclusion. But I suppose I was not ripe for it, or God's time was not come. It ended by his telling me to put aside all those thoughts, and go on as I was. So I did, and was without any idea of the kind till the middle of this second retreat, which I entered with no view but to get on better where I was for another year. The same meditations raised up again the same battle within me as at Louvain, and I saw no way but to go into the matter, and make my election according to the rules given by St. Ignatius; which, if they were applied more often to questions of importance which people have to settle, ah! we should have many resolutions come to different to what are come to in the world. I soon came to determine for a change of state; then came the question which body to choose, and for a whole day nearly this was working my thoughts up and down. I could see no prospect of deciding between the two which came before me at first—and for which I found my feelings and my judgment alternately inclining me—these were the Jesuits and the Institute of Charity. I saw no prospect of making up my mind that day, though Father Clarke told me now was the time for such a choice, and not when I had gone out again into the world, and I knew that God whom I had sought in solitude would give me light. At last, when I had just finished my last meditation of that portion of the retreat, and still could not settle, I thought I must have recourse after the retreat was over to Father Dominic, as a neutral judge, to help me to choose between the other two; when, in a minute, as in the fable of the two men who found the oyster and called in the third to judge between

them, I saw that Father Dominic himself was to have me, such as I was, and all my doubts vanished. Father Clarke came soon afterwards to pay me his daily visit, and confirmed my choice with a manner and tone as unhesitating as the choice itself had been, and would not let me afterwards give way to the fear of any difficulties, saying, once for all, when I was questioning how I could get over some of them, 'Well, if you do not get over them, God has been deceiving you.' How I extol now and praise the practice of spiritual exercises, and St. Ignatius, the great founder of the system of them, and the Jesuits in their conduct of them, as exemplified in Father Clarke, whose way with me so completely gave the lie to what people are disposed to think, that the Jesuits must bring everything and everybody to themselves when they get them into their hands. I intend to express my sense of obligation to them and St. Ignatius, by taking his name as my future designation, after I am admitted to the religious habit. So I hope in time I may come to be known no more by my own name, but by that of *Ignatius of St. Paul.* And as God gives me this *nomen novum* may he add the *manna absconditum,* and make me in spirit as different from what I have been as in name. It is a great satisfaction that all this was settled without Father Dominic or any Passionist having a hint of it, till I went up to London three days after the retreat, to tell him of the determination I had made. The next day I came back to Oscott, and told Dr. Wiseman. He was, of course, surprised at the news, and at first seemed to think I could not be really in earnest, but ever since has acted in the most considerate and kind manner towards me. My move, I am sorry to think, must entail on him and dear Bishop Walsh serious inconveniences, not so much for the loss of my services where they had placed me, for I hope if I live I may serve them better as I shall be circumstanced hereafter, as I was doing little at Oscott, but from the withdrawal of my funds, which I fear may take place perhaps even to their entire amount, but certainly in great part. Not that any part goes to the congregation (of the Passion); thank God, I am received there *in formâ pauperis* and all

which remains to me would be left to the Bishop; but my dear brother seems quite determined to make my vow of poverty as much one in earnest as it can be; and so, bitter as that part of the trial is, God bless him for it! I think I must have told you how my income came to me. My father left me a certain capital quite independently, which went long ago to building churches, and £300 a year to be paid to me as long as I did not put it out of my own power, in which case it was to be in the power of my brother, now living, and other trustees, to be employed to my advantage. My late brother gave me as much more of his own free will, and this brother has hitherto continued this, but now says that he cannot give it to support Catholicity; and as he will not use it himself, it is to go for my lifetime to religious and charitable purposes such as he thinks fit. So half of my money is clean gone, and the other half depends upon what interpretation the law puts on the terms of my father's will. Bishop Wiseman takes this so beautifully and disinterestedly, that I trust the loss he thus bears for God's sake will be more than amply compensated to him. My sister, Lady Lyttelton, takes my change beautifully."

The pecuniary losses his ecclesiastical superiors would sustain prevented them giving him the opposition they otherwise would. It would not look well to try to keep him out of religion, under the circumstances; and besides, Cardinal Wiseman was not the person to prevent his priests becoming religious, if he were only convinced they had a vocation.

When Father Spencer was on his way to London to consult with Father Dominic about his reception, a musket went off by accident in the carriage he was in, and the ball passed through the skylight. This gave him rather a start, and made him think a little about the shortness of life. He appears to have found Father Dominic giving a retreat to the nuns of the Sacré Cœur, who are now at Roehampton. The saintly Passionist was delighted with the news, and Father Ignatius used to say that he seemed to be more delighted still at the fact that he was not bringing a penny to the order. On his return to Oscott, the first thing we heard

was that a Quaker had been converted by a sermon he preached in Birkenhead, which sermon he thought himself was about the worst he ever delivered. He meets a little opposition, however; they wish him to stay until his thoughts get settled into their original state after the retreat. He fears this to be a stratagem of the enemy, and, lest it might make him lose his vocation, he makes a vow of entering religion at or before Christmas. When this became known, nobody could in conscience oppose him, for only the Pope could dispense him from entering now.

At length everything is settled. His £300 income remains to the Bishop and his brother promises to provide for his pensioners. All things being thus arranged, he visits all the poor people about Oscott and West Bromwich, to give them a parting advice and blessing, spiritual and temporal. He writes to all his friends, packs up his books and other smaller movables, receives two converts — Laing and Walker—gets Dr. Wiseman's blessing, and has his carriage to the train, takes third class to Stafford, and on his birthday, 21st December, 1846, at 8 o'clock in the evening, arrives at Aston Hall, to enter the Passionists' noviciate.

BOOK IV

F. Ignatius, a Passionist.

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CHAPTER I.

THE NOVICIATE.

RELIGIOUS orders in the Church may be compared to a vast army, composed of different regiments, with different uniforms, different tactics, and different posts in the kingdom of God, offensive and defensive, against the kingdom of Satan. The Pope is the head of all, and various generals bear rule, in his name, over the forces who have chosen them for their leaders.

Some religious orders fill chairs in universities; others are charged with the instruction of youth. Some watch by the sickbed; others ransom captive slaves, or bring consolation to the miserable in prisons and asylums. Some, again, work at the rooting out of sin and disorders at home, whilst others carry the light of the Gospel to the heathen. Some pitch their tents in deserts or mountain fastnesses, whilst a more numerous body take up their abode in the abandoned purlieus of crowded cities.

Every religious order has some one characteristic spirit, a mark by which it may be distinguished from the others. This may be called the genius of the order. It is mostly the spirit that animated the founder when he gathered his first companions around him, and drew up the code by which

their lives were to be regulated. This spirit may be suited to one age and not to another; it may be local or universal; on its scope depends the existence and spread of the order; its decay or unsuitableness will portend the extinction of the body it animated.

This spirit may take in the whole battle-field of religion, and then we see members of that order in every post in which an advantage may be gained, or a blow dealt upon the enemy. It may take in some parts and leave the rest to the different battalions that are already in charge, prepared to render assistance in any department as soon as its services may be needed.

The religious order known as the Congregation of the Passion has a peculiar spirit and a special work. It was founded by Blessed Paul of the Cross in the middle of the last century, and approved by Benedict XIV., Clement XIV., and Pius VI. Its object is to work in whatever portion of the Church it may have a house established, for the uprooting of sin, and the planting of virtue in the hearts of the faithful. The means it brings to this, in addition to the usual ones of preaching and hearing confessions, is a spreading among Christians a devotion to and a grateful, lively remembrance of the Passion of our Lord. The Passionists carry out this work by missions and retreats, as well as parish work in their own houses. If circumstances need it, they take charge of a parish; if not, they do the work of missioners in their own churches. They teach none except their own younger members, and they go on foreign missions when sent by His Holiness or the Propaganda.

To keep the members of an order always ready for their out-door work, there are certain rules for their interior life which may be likened to the drill or parade of soldiers in their quarters. This discipline varies according to the spirit of each order.

The idea of a Passionist's work will lead us to expect what his discipline must be. The spirit of a Passionist is a spirit of atonement; he says, with St. Paul: "I rejoice in my sufferings, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh for His body, which is the

Church." Coloss. i. 24. For this cause, the interior life of a Passionist is rather austere. He has to rise shortly after midnight, from a bed of straw, to chaunt matins and lauds, and spend some time in meditation. He has two hours more meditation during the day, and altogether about five hours of choir-work in the twenty-four. He fasts and abstains from flesh meat three days in the week, all the year round, besides Lent and Advent. He is clad in a coarse black garment; wears sandals instead of shoes; and practises other acts of penance of minor importance.

This seems rather a hard life; but an ordinary constitution does not find the least difficulty in complying with the letter of the rule. It is withal a happy, cheerful life; for it seems the nature of penance to make the heart of the penitent light and gladsome, "rejoicing in suffering." Two facts are proved by experience. First, that scarcely one ever left the order on account of the corporal austerities, though they are used as a plea to justify the step by those who lose the religious spirit. Secondly, longevity is more common amongst us than any other order, except perhaps the Cistercians, whose rule is far more severe than ours. A Passionist is bound by this rule only within the retreat, as houses of the order are called; outside, he follows the Gospel ordinance of partaking of what is set before him, and suiting himself to the circumstances in which he is placed. The Superior, moreover, has a discretionary power of granting exemptions, in favour of those who require some indulgence in consequence of illness or extra labour.

It will be seen, from this sketch, that Passionists have to lay up a stock of virtue, by a monastic life at home, in order that their ministrations for their neighbour may be attended with more abundant fruit. They unite the active and contemplative spirit, that both may help to the saving of their own souls by qualifying them better for aiding in the salvation of others.

This was the kind of life Father Spencer began to lead on his forty-seventh birthday. For a man of his age, with habits formed, with health subject to occasional shocks, it was certainly a formidable undertaking. There was little of

human glory to eclipse those difficulties in the community he entered. Four foreign fathers, living in a wretched house, as yet unable to speak passable English, without a church, without friends, without funds, without influence, formed the principal portion of the community of Aston Hall. These were, Father Dominic, Father Gaudentius, Father Constantine, and Father Vincent. None of these four fathers are in the province at present. Fathers Dominic and Constantine are dead. Father Gaudentius is a member of the American province; and Father Vincent, after many years of zealous missionary work in these countries, was called to Rome, where he now holds the office of Procurator-General. They had one student, two lay brothers, and Father Spencer was to be the second of two novices. The Passionists had already been four years in England, and, through trials and difficulties, from poverty and misunderstandings, had worked their way up to the precarious position in which he found them. He was, therefore, a great acquisition to the struggling community. True, he brought no earthly riches; but he brought what was more valued, an unearthly spirit—he brought humility, docility, and burning zeal.

The fathers knew him for a long time, and scarcely required proofs to convince them of his having a religious vocation, since he had practised the vows before then in a very perfect way, considering his state. He gave clear proofs of his spirit on the eve of his coming to Aston. He came, as he glories in telling Mr. Phillipps, *in formâ pauperis*. Some of his friends wished to give him the price of his habit by way of alms; he would not accept of it. He then reflected on the poverty of the Passionists, and thought it would be well if he brought even so much, whereupon he proposed to beg the money. The largest alms he intended to receive was half-a-crown. He was forbidden to do this by his director, and obeyed at once: thus giving a proof of his spirit of poverty and obedience.

Notwithstanding all this, the fathers were determined to judge for themselves, and try by experiment if any aristocratic *hauteur* might yet lurk in the corners of his dis-

position. Our rule, moreover, requires that postulants be tried by humiliations before being admitted to the habit; and many and various are the tests applied, depending, as they do, on the judgment of the master of novices. One clause of the rule was especially applicable to Father Spencer: "*Qui nobili ortus est genere, accuratiore et diuturniore experimento probetur;*" and the strict Father Constantine, who was then the master, resolved that not a word of it should be unfulfilled. A day or two after his arrival, he was ordered to wash down an old, rusty flight of stairs. He tucked up his sleeves and fell to, using his brush, tub, and soapsuds with as much zest and good will as if he had been just hired as a maid-of-all-work. Of course, he was no great adept at this kind of employment, and probably his want of skill drew down some sharp rebukes from his overseer. Some tender-hearted religious never could forget the sight of this venerable ecclesiastic trying to scour the crevices and crannies to the satisfaction of his new master. He got through it well, and took the corrections so beautifully, that in a few days he was voted to the habit.

On the afternoon of the 5th January, 1847, vespers are just concluded, and the bell is rung for another function. People are hurrying up to the little chapel, and whispering to each other about the scene they are going to witness. The altar is prepared as for a feast. The thurifers and acolytes head the procession from the sacristy; next follow the religious; then Father Dominic arrayed in surplice and cope. After him follows Father Spencer, in the costume of a secular priest. He kneels on the altar step; he has laid aside long before all that the world could give him; he has thrown its greatness and its folly away as vanities to be despised, and now asks for the penitential garb of the sons of the Passion, with all its concomitant hardships. He had not yet experienced the happiness it brings: he had only begun to earn it by broken rest, fasts, and humiliations. Father Dominic blesses the habit, mantle, and cincture; he addresses a few touching words to the postulant, and prepares to vest him. In the presence of all he takes off the cassock, the habit is put on and bound with a leathern

girdle, a cross is placed upon his shoulder, a crown of thorns on his head, benedictions are invoked upon him according to the ritual, the religious intone the *Ecce quam bonum*, Our Lord gives His blessing from the Monstrance, and the Honourable and Reverend George Spencer is greeted as a brother and companion by Father Dominic, under the new name of Father Ignatius of St. Paul. Thus ended the function of that day, and the benisons of the rite were not pronounced in vain.

It is the custom with us to drop the family name on our reception, to signify the cutting away of all carnal ties, except inasmuch as they may help to benefit souls. A religious should be dead to nature, and his relationship henceforth is with the saints. This is why, among many religious orders of men, and nearly all of women, some saint or some mystery of religion to which the novice is specially devoted is substituted instead of the family name. In most cases, also, the Christian name is changed; this, following the example of our Lord, who changed the names of some of the Apostles, is useful in many ways, as well to typify newness of life as to help in distinguishing one from another when the aid of family names is taken away. Father Ignatius gave his reasons above for preferring this name, and events, both before and after, make us applaud the fitness of the choice.

A novice's life is a very eventless one; it has little in it of importance to others, though it is of so much consequence to himself. The coming of a postulant, the going away of a newly-made brother, the mistakes of a tyro at bell-ringing, chanting, or ceremonies, are of interest enough to occupy several recreations. The absence of soul-stirring news from without gives these trifles room to swell into importance. When the little incidents are invested with ludicrous or peculiar circumstances, they often have a sheet of the chronicles dedicated to their history by the most witty or least busy of the novices.

A postulant ran away the day after Father Ignatius was clothed; he heard the religious take the discipline, and no amount of explanations or coaxing could induce him to

accustom his ear to the noise, much less his body to the stripes, of this function. The senior novice left at the same time; he was a priest, and died on the London mission the very same year as Father Ignatius. In a few days more Father Dominic caught a novice dressing his hair and giving himself airs before a looking-glass. His habit was stripped off, and he was sent to the outer world, where, perhaps, the adorning of his good looks was of more service to him than it was at Aston Hall.

It is a received tradition in the religious life that vocations which are not tried by difficulties seldom prove seaworthy, so to speak. Before or after the novice enters, he must be opposed and disappointed in some way; he has to pay dear for the favour of serving God in this state of life, if he be destined to act any important part in the Church as a religious. Father Ignatius had his trials. He found it difficult to pick up all the *minutiæ* of novice discipline: he suffered a little from homesickness, and these, joined to chilled feet, a hard bed, and meagre food, did not allow him to enjoy to any great extent the delightful sensation known as *fervor noviliorum*. He got over all this, as we see from a letter he wrote to a friend in March:—"I am here in a state in which not a shadow of trouble seems to come, but what I cause for myself. With a little humility there is peace enough. I suppose I shall have some more troubles hereafter if I live. I have not been so well for several years. Some would have thought a Lent without a bit of meat would not have done for me; but I have seen now since Shrove Tuesday, and, in Lent or out of it, I never have been better. So in that respect, viz., my health, I suppose my trial here is satisfactory."

A rude shock was in store for his health which he little anticipated when he wrote those lines. This was the terrible year of famine in Ireland, that year which will be remembered for ever by those who lived in the midst of the harrowing scenes that overspread that unhappy country. Poor famishing creatures, who had laid their fathers or mothers, and perhaps their children, in coffinless graves, begged their way to England, and began that tide of emi-

gration which has since peopled Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and London, with such crowds of Catholics. Every ship brought its cargo of misery, and the hapless victims were forced by their poverty to seek for lodgings in dens of vice, or employment where virtue was not paramount. They thus imbibed a poison to their morals which has not yet been completely purged out of the thousands who have had to follow the footsteps of their famine-stricken predecessors. Numbers of the poor Irish gathered around Stone and Aston; fever broke out amongst them, and the wards of the workhouse infirmaries were unable to contain even a moiety of the sufferers. Every hovel and barn had their burning occupants, and even charity itself seemed frightened from giving assistance. The priest was, of course, busy; and, fortunately for Aston, more than one priest could be had to attend the dying.

All our fathers were at the bed of death many times in the day. Father Gaudentius was struck down with fever, Father Vincent followed next. The duties now devolved upon Father Dominic and Father Ignatius. The poor novice was prostrated by the pestilence, after administering the last rites of the Church to many. He gets a very malignant attack, and in a few days is at the point of death. He prepared for his last passage with the most beautiful dispositions. He thanked God for the privilege of his state, and was particularly delighted at the prospect of dying a martyr to his charity. He receives the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, makes his profession as on death-bed, becomes insensible, and is given an hour to live by the doctors. The religious commence a *novena*, in which they are joined by the people, for his recovery. God preserved him to his brethren and their flock, for he began immediately to mend. We may form an idea of this poor community, all the active members, except Father Dominic, dying, or in feeble convalescence; their resources, perhaps, run out; and all the energy they had left taxed to its utmost to answer the calls of duty. Few as they were, they had not the least idea of sparing themselves. They still hoped to increase and multiply; but, after the example

of Him who increased by dying, and likened the progress of His Church to the dying of the grain of corn in the soil of its growth.

Charitable friends came to their assistance, and amongst the rest, Earl Spencer sent a handsome sum to pay doctors' expenses for his brother. This was considerate, indeed, and as soon as Father Ignatius could manage a pen, he wrote to thank him for his charity. Numbers were deeply concerned for our novice, and two or three Catholic nobles invited him to come and stay with them during his convalescence. Father Dominic did not think him sufficiently ill to warrant his sleeping out of the house, so their kind offers were thankfully declined.

This illness was a double blow to Father Ignatius: he had just received orders from his Superior to prepare for the missions when it came on. An end was put to his preparation for the time, but he resumed the task as soon as the doctors allowed him.

During his noviciate he had two kinds of trials to endure, besides those mentioned already. Father Constantine was remarkable for his meekness and charity; but he put on extra severity for Father Ignatius. His companions tried to show him some marks of distinction, and would offer to relieve him from works that were humiliating, or likely to be galling to one of his standing. The latter trial he complained of, and he was troubled at the other because some of of the religious complained of the novice-master's severity towards him. He had some more mortifications of the kind he playfully told us a few chapters back, as affecting Father Dominic in Oscott. He was troubled with chilblains, and was obliged, in consequence, to wear shoes and stockings for a great part of his noviciate. This he looked upon as a great grievance, inasmuch as he could not live like the others. When at last the chilblains got well, and he was allowed to put on the sandals, he felt overjoyed, and even writes a letter to congratulate himself on his happiness.

He writes two or three letters, in which he notes his astonishment at the Irish being so negligent in England, who had been so regular at home. He says, they all send

for the priest, and show great signs of repentance when dying; but, out of a number he attended, only one returned to the Church after recovery. "Still," he says, "it would be long till one of them would answer as the English pensioner is reported to have done on his death-bed. The minister talked much about Heaven and its happiness, but the patient coolly replied, 'It's all very well, sir; but old England and King George for me!'"

His noviciate glides quietly on to its end; and except his ordinary work of attending to a mission in Stone besides his home duties, nothing occurs to break the monotony.

At length, on the 6th of January, 1848, Father Ignatius and Father Dominic remain up after matins. We are told in the Journal, that the novice made his confession and had a long conference with his director, in preparation for the great event of his profession. Father Dominic was going off that day, but the conveyance disappointed him, he was obliged to wait till the next. That evening Father Ignatius is once more in the midst of a moving ceremony: on his knees, with his hands placed in Father Dominic's he pronounces his irrevocable consecration by the vows of his religious profession.* The badges are affixed to his breast, the sacrifice is completed—and well and worthily was it carried out. It is easier to imagine than to describe the joy of the two holy friends, so long united in the bonds of heavenly charity, as they spoke that day about their first acquaintance, and wondered at the dispositions of Providence, which now made them more than brothers.

* The profession on death-bed is conditional, so that if a novice recovers, after thus pronouncing his vows, he has to go on as if they had not been made.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST YEAR AS A PASSIONIST.

SHORTLY after his profession, Father Ignatius was sent out on missions. The first mission he gave, with Father Gaudentius, was to his old parishioners of West Bromwich. Crowds came to hear him; some to have another affectionate look, and hear once more the well-known voice of their old pastor; others from curiosity to see what he had been transformed into by the monks. This mission was very successful, for, besides the usual work of the reconciliation of sinners, and the helping on of the fervent, there were fifteen Protestants received into the Church before its close. He gives another mission somewhere in the Borough, London, with the same companion. During this mission he hears that his style of preaching is not liked much by the Irish; he feels a little sad at this, as he fears the work may fail of success through his deficiency.

The preaching of Father Ignatius was peculiar to himself; he cannot be said to possess the gifts of human eloquence in the highest degree, but there was a something like inspiration in his most commonplace discourse. He put the point of his sermon clearly before his audience, and he proved it most admirably. His acquaintance with the Scriptures was something marvellous; not only could he quote texts in support of doctrines, but he applied the facts of the sacred volume in such a happy way, with such a flood of new ideas, that one would imagine he lived in the midst of them, or had been told by the sacred writers what they were intended for. Besides this, he brought a fund of illustrations to carry conviction through and through the mind. His illustrations were taken from every phase of life, and every kind of em-

ployment; persons listening to him always found the practical gist of his discourse carried into their very homestead; nay, the objections they themselves were prepared to advance against it, were answered before they could have been thought out. To add to this, there was an earnestness in his manner that made you see his whole soul, as it were, bent upon your spiritual good. His holiness of life, which report published before him, and one look was enough to convice you of its being true, compelled you to set a value on what he said, far above the *dicta* of ordinary priests.

His style was formed on the Gospel. He loved the parables and the similes of Our Lord, and rightly judged that the style of his Divine Master was the most worthy of imitation. So far as the matter of his discourses were concerned, he was inimitable; his manner was peculiar to himself, deeply earnest and touching. He abstained from the rousing, thundering style, and his attempts that way to suit the taste and thus work upon the convictions of certain congregations, showed him that his fort did not lie there. The consequence was, that when the words of what he jocosely termed a "crack" preacher would die with the sound of his own voice, or the exclamations of the multitude, Father Ignatius's words lived with their lives, and helped them to bear trials that came thirty years after they had heard him.

Towards the end of his life, he became rather tiresome to those who knew not his spirit; but it was the tiresomeness of St. John the Evangelist. We are told that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" used to be carried in his old age before the people, and that his only sermon was "My little children, love one another." He preached no more, and no less, but kept perpetually repeating these few words. Father Ignatius, in like manner, was continually repeating "the conversion of England." No matter what the subject of his sermon was, he brought this in. He told us often that it became a second nature to him; that he could not quit thinking or speaking of it, even if he tried, and believed he could speak for ten days consecutively on the conversion of England, without having to repeat an idea.

He got on very well in the missions: he took all the dif-

ferent parts as they were assigned him; but he was more successful in the lectures than in the great sermons of the evening. His confessional was always besieged with penitents, and he never spared himself.

The late Cardinal, who was the chief mover in bringing the Passionists to England, wished to have a house of the order in the diocese of Westminster (then the London District), to which he had been recently translated. Father Dominic entered heartily into the project, and Father Ignatius with him. After a few weeks' negotiation, they took possession of Poplar House, in the west end of Hampstead, towards the end of June, 1848. A new foundation was, in those days, as it is still, a formidable undertaking. The ground has generally to be bought; a church and house built upon it; the necessary machinery to set it going to be provided, and all this from nothing but the Providence of God, and the charity of benefactors. Under a more than ordinary pressure of their difficulties, the house was opened, and after many changes and removals, it has finally fixed itself on the brow of Highgate Hill, under the name of St. Joseph's Retreat.

He notes in his Journal that the place in Hampstead brought some sad thoughts into his mind, as it was within sight of where his sister, Lady Georgiana Quin, died in 1823. He tells us also that he was benighted somewhere in London, and had to beg for a bed for the first time in his life. On a fine summer's day he sauntered leisurely through the grounds of Eton, ruminating over the scenes of forty years before, when he first became a child of what proved to him a novercal institution.

He was not destined to labour much, this time, for the London house. Father Dominic took the charge of it, and appointed Father Ignatius Rector of St. Michael's, Aston Hall, a post that became vacant by the death of Father Constantine. Father Ignatius thus mentions the matter in one of his letters:—"It was just such a death as one might expect of him (Father Constantine). I was thinking and saying to some one before, he would be attending to his duties and giving directions in the house to the last. In his

agony, he heard the clock strike, and, mistaking the hour for another when some bell has to ring, he asked why the bell did not ring for such a duty. It is recorded that what was most remarkable in him was his gentleness and patience; and that indeed was very striking. He must have suffered heavily to die in a lingering way by a cancer, but he never was disturbed, and went on, saying mass, and doing all that was to be done, as long as he could stand to it. His loss makes, as you have heard, a great change in my position. I never dreamt of being a Superior for years to come, and thought I had come to an end, almost for life, of keeping accounts and ruling household affairs. But God's will be done. It is a great comfort, as I find, to be in the rule of good religious, to what it would be to have people under one who seek their own gain and pleasure." Ruling, even thus, did not turn out so easy a matter; for it is recorded in the Journal, that Father Dominic gave him "a long lecture about the proper way of ruling," which he seems to have drawn down upon himself by some mistakes.

In the beginning of September, this year, he gave his first retreat. It was to the students of Carlow College. This event gave him a fresh start in his great work. Since 1844, when he made the tour on the Continent, procuring prayers for England, his zeal in the cause seems to have slumbered somewhat. Not that he was the less anxious for the return of his countrymen to the faith of their fathers, but he did not, perhaps, see any opportunity open for moving others in a general way to help the work by their prayers. It is rather a wonderful disposition of Providence that his energies should be renewed in Ireland, and that, too, in '48. Extracts from a few letters will show how it happened. In a letter to Mrs. Canning, he says:—

"My last journey to Ireland was, in the first place, to preach a retreat in Carlow College, which was the first and only retreat I have been on alone; secondly, to beg in Dublin for our church and house; thirdly, I got full into the pursuit of prayers for England again. I had hardly expected anything could be done in this last way under the excited state of feelings in Ireland against England. I began,

however, speaking in a convent in Carlow, and so warm and beautiful was the way in which these nuns took it up, that I lost no occasion after of saying mass in some convents every morning, and preaching to them upon it; and the zeal which they showed has given me a new spring to push it on in England. Accordingly, I have been preaching many times on it since I have been this time in Lancashire. I only ask now *one Hail Mary* a day to be said by every Catholic for the conversion of England. Here is a great field to work upon. You want to be doing something for England, I know; why not take up this object, and in every letter you write abroad or at home make people promise to do this, and make every man, woman, and child do it too. If millions would do as much as this, we should have thousands who would offer themselves up as victims to be immolated for the object, and we should have grand results. Above all, let it be done in schools at home; so that all the young may be trained to pant for this object, as young Hannibal for the destruction of Rome; and a foundation will be laid for the work to go on after we are all dead, if no fruit appears before."

In a letter to Father Vincent, he writes almost in the same strain:—

"My journey to Ireland was satisfactory in several respects to a certain degree. It answered well for begging purposes. With all their poverty, they are so generous that I made one of my best week's begging in Dublin. I hope for a great deal more in November, when I am going again to preach in Dublin, and will stay as long as I can. I picked up also one novice, not a cleric, but, I hope, a very promising lay brother. I think there will be many good subjects for us in Ireland, when we are better known there." (In this his expectations were most signally realized.) "I also got into the pursuit of prayers for England again. I said mass, and preached after mass ten times in convents on the subject, and the zeal and charity with which it was taken up by the good religious quite gave me a new spring in that cause. I have begun preaching in England for prayers. Will you help me in this? I have been writing, with Father

Dominic's approval, to our General, to obtain some indulgences for those who will join in those prayers."

In this year, Father Ignatius lost two great friends by death, Dr. Gentili and the Rev. Wm. Richmond. He had several conversations with the former, who was then giving his last mission in Dublin, and assisted on his return to England, at the death-bed of Mr. Richmond. He used to relate how this worthy man became a Catholic, as an instance of the ways of God in conversion. When Richmond was a boy, he went to see an uncle of his, who was a priest. One day he saw candles lit in the church in clear daylight. On entering, to satisfy himself that nothing was wrong, he saw his uncle issuing from the sacristy, in the most fantastic garb he ever beheld. He ran out of the church in a fright, and scarcely came near his uncle for three days. He did sum up courage enough to approach at length, and the end was that he became a priest himself, and outshone his uncle.

During the visit Father Ignatius paid to Ireland, according to promise, in the November of this year, he preached in several places on the conversion of England. He went to Maynooth, and addressed the junior students at night prayer and the seniors at morning prayer, on the same subject. He remains nearly a month in Ireland this time. He meets a few secular people who are not so kind and generous in listening to him as nuns and students. One day he begged of a gentleman, who immediately began to grope in his pocket for a coin which he should consider worthy of offering. Whilst the search was going on, Father Ignatius ventured to ask prayers for the conversion of England. "England!" said the gentleman; "I pray for England! Not I." And he turned off with a refusal, and left his petitioner to find another benefactor.

When he returned to England, he preached everywhere, to priests, nuns, and people; he wrote and spoke continually for prayers for England. The only change in his system since the former crusade was, that the prayer he asked for was defined. It was only *one Hail Mary* daily. This prayer he was especially fond of using; he said it for every person and everything. The antiphon of the Church,

"Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world," was continually in his heart. The devotion of the people of Ireland to our Blessed Lady brought this out; and it was remarked by himself and others, that when once he had put the great object of his endeavours under the protection of Mary, he never cooled or slackened, but always progressed with blessings.

The last day of this year was spent as all such days of his life, since he turned thoroughly to God's service, in being awake and in prayer at midnight.

CHAPTER III.

A PECULIAR MISSION.

FATHER IGNATIUS had an idea in his mind for a number of years, and saw no practical way in which it might be realized. He looked forward, with a pleasing anticipation, to the prospect of going about from parish to parish on a kind of itinerary mission. The thing was unusual in our day, and he saw no plea by which it could be justified to others, or he should have gone on it long before. He proposed it at last to his Superiors, and the circumstances of his position wonderfully favoured its prosecution.

Voluntary poverty was raised to a virtue by the example and teaching of our Divine Lord, and poverty must always have a counterpart. To be poor is to be dependent, and want is ordained for the sanctification of plenty. When our Divine Master said that it was difficult for the rich man to be saved, He subjoined that with God all things are possible. The miseries of the poor are the channels through which riches can flow into Heaven, and make friends to their possessors of the mammon of iniquity.

In the dispensation of Providence, the Church watches over the interests of all her children, and whilst she proclaims the severity of the Gospel maxims, she provides for their observance. She must preach poverty of spirit, from the text of the sermon on the Mount, and she manages to make kings who are richer than David live after God's own heart. The beautiful harmony between rank and lowliness, authority and submission, prosperity and adversity, has long ago been arranged by the practice of the ages of faith, and by the Pontifical constitutions which impress the seal of the Fisherman upon the usages of Catholicity.

In no department of Catholic polity is this superior wisdom so well exemplified as in the rules of mendicant orders. The Church takes the noble from his seat of power, she makes him cast his coronet at the feet of Peter, and stretch out his hand to his former vassal for the paltry morsel that is to sustain his future existence. She forbids him to accumulate; she makes him give back a thousandfold what he receives. By thus bringing down the pride of power and making it pay court to the discontented child of penury, she reconciles man with Providence and suffuses reverence through the crowd, who might grumble at greatness, by making their lord according to the world their servant according to the Gospel.

The constitutions of the Congregation of the Passion are framed upon the spirit of the Church. If a man of property joins our poor institute, he cannot bring his possessions with him to enrich the community he enters; for Blessed Paul has not allowed them to have any fixed revenue. He may, indeed, give a donation towards the building of their church, the furnishing of their poor schools, or the paying off the debts they were obliged to contract to secure the ground upon which their monastery is built; but that is left to his own charity. He is supposed by our rule to hand over his property to a relative or a charitable institution, and reserve to himself the right to take it back, in case he may not persevere in his vocation, or abandon the life he has embraced.

Thus deprived of stable funds, we are to rely upon the Providence of God; and we can give Him glory by confessing that we never yet found His word to fail, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Betimes we may have to send a brother to ask for some assistance from kind benefactors; but, as a rule, God inspires many to befriend us without our asking. The duties of missions and retreats, and the preparation for them, prevent us from digging a livelihood out of the earth; but the sweat of our brow that is thus spent earns our bread by procuring us friends. People crowd to our churches, and leave thank-offerings there to prove the reality of their devotion; and, as an ancient

father of ours once said, "our support comes in through the choir-windows."

When we have to build a church or a house, we must follow the custom of surrounding priests; but, as our working is not purely local, we send a father or brother to distant countries, and try not to be too burthensome to our neighbours. Charity endureth all things; but the branch of charity which is exercised in the giving of alms is not always content to be too much importuned, or called upon too often. Charity therefore requires that those who plead for the exercise of one arm do not strain the other, and it makes provision against provoking anger or ill-feeling from the weaknesses it tries to cure by stirring to activity.

In the year 1848 the fathers at Aston Hall stood in sore need of a church. Hitherto they had turned a room upstairs into a temporary chapel; and, inconvenient as it might be to have people going so far into a religious house, they would have borne up longer, had not a builder told them that anything like a crowd would bring the whole place down about their ears. Father Ignatius mentions this in a letter he wrote to Mrs. Canning. "It will," he says, "be a great addition to us to have a respectable church, instead of our chapel up-stairs; but we should not have had a plea for asking for it, if this chapel had not been so good as to give us notice to quit, by becoming cracky a little."

Here, then, was an opportunity. Some one should go out and beg. Father Ignatius was commissioned to write letters, but though the first was answered by a cheque for £100, with a promise of more, there was not enough forthcoming to enable them to build. Could he not do two things at once? Could he not ask for prayers as well as alms? Did not the very plea of begging give him a right to go to different places, even from parish to parish, and speak publicly and privately? It did. And he was forthwith sent out to carry into execution the dreams of half a life, which he scarcely ever expected to realize. He first began this peculiar mission of his by going through the towns with a guide, like ordinary questers: in a few years the plan developed itself into the "little missions."

His first begging tour was through Birmingham, Derby, Nottingham, Oscott, Leamington, and Wolverhampton. In a few months he sallies forth again, and Liverpool is the theatre of his labours. Many and rude were the trials he had to endure in this humiliating work. He thus playfully alludes to some of them: "I am on a begging mission here at Liverpool, in which I find rough and smooth, ups and downs, every day. The general result is very fair. I have been here since Monday, the 8th of May" (he writes on the 20th), "and have got more than £100, but with hard walking. I am, however, quite well, and the inflammation of my eye quite gone—nothing left but a little haziness. It lasted five weeks without relenting at all. If it had gone on, I must have stayed at home; but it just began to improve before I started, and has got well, *tout en marchant.* My present life is very pleasant when money comes kindly; but when I get refused, or walk a long way and find every one out, it is a bit mortifying. That is best gain for me, I suppose, though not what I am travelling for. . . . . I should not have had the time this morning to write to you, had it not been for a disappointment in meeting a young man, who was to have been my begging-guide for part of the day; and so I had to come home, and stay till it is time to go and try my fortune in the enormous market-house, where there are innumerable stalls with poultry, eggs, fruit, meat, &c., kept in great part by Irish men and women, on whom I have to-day, presently, to go and dance attendance, as this is the great market-day. I feel, when going out for a job like this, as a poor child going in a bathing machine to be dipped in the sea, *frisonnant;* but the Irish are so good-natured and generous that they generally make the work among them full of pleasure, when once I am in it."

One sees a vast difference between begging of the rich and of the poor. If the latter have nothing to give, they will at least show a kind face, and will not presume to question the priest about his business; whereas some of the former, because they have something which they will not give, either absent themselves or treat the priest unkindly for

asking. For what? Because he begs. It is not for himself: he even retrenches necessaries from his own table in order to spare something for the house of God. And what, after all, does he ask? The price of an hour's recreation, or an extra ornament, that may be very well spared. That is all. The priest wants people to look after their own interests, to send their money before them to heaven, instead of wasting it on vanity or sin. And because he does this, and humbles himself for the sake of his God, he must be made to feel it. Father Ignatius was keenly alive to this, and the way he felt for those who forgot themselves by sending him away empty was far more afflictive than the personal humiliation. He could thank God for the latter, but he could not do so for the former.

Once he was fiercely abused, when begging, and as the reviler had come to a full stop in his froward speech, Father Ignatius quietly retorted: "Well, as you have been so generous to myself personally, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me something now for my community." This had a remarkable effect. It procured him a handsome offering then, as well as many others ever since.

Another day he knocked at a door, and was admitted by a very sumptuously attired footman. Father Ignatius told the servant the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out, and the lady was engaged and could not see him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of quick steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushings and bowings, and excuses and apologies, she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him *tête-à-tête*. She really did not know it was he, and there were so many impostors. "But what will you take, my dear sir?" and before he could say yea or nay she rung for his friend the footman. Father Ignatius coolly said, that he did not

then stand in need of anything to eat, and that he never took wine; but that he did stand in need of money for a good purpose, and if she could give him anything in that way he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five-pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, folded it carefully, made sure of its being safely lodged in his pocket, and then made thanksgiving in something like the following words: "Now, I am very sorry to have to tell you that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family, you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be as useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you, for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God, and not human respect, prompt your alms-giving." So saying, he took his hat and bid his benefactress a good morning.

Many were the anecdotes he told us about his begging adventures; but it is next to impossible to remember them. In every case, however, we could see the saint through the veil his humility tried to cast over himself. Whether he was received well or ill, he always tried to turn his reception to the spiritual benefit of those who received him. He made more friends than any person living, perhaps, and never was known to make an enemy; his very simplicity and holiness disarmed malice. He says, in a letter, upon getting his first commission to go and quest: "I am to be a great beggar!" His prognostication began to be verified. Strange fact, the Honourable George Spencer a beggar! And happier, under all the trials and crosses incident to such a life, than if he had lived in the luxury of Althorp. Religion is carrying out to-day what its Founder began eighteen hundred years ago. He left the kingdom of heaven to live on the charity of His own creatures.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF FATHER DOMINIC.

We group the incidents of this chapter around this sad event: some of them were the last these two bosom friends did together, and the others were occasioned by their separation.

Early in January, 1849, Father Ignatius went, at the invitation of Mr. John Smith, of Sutton, to see a spot of ground upon which that worthy man intended building a church and house for a community of Passionists. Father Ignatius did not like the situation; but as soon as he spoke to Father Dominic about it, they both came to St. Helen's Junction to see if two heads might not be wiser than one. Father Dominic landed on the platform a little before Father Ignatius, who had been delayed somewhere on the way. He went immediately to look for the great benefactor. A fine-looking, open, plain man saluted him, and he thought this must be a Catholic, and likely he knows the person I am looking for. "Do you know where lives a certain Mr. Smith?" asked Father Dominic. "I should think I did," answered his new friend, and after a few minutes' conversation the father was satisfied, for he was no other than Mr. Smith himself. They both walked over a considerable extent of ground, within which Mr. Smith told the good father to make his choice of a site. He had selected that whereon St. Anne's Retreat now stands, when Father Ignatius arrived. Father Ignatius hesitated a little before giving his consent, and it was only when Father Dominic said emphatically, "The house that is to be built here will yet be the largest and best we shall have in England," that he fully agreed. That prophecy is noted in a

journal Father Ignatius kept at the time, and he wondered afterwards how the church and monastery that arose on that dreary spot verified it to the letter. It is the best and largest we have in England at the present moment, and Father Dominic never saw a stone of its foundations laid.

Fathers Dominic, Ignatius, and Vincent, give a mission in Romney Terrace, Westminster, in March. Shortly after they give another in High Street, Dublin. At this mission they introduced the Italian ceremonies, such as peacemakers (persons appointed to reconcile those at variance), special sermons for different classes of people, bell for the five *paters*, and public asking of pardon by the missionaries. It fell to Father Ignatius to be spokesman in this latter ceremony, and sore straitened was he to find out in what particular the fathers had offended, that he might therefrom draw the apology for their act. He searched and searched, and at last remembered his own proneness to nod asleep when too long in the confessional. This was the plea he made, and we must say it was a very poor one: it gives, however, a good idea of his candour, and want of unreality. These demonstrations were found to be unsuited to the genius of the people, and have been suffered to fall into desuetude ever since.

Father Ignatius goes next on a begging tour through Manchester, Sheffield, and the north of England. He called at Carstairs House, on his way to Glasgow and Edinburgh, to visit his friend Mr. Monteith. Mr. Monteith was received into the Church by Dr. Wiseman, when Father Ignatius lived in Oscott. Father Ignatius was his godfather. A friendship then began between them which never cooled; they kept up a correspondence from which many important hints have been borrowed for this book, and it was from Mr. Monteith's place the soul of Father Ignatius took its departure for a better world. Mr. Monteith extended the friendship he had for Father Ignatius to his other religious brethren, and time after time has he given them substantial proofs of its depth and generosity.

Father Ignatius and he had been for some time in correspondence about founding a house of Passionists some-

where near Lanark or Carstairs; but circumstances over which they had no control prevented them coming to a conclusion. The Vincentians have well and worthily taken the place, and the first house of our order founded in Scotland was St. Mungo's, Glasgow, a few months after Father Ignatius's death. It was he who opened Mr. Monteith's domestic chapel, and said the first mass in it. And it was in the same chapel the first mass was said for his own soul in presence of the body.

He says in the Journal:—"Tuesday, Aug. 14. Went to London with Father Dominic. We had a fine talk with Dr. Wiseman. We dined at 12½ in King William Street with Faber and the Oratorians.

"Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Sung mass at 10 and preached, Prepared in a hurry for my journey. Went off at 3½" for the Continent. He never saw Father Dominic in the flesh again.

On the 27th of August, 1849, Father Dominic and a brother priest were travelling by railway to Aston. In the morning, before leaving London, the companion asked Father Dominic to bring him with him; he had just arrived from Australia, and wished to see some of his old companions at Aston Hall. Father Dominic thought this was not reason enough for incurring the expense of the journey; he demurred, but at length assented. It was fortunate he did. When they came as far as Reading, Father Dominic became suddenly ill. He was taken out on the platform, and as the people were afraid of an epidemic, no one would admit the patient into his house. There lay the worn-out missionary, who had prayed and toiled so long for the conversion of England, on that bleak desolate-looking platform, abandoned by all for whose salvation he thirsted, with only a companion kneeling by his side to prepare him for eternity. But the coldness and want of hospitality of the people gave him no concern: other thoughts engrossed him. A few minutes he suffered, and in those few he made his preparation. He made arrangements for the government of our houses, he gave his last instructions to his companion, he invoked a blessing upon England, and then placidly

closed his eyes for ever upon this wicked world, to open them in a brighter one. He died abandoned, and almost alone, but he died in the poverty he had practised, and the solitude he loved.

Father Ignatius was in Holland at the time. On his arrival at our house in Tournay he heard a rumour of Father Dominic's death. He gave no credit to it at first; a letter written to him about it went astray; and it was not until about a fortnight after it happened that he saw a paragraph in a newspaper, giving the full particulars. He hastened home at once to England, and the first thing he heard from Dr. Wiseman was that Father Dominic had nominated him his successor.

Father Ignatius, when his provisional appointment had been confirmed in Rome, could only look forward to trials and difficulties such as he had never to get through before. "We had then three houses of the order in England, and one in Belgium, which were united under one Superior, acting as Provincial. The houses were not yet constituted into a canonical province. The fewness of the members, and their ignorance of the customs and ways of a strange country, increased the difficulties. That year, indeed, four excellent priests, who have since worked hard on the English mission, came from Rome; but they could as yet only say mass, on account of their imperfect acquaintance with the English language.

Then, the existence of each house was so precarious that the smallest gust of opposition seemed sufficient to unpeople them. Aston Hall was struggling to build a church, in which undertaking that mission was destined to exhaust all the life it had; for it eked out but a dying existence from the time the church was opened, until it was given up in a few years. The retreat at Woodchester seemed to have lacked any spirit of vitality from the absence of the cross in its foundation. The generosity of a convert made everything smooth and convenient in the beginning, but the difficulties that led at length to our leaving it were already threatening to rise. The house in London was doomed to be transplanted to the wilderness of The Hyde, even before

the death of Father Dominic, and St. Anne's, Sutton, was not yet begun.

This was the material position of the Passionists when Father Ignatius became Superior, or *quasi* Provincial. To add to this, the fathers were not first-rate men of business. They could pray well, preach and hear confessions, but they gave people of the world credit for being better than they were. Some of their worldly affairs became, therefore, complicated, and Father Ignatius, unfortunately, was not the man to rectify matters and put them straight. He was a sage in spirituals, but the very reverse in temporals.

Many of the religious became disheartened at the prospect. Some lost their vocations. Many fought manfully with contending difficulties, weathered all the storms, and, tempered and taught by those days of trouble, look with smiling placidity on what we should think serious crosses in these days. Such is the beginning of every religious institute; it grows and thrives by contradiction and persecution. Human foresight prophesied our destruction then, and could not believe that in sixteen years we should have seven houses in this province, with an average of about twenty religious for each. The ways of God are wonderful.

This kind of confession was necessary, in order that readers might have an idea of Father Ignatius's position after the death of Father Dominic.

He set to work at once, first carrying out Father Dominic's intentions, and then trying some special work of his own. The new church at Woodchester was consecrated by Dr. Hendren and Dr. Ullathorne, and Dr. Wiseman preached at the opening. The new church of St. Michael's, Aston Hall, was opened in the same year. On the 7th of November the community of Poplar House, two priests and a lay brother, move to The Hyde.

Father Ignatius, with Fathers Vincent and Gaudentius, give a mission in Westminster, and they venture out in their habits through the streets of London. This mission brought out some of Father Ignatius's peculiarities. In the instruction upon the sanctification of holy days, which it was his duty to give, he proposed that the Irish should make "a

general strike, not for wages, but for mass on festivals." He went to visit Father Faber, who was ill at the time; they became engrossed in conversation, when Father Ignatius looked at his watch and said he should get away to prepare his sermon or instruction. Father Faber said this was a very human proceeding, and was of opinion that missionaries should be able to preach like the Apostles, without preparation. Father Ignatius turned the matter over in his mind, reasoned it out with himself, and thenceforward never delivered what might be called an elaborate discourse.

It may be remarked, before closing the chapter, that Father Dominic, at Father Ignatius's suggestion, ordered, in the beginning of 1849, three Hail Marys to be said by us after Complin for the conversion of England. The practice is still continued, and has been extended to our houses on the Continent and in America.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRIT OF FATHER IGNATIUS AT THIS TIME.

So much has to be said about the exterior actions of Father Ignatius, that one is apt, in reading them, to forget the spirit in which they were done. It is true that it is by the nature of the actions themselves a judgment can be formed of what that spirit must have been, but then they are liable to a false construction.

He was chiefly remarkable for his spirit of poverty. It was not alone that he loved poverty, and tried to observe his vow, but he refined this observance to an exquisite degree, by trying to treat himself and get others to treat him like a mean beggar. He wished to feel poverty, and sought hardships in things that were easy enough, for that end. When he went by train he always took a third-class ticket, and was most ingenious in his defence of this proceeding. If some one objected to him that the third-class carriages generally contained rough, low, ill-bred, and coarsely-spoken fellows, he gently answered: "Yes; you may find a thick sprinkling of blackguards there." "Whether or no," he would say again, "the third class is the poor man's class, and it ought to be mine." One time he was expected to preach a grand sermon in some town or other; the lord of the manor, a Catholic, ordered his carriage, with livery servants, and came himself to bring him in state to the priest's house. He waited for the good father on the platform, looking at the doors of the different first-class carriages, and condescending to give a glance or two towards the second. What was his surprise when Father Ignatius, habit and sandals and a', got out of a third. "My dear Father Ignatius," he half indignantly exclaimed, "why do *you* travel by

third class?" "Well," replied Father Ignatius, "because there isn't a fourth."

This idea that he was a poor man and ought to live like one he carried out in everything. He might be generally seen with a large blue bag. This bag was not of a respectable make or durable material; no, it was made of some kind of drogget, like an ordinary sack, and had a thick clumsy tape that gathered in the mouth of it, and closed it with a big knot. When he had a long journey before him he brought a pair of these, and tying them together put the knot upon his shoulder, and would trudge off six or seven miles with one dangling in front and another behind. If somebody offered him a seat in a car or wagon, he gladly accepted it; if not, he did without it. On this same principle he seldom refused a meal when out; and if he wanted something to eat, he generally went and begged for it at the first house he came to. At home he usually washed and mended his underclothing and stockings (the stockings, by the way, would have blistered the hardest foot after his mending), and whilst he was Superior he would never allow anyone to do a menial service for him. He had a great dread of the slightest attempt at over-nicety in a priest's dress; it was anguish to him to see a priest, especially a religious, with kid gloves, neat shoes, or a fashionable hat. His own appearance might be put down as one degree short of slovenliness. Be it remembered that this was not his natural bent. We are told by those who knew him when a young man, that he would walk a dozen streets in London, and enter every hosier's shop, to find articles that would suit his taste in style and fitting; it had been almost impossible to please him in this respect; whereas, when a religious, he would as soon wear a cast-off tartan as anything else, if it did not tend to bring a kind of disrespect upon his order. He wore for several years an old mantle belonging to a religious who died, and would never leave it off as long as there was room for another patch upon it, unless the Provincial gave him strict orders to do so.

He was scrupulously exact in fulfilling the rules and regulations of the Congregation, so much so that even in

those cases in which others would consider themselves dispensed, he would go through everything. It is our rule to chant the entire of the Divine Office in choir ; the rector is supposed to give a homily or two, called *examens*, every week to the religious. When there is not a sufficient number to chant, of course no law human or divine would require us to do so ; and if there be not a congregation, one is not expected, in the ordinary course of things, to preach to empty benches. Father Ignatius was as keenly aware of the common-sense drift of this kind of reasoning as any one could be, but he so overcame the promptings of human considerations, that a literal observance, in the face of such plain exceptions, seemed his ordinary way of acting. There are two instances in point that occurred about the year 1849. The two priests who formed the choir of the community at The Hyde remained in bed one night, either from illness or late attendance at sick-calls, and Father Ignatius was the only priest present. He chanted the whole of matins and lauds by himself, and went through it as formally as if there were twenty religious in choir. Another day the priests were out, and he and two lay brothers only remained at home ; he preached them the *examen* just the same as if the choir was full. Another time the alarum that used to go off at one o'clock, at that time for matins, missed. Father Ignatius awoke at three o'clock, and he immediately sprung the rattle and assembled the religious for matins. At half-past four the night work in choir was over: half-past five was then the hour of rising for prime. Father Ignatius kept them all in choir until the time, and had the bells rung, and everything else in due order. This does not argue a kind of unreasoning observance in him, out of time and out of place. On the contrary, he well knew that it was inconvenient, but he thought God would be more glorified by it than by an exemption from what was prescribed. One anecdote he used to relate to us convinced us of that. He often related with particular tact how once in Aston Hall, Father Dominic did not hear the bell for matins. He awoke at half-past two ; everything was still. He went and sounded the rattle with a vengeance,

as if every sound was meant to say, "I'll give a good penance to the brother that forgot to put up the alarum." When he had done sounding he dropped the instrument at the choir door, and went in with a taper to light the lamps. What was his mortification to find all the religious just concluding their meditation with a smothered laugh at their Superior.

Two other tokens of his spirit at this time must be illustrated together. He was a very cool reasoner; it might almost be said that he scarcely ever grew hot in dispute, and always gave his adversary's arguments due consideration. At the same time he was far from being of a sceptical cast of mind. If an argument approved itself to him, no matter how trifling it might be intrinsically, he felt bound to admit it, and adopt it, if practical, unless he could refute it completely. Again, he had a thorough disregard of human respect. "What will people say?" or "How will it look?" never entered into the motives of his actions; and if it did, he would consider himself bound to go straight and defy them. What did he care about the opinion of the world? It was, he knew, seldom led by sound reason, and therefore beneath his consideration.

He found that the Oratorians began to go about in their *soutanes;* he had a talk with Father Faber about it, and forthwith resolved to go about in his habit. Cardinal Wiseman approved of it, if done with prudence, and Father Ignatius began at once. In a letter to Mr. Monteith he says:—"I court the honour of following the Oratorians close in this" (confining ourselves to the work of our vocation), as I have done likewise in beginning to wear the habit." He used to relate an amusing adventure he once had in a train with his habit on. At a certain station a middle-aged gentleman, with his little daughter, were getting into the carriage which Father Ignatius had to himself, as every one shunned his monkish company. The little girl got afraid, and would not enter. The gentleman bravely ventured in, to set an example to his child, but all to no avail,—the girl was still afraid. At last the man said out loud, "Come on, child; the gentleman won't bite!" meaning Father Ignatius.

The child summed up courage when she heard the paternal assurance of safety to her skin, and got to a seat. She bundled herself up in the corner diagonally opposite the monk, tried to appear as near the invisible as she could, and stared wildly on the strange spectacle for a long time. Her father got into conversation with Father Ignatius, began deciphering the badge by means of all the Greek and Latin he could bring to his assistance, and became quite interested in the genial conversation of the good priest. When the child heard her father laugh, she began to edge up near the stranger, and, before they separated, father and child were convinced that monks were not such frightful things as they appeared at first sight. We shall have other adventures to relate about his habit further on.

Another peculiar characteristic of his spirit was his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He set more value on a Hail Mary than any conceivable form of prayer. He went so far in this, that he had to be reasoned out of its excess afterwards by one of his companions. He did everything by Hail Marys; he would convert England by Hail Marys; and in the year 1850 he obtained a plenary indulgence for the three Hail Marys for the conversion of England. When any one asked him to pray for them, he promised a Hail Mary. This was very praiseworthy in him, as we know how hard it is even for some to go heart and soul into the Catholic instinct of devotion to the Mother of God. They must have their qualifications, and their terms, and their conditions, as if, forsooth, she ought to be obliged to them for acknowledging her privileges at all. The worst of it is, that Catholics often tone down their books of devotion and expressions to suit the morbid tastes of ultra-Protestants, or the fastidiousness of some whitewashed Puseyite. It may be thought prudent to do so; but it is disgraceful, mean, and dishonourable, to say the least of it.

These are the most prominent outlines in Father Ignatius's spirit at the time we are writing about, and if we add to them a great devotion to the sacrifice of the mass, we shall have his soul in a fair way before us. He never missed celebrating, if he possibly could; and often he arrived at

11 o'clock in the day at one of our houses, after travelling all night, and would eat nothing until he had first said mass. A month before he died he travelled all night from Glasgow to London, and said mass in Highgate at 11 o'clock. He was jaded, weak in health, but he would not lose one sacrifice: it was of too great a value, and he had received too many favours through it, to omit it on light grounds. This was a life-long devotion of his, and it is the essential one for a priest of God.

From what has been said, we can form a fair estimate of his character as a Passionist. One is so obvious that it requires no mention at all, and that was his zeal for the conversion and sanctification of souls. So far did this go, that he seemed led by it blindly and wholly. This was his weak, or, perhaps more properly, his strong point. Go with him in that, and you covered a multitude of sins.

Another essential was his "thanking God for everything." This he carried so far that he became perfectly insensible to insults, mockeries, and injuries, and yet he felt *them* keenly. At one time he used to pass late at night by a lonesome lane that led to our last house at The Hyde. He heard rumours of some evil-disposed wretches having intended to shoot him. One night he heard a rustling in the hedge as he was walking on, and the thought struck him that perhaps an assassin was lying in ambush for him. The religious asked him what were his thoughts. "Well," said he, "I hoped that when the bullet struck me I would have time to say, '*thank God for that*' before I died."

From this rough sketch of his spirit it will be seen that he had too little of the serpent, in the Gospel sense, to make a good Superior. He was too simple and confiding for that; he did not know how to suspect, and any one that knew how to get into his views could do what he pleased. At the same time, all reverenced him as a saint, and every day of his religious life increased the estimation in which he was held by his own brethren. This is the more valuable as it is the private life of most men which lowers them in the eyes of those who have the opportunity of observing them. Father Ignatius tried always to make the subject-matter of

his conversation as edifying as possible; it was withal so beautifully interspersed with amusing anecdotes, that it could not fail to interest all. He had a peculiar tact for relating stories, and a wonderful memory; he was unrivalled in his power of mimicry, and he enjoyed fun with the greatest relish. It was the opinion of every one who knew him intimately, that nothing came under his notice which he could not turn to pointing the argument of a sermon or furthering the glory of God. He christianized everything; and did so with such grace, that the love of what he remodelled was increased for its new aspect.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS DEALINGS WITH PROTESTANTS AND PRAYERS FOR UNION.

THE kindly feelings Father Ignatius always showed for Protestants laid him open to the charge of a want of appreciation for the blessings of faith, or of not hating heresy as saints have hated it. Although his whole life and actions amply refute either conclusion, some of the incidents of this period of his life bring out his conduct in this respect in its real character.

He tried to extend the benefit or plea of invincible ignorance as widely as possible. He laboured and reasoned, with a warmth unusual to him, to remove the notion some Catholics have, that the majority of Protestants know they are wrong, but from some unworthy motive will not give up their errors. His proofs of the position he chose to take here were not certainly the most convincing, for his stock argument was to quote himself. It did of course occur to him that its point could be retorted by the fact of his becoming a Catholic for his *bona fides;* but he took up the argument then by saying we were therefore to hope for the conversion of England. His idea of England's apostasy was mainly this: that the body of the people had been swindled out of their religion by the machinations of a few crafty, unprincipled statesmen, at the time of the Reformation. A system of misrepresentation and false colouring of Catholic doctrines and practices was invented and handed down from generation to generation, which impregnated the minds of children with the notion that Catholicity and absurdity were one and the same thing. From this point of view did he look at the millions who groped in the

darkness of error, blaspheming the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and imagining they were thereby doing Him a service. He took then the side of pity, which always inclines one to the lessening of faults.

He lamented nothing more than the loss of faith in England, and he thought that a harsh, iron way of dealing with Englishmen would close their hearts against grace altogether. This led him to use the mildest terms he could find,—nay, the most respectful,—in speaking of Protestants. He would never call them "heretics," nor their ministers "parsons." "Separated from the Church," "Church of England people," "Dissenters," "Clergymen," were his usual terms, and he would often also speak of them as "our separated brethren."

This twofold aspect of his bearing towards Protestants certainly proceeded alike from charity and zeal. It was a common remark with him, that we ought not to suppose people bad and evil-disposed unless we are certain of it, neither should we hurt their feelings by opprobrious epithets. And if we intend to do them any good we should be the more cautious still as to our thoughts and words. He used to sigh when he had done speaking of the state of religion in England, but he would immediately start up as if from a reverie and say, "Shall we not do something to save our poor countrymen?" So far was he from sympathizing with the mildest form of error, that even in scholastic questions he would always take the safer side. In his love for the heretic, therefore, no one could ever find the least sympathy with the heresy; or if he called the error a polite name, it was only to gain admission to the heart it was corroding, in order to be allowed to pluck it out. If we take into account his great love for souls, it will seem wonderful that he did not burst out at times into indignation against what destroyed so many; but we must remember that such a thing as fierce outbursts of any kind were most unsuitable to his spirit. His love would make him try to eliminate from those who had died external to the Church, all the formal heresy he possibly could; and he felt special delight in the fact that the Catholic Church forbids us to judge the dam-

nation of any particular individual as certain. But then let us think for a moment of what he did to uproot heresy. He spoke, he wrote, he preached, he toiled for thirty years incessantly almost for this single object. Any one that weighs this well will be far from judging that he had the least sympathy with error. His kindliness, therefore, for Protestants, and his belief that the vast majority of them were in good faith, so far from making him sit down at ease and enjoy his own faith, and not bestir himself unless Protestants thrust themselves upon him to claim admission into the fold, produced directly the opposite effect. Their not being so bad as was generally imagined, buoyed his hope in their speedy recovery; their being so near the truth, as he charitably supposed, made him strain every nerve to compel them to come across the barrier that separated them from him.

One of the means he adopted for reuniting Protestants to the Catholic Church laid him open to another serious charge, which was, if possible, more groundless than the last. In January, 1850, he began to go about and call upon Protestants of every description—ministers of church and state nobles and plebeians. His object was to get them all to pray for unity. To state plainly his way of action, it was this:—He intended to ask all Protestants "to pray for unity in the truth, wherever God knows it to be." This, he said, was of course to pray for conversion to Catholicism unknown to themselves; it was taking the enemy by stratagem in his own camp. Objections were made in different quarters against the proposition. Some said it was not acting fairly and candidly; he then used to qualify it by telling them that he knew very well the truth lay in the Catholic Church alone, and so did every Catholic, and that if any Protestant asked him he would plainly tell him so. Others then said, Protestants would be all praying for proselytes to their own persuasions, for they were all in good faith, and thought themselves in the truth. These and sundry other objections were made to this mode of proceeding; it was looked upon with suspicion, as savouring too much of communication with heretics, and he never got a

superior to approve of it, neither was it condemned. So it remained to the last an agitated question, which none of us would enter into, and which himself adopted with a kind of tentative adhesion. There was nothing wrong, certainly, in getting Protestants to pray for unity; but then, "unity in the truth, where God knew it to exist," was a very indefinite thing to propose to them. Questions might be raised which could only be answered in one way. What kind of unity? External or internal, or both? Where does God know the truth to exist? Must we all put ourselves in a Cartesian doubt for a starting-point? And so on. The only answer could be—The Catholic Church. And might he not as well ask them to pray for that at once? Father Ignatius was not at all obstinate in sticking to this proposal as a theory he might reduce to practice, it came up at times in his conversation, and was dropped as easily.

The mistake it led to was, however, rather serious: it was supposed that Father Ignatius looked favourably on, if he did not entirely coincide with, a society called "The Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom," designated by the letters A.P.U.C. With this society Father Ignatius never had anything to do; he detested its principles, although he hoped it would do good in its way. He wished it to be confined to Protestants. One leading principle of the A.P.U.C. was certainly somewhat akin to some of Father Ignatius's dreams—conversions *en masse;* but his notions and those of the Association were widely different. They were for coming over in a great, respectable body, whose size and standing would deserve to receive great concessions in the way of discipline, as the condition of their surrender. Father Ignatius was for an unconditional submission of each individual, and could not allow any one to wait at the door of the Church for a companion to enter with him. The *en masse* of Father Ignatius was no more nor less, then, than this: that the people of England should throw off their prejudices and begin in a body to examine candidly the grounds of the Catholic faith. He was glad that the Association existed, because it carried out so much of his wishes; but it

went too far for him, and in a prohibited line, when it asked for Catholic prayers and sacrifices, and for Catholic members. He never, therefore, gave his name to it, though often and repeatedly solicited to do so. His greatest friend was publicly known to be a member of the Association, and much as he loved and honoured him, Father Ignatius had no hesitation in saying of him, *in hoc non laudo*. Even so late as the year '63 or '64, he received a bundle of their official papers, with a private letter from the secretary and a number of the *Union Review;* he was seen to scan them over, and then throw them into the fire. About the year '50 or '51, when he was always going about asking for prayers for unity, after the new idea that struck him, an incident occurred to bear out what is here said. He happened to be speaking with a roomful of Protestant clergymen on this very subject. They listened to him very attentively, raised objections, had them answered, and finally agreed to the justness of his proposals. They agreed, moreover, to kneel down then and pray together for unity, and asked Father Ignatius to join them. He refused at once. They pressed him on every side, and said, among other things, that he ought to set them this example. He jumped up with indignation, and said, in a manner quite unusual to him, "I'd rather be torn in pieces by forty thousand mad dogs than say a prayer with you." He hereupon left the room, and became more cautious for the future as to how and when he asked them to pray for unity. The reason of this abrupt proceeding was the law that forbids all Catholics to communicate with heretics in divine things. Joint prayer, of course, is against this law.

It is singular that, though he has left behind his thoughts drawn out in full upon all the ideas he took up from time to time about the conversion of heretics and the sanctification of Catholics, there is nothing left among his papers upon this project. We may conclude from this, as well as what has been said above, that while he looked upon the Unionists with kindness, he never adopted their principles; and such of his notions as seemed congenial to theirs will be

found, on examination, to be totally different. This it was necessary to remark, as many very well informed Catholics thought poor Father Ignatius came under the censure of the Inquisition, *in re* A.P.U.C. It was quite a mistake, and he should have endorsed that censure himself, if he lived, and freely as he avoided what drew it down before he died.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER IGNATIUS IN 1850.

THIS year was so full of events interesting to Father Ignatius, that there is no leading one round which others may be grouped to head the chapter. He expected to be called to Rome towards Easter; he had even written to the General, and had received letters to that effect. The object of this visit will be best understood from the following extract from a letter written at this time, dated from 13, Garnault Place, Clerkenwell, London:—"I am here on a mission with Father Gaudentius, and as we have not yet great press of work, I will write to tell you of an important feature in my prospects for the present year. It is, that I am going to Rome about Easter. About the time I saw you last I wrote to the General, saying that I thought this would be a good step. After that I thought no more about it till the other day a letter came from him, in which he approved the proposal; and so, after a mission which we are to give at St. George's from the first to the fourth Sunday in Lent, I propose starting. I shall be, I expect, about four months absent. I propose begging my way there, through France or Germany, which will make the journey last a month or six weeks; then, after stopping six weeks or two months in Italy, to make acquaintance with our Senior Fathers, and inform myself, as much as possible, of all the ways and spirit of our congregation (of which, of course, now I am very ignorant), I hope to bring back the General with me to make a visitation of his flock."

Before giving the mission in St. George's, he wrote to his sister, Lady Lyttelton, to tell her of his intended journey to Rome, and of a visit he would pay her before starting. Her

ladyship was then in Windsor Castle, and we shall give her reply, as it shows the 'genial affection that always existed between them, and at the same time accounts for his not having gone to Windsor in his habit, as was often supposed.

"*Windsor Castle, Jan. 28th.*

"My dear Brother,—I am very much obliged to you for your kindly telling me your plans, and giving me a hope of seeing you before you go to Rome. The period you mention as the probable one for your mission at St. George's, will most likely be the very best for me to see you, as we shall probably remove to London about the middle of February, and remain till after Easter; so I shall look forward with much pleasure to an occasional visit. I am much obliged to you for telling me of the intended change in your dress. I should never have guessed its probability, having erroneously believed it simply illegal; but I find that was a mistake. You will, I hope, not wonder or blame me, if I beg you to visit me at my own little home, No. 38, St. James's Place, and not at the Palace, when you are looking so remarkable. I don't want to figure in a paragraph, and so novel a sight in the Palace might lead to some such catastrophe. A day's notice of your visit will always enable me to meet you, and Caroline and Kitty, and probably others of those that remain to me of my ancient belongings, may thereby sometimes get a glimpse of you, though we should be always able to have our *coze* in a separate room. I almost wish you would take me under your cowl to Rome. How I should like once more to see the Colosseum (and to learn to spell its name), and the Vatican! but hardly at the cost of a long journey, either.

"Fritz and Bessy* are coming here next Thursday on a two days' visit to the Queen, and when I have seen them I will tell you of their plans. I suppose they will be at Althorp till after Easter. Believe me, my dear brother,

"Very affectionately yours,

"S. Lyttelton."

* Lord and Lady Spencer.

When Father Ignatius went to St. James's Place to pay the visit arranged for in this letter, he experienced some difficulty in getting as far as his sister. The porter who opened the gate did not know him, and was, of course, astonished to see such a strange figure demanding an interview with his mistress. He would not let him in until he got special orders from Lady Lyttelton herself. Father Ignatius used to contrast this servant's mode of acting with that of another who admitted him once to Althorp. This last servant did not know him either; but seeing he looked tired, he took him into his lodge, got him some bread and cheese and a glass of ale for refreshment. By-and-by the Earl passed, and was highly amused at seeing George regale himself with such satisfaction on the servant's fare. The servant made some apologies, but they were quite unnecessary, for Father Ignatius never forgot his kindness, and used to say that he enjoyed the porter's pittance far more than the viands of the "Big House," as he used to call it.

Father Ignatius was seldom at home up to June, when he went to visit our religious in Belgium, who were subject to his jurisdiction; he had given a mission in Garnault Street, a retreat to our religious in Aston Hall, a mission in St. George's, Southwark, a retreat to nuns in Winchester, a retreat to people in Blackbrook, and a retreat in Sedgley Park. On his return from Belgium he remained in London, and preached in different churches, besides giving a retreat to the people in Winchester, and visiting several Protestant ministers, until the mission in Maze Pond. This was so badly attended that he used to preach in the courts, beating up for an audience. In giving an account sometimes of the visits above mentioned, he used to tell about an old minister he and another of our fathers once called upon. This gentleman suffered from gout, and was consequently rather testy; he had a lay friend staying with him at the time of the two Passionists' visit. He called the fathers idolaters, and insisted, right or wrong, that our Lord used the word "represent" when he instituted the Blessed Sacrament at the Last Supper. It was in vain that all three tried to convince him of his mistake. When, at last, the passage

was pointed out to him, and that he had assured himself, by inspecting title-page and royal arms, that the Bible was a genuine authorized version, he was so far from giving in that, like the wolf in the fable, he immediately indicted them on another plea. This incident Father Ignatius used to recount to show how far ignorance hindered the removal of prejudice.

His Roman plan fell to the ground in the beginning of July, when he received a letter to announce the coming of Father Eugéne as Visitor-General to England. Father Ignatius went to meet him to Tournay, and escorted him to England, where his passing visit became a fixed residence to the present day. This happened towards the end of July. Father Ignatius then gave retreats to the priests in Ushaw College, to the nuns in Sunderland, and came to London to arrange about our taking St. Wilfrid's from the Oratorians. He went through all this before the end of August, and was in Carlow on the 4th of September, to give two retreats at the same time to the students of the College and the Presentation nuns.

On the 8th of September he went to Thurles. The Irish bishops were assembled there for the most important synod held since Henry VIII.'s proposals were rejected. The synod was held to make canons of discipline, and laws for the new *status* the Church had gained in Ireland. The rough-and-ready ceremonial that had to be used in times of persecution was laid aside, after it had done good work in its day, and one more systematic was decreed for the administration of the sacraments. Here the Irish prelates were assembled, and Father Ignatius thought it a great opportunity for opening his mind and stating his views to Ireland by letting them known to her hierarchy. His account of the visit to Thurles is thus recorded in his journal:—"Sept. 8.—Mass at 5. Railway to Thurles at 6½. Put up at the Christian schools. Dined there at 4. Saw the Primate, &c., at the College. Begged of the bishops, &c. Tuesday, Sept. 9.—Mass at 6, at the Monk's Altar. Begged on from the bishops. At 10, the great ceremony of concluding the synod, till 2. The Primate preached. Dr. Slattery sang

mass. I walked in the procession. At 5, dined with the bishops, &c., at the College. Made a speech after dinner on the Crusade."

After his visit to Thurles, he came back to Carlow and gave a retreat to the lay students in their own oratory. He then went off on a begging tour through Kildare, Carlow, and Kilkenny. Whilst in Kilkenny he went to look at the old cathedral (now in Protestant hands); his *cicerone* was a very talkative old woman, who gave him a history, in her own style, of the crumbling worthies whose names he deciphered on the different monuments. One account she told with especial gusto: the last moments of an old lady "of the Butlers." This old lady, according to the *cicerone's* account, had once been a Catholic, and on her death-bed wished to receive the rites of the Church. She was told that if she died a Catholic, those to whom her property was willed would be disinherited, and that the property would pass over to others. She hesitated some time on hearing this announcement, and after a few minutes' reflection expressed her decision as follows, "Oh, well; it is better that one old woman should burn in hell than that the family of the Butlers should lose their estate." She died shortly after —a Protestant. Father Ignatius used to say that he never was more surprised than at the manner of his guide as she concluded the climax of her narrative. She seemed to think old Granny Butler's resolution showed the highest grade of heroic virtue and self-sacrifice.

In Carrick-on-Suir he says: "Made the best day's begging in my life up to this, £50." He then went to Tipperary, Cork, visited all the convents and priests, came to Birr, spent an afternoon with Lord Ross and his telescope; begs in Limerick, Drogheda, Newry, Dundalk, Ardee, Castleblaney, Carrickmacross, Londonderry, Strabane, Omagh. When he was in Omagh there was a tenant-right meeting, and he went to hear Gavan Duffy. He begs through Dungannon, Lurgan, Enniskillen, Ballyshannon, Clogher. He then came to Dublin, from which he paid flying visits to a few convents, and to the colleges of Maynooth and All-hallows. He returned to England on the 17th of Novem-

ber; and, during his two months' tour in Ireland, he had preached seventy-nine sermons, on the conversion of England chiefly.

He heard of the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England while travelling in Ireland, and one of his first acts, on returning to London, was to pay his respects to his old friend, the new Cardinal. This year we were put in possession of St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, which has been the noviciate of the order since. St. Anne's, Sutton, was also colonized about the same time. Father Ignatius gave a mission in Glasgow during this Advent, and brought two young priests with him to train into the work of the missions. One of them was Father Bernard, and he gives wonderful accounts of Father Ignatius's labours. He slept but about four hours in the twenty-four, and was all the rest of the time busy either in the confessional or on the platform, with the exception of the time he took to eat a hurried meal or two.

In going through Liverpool on his return from Glasgow, in his habit, a crowd gathered round him to hoot and insult him. In his journal he says: "I got two blows on the head," for which he took good care to thank God. The year is concluded by preaching in Dublin, and giving the *renewal* retreat to the Sisters of Mercy in Birr.

Any one that will glance over this year of his life, and see him perpetually moving from place to place, will certainly think he had little time to himself. It was about this time that he made the resolution of never being a moment idle, a resolve he carried out to the last. During this year and the preceding he was occupied in translating into English Da Bergamo's *Pensieri ed Affetti*. The greater part of this book, which was published by Richardson, under the name of *Thoughts and Affections on the Passion*, was translated by Father Ignatius, on railway stations, while waiting for trains, in every place, before or after dinner, in intervals between confessions, in all kinds of out-of-the way places; and so careful was he to fill up every moment of time that we see noted in his journal his having done some of Da Bergamo in the fore cabin of the steamer that took him

from Holyhead to Kingstown. He wrote it mostly in pencilling, on the backs of envelopes, scraps of paper of all sizes, shapes, and quality; so that it was nearly as difficult to put those sibylline leaves in order and copy from them as it was to translate, if not more so. Besides this he wrote a number of letters; and his letters were no small notes with broken sentences, but long lectures on difficulties of conscience, written with a care and consideration that is perfectly surprising when one reflects upon his opportunities. He used to say that no one should ever excuse his not answering a letter for want of time: "If the letter is worth answering we ought to get time for it, for it becomes a kind of duty." He certainly had no time to spare or throw away, but he had always enough for any purpose in which charity or obedience could claim him. His days were indeed full days, and he scarcely ever went to bed until he had shaken himself out of nodding asleep over his table three or four times. No one ever heard him say that he was tired and required rest; rest he never had, except on his hard bed or in his quiet grave. If any man ever ate his bread in the sweat of his brow, it was Father Ignatius of St. Paul, the ever-toiling Passionist.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW FORM OF "THE CRUSADE."

We find Father Ignatius, at the beginning of the year 1851, begging in Ireland. It was not his custom to go regularly from house to house; he preferred collecting people together, and addressing them, and, if this were not practicable, getting permission from the priests to speak to their flocks on Sundays and festivals. He wanted prayers more than money, and he was delighted that the plea of begging justified his moving about, and gave him a kind of faculty to preach on his favourite topic, "the conversion of England." Oftentimes the spiritual interfered with his temporal interests, as when an Irishman, who was about to give him an alms, refused it as soon as he spoke about England. Strange enough, Father Ignatius thought England-hating Irishmen the very best subjects to practise his art of persuasion on. He thought them true souls, sensitive of their wrongs, and valued them far more than those who lauded England through lack of patriotism.

He met many adventures during this begging tour in Ireland. In one parish, the priest promised to allow him to preach to his congregation on the Sunday, and collect from them. The priest did not seem to possess indifference to earthly things, or generosity either, in a very high degree; for, when Father Ignatius came to his place on Saturday, his reverence told him that he intended to claim the collection in the church, whilst Father Ignatius might stand at the door and beg for himself as the people were going out. Father Ignatius thanked God, and was content, only remarking that, with the priest's permission, he would prefer

to hold his hat under a large tree that grew near the church-door, instead of at the door itself.

He preached at the last mass, and never said a word about where or when he was to receive the people's offerings; the collection was made by the priest, and a most miserable one it proved to be. Father Ignatius held his hat under the tree, and, since the day in Carrick-on-Suir, never had such a collection. It was a marvel to him; he could not account for it, and he was the more surprised when he compared notes with the parish priest after all was over. He found out the solution of the mystery that same evening. It seems that, on Saturday, he told a respectable lady in the neighbourhood of the priest's decision. She, without telling him a word of what she intended doing, went home, sent her servant through the village, and collected twelve stalwart active young men; she harangued them on what the priest was about to do, and sent them all off to different parts of the parish to tell the people of it, and also of the spot where Father Ignatius would receive their offerings. The people had reason to think their pastor was a little fond of money, and their indignation at his proceeding helped to increase their liberality.

He begged at this time in Borris O'Kane, Limerick, Ennis, Gort, Galway, Loughrea, Ballinasloe, Mullingar, and preached 101 sermons since the previous 5th September. His begging tour ends in Dublin, about March, where he begins a new campaign of what he terms "his crusade."

He preached some controversial lectures in Dublin, dined and talked with Dissenting ministers, wrote a little newspaper controversy, and had a meeting in the Rotundo. This very active kind of work did not seem to suit his taste or spirit, and he changed very soon to another and a more congenial one — the conversational mode of advancing the Catholic cause.

He visited the leading men both in the Establishment and in the offices of State, and the conferences he held with them are so interesting that we shall relate a few of them in his own words. The extracts are taken from letters

published by him in 1853, in the *Catholic Standard*, now *The Weekly Register* :—

Interview with Lord John Russell.

One day early in February, 1850, I had been on an expedition down to Westminster. I look back on all my walks during a certain period, that is, while I was constantly wearing my Passionist habit, as *expeditions*. Indeed they were eventful ones in their way. I was returning through Parliament Street; and having an hour to dispose of, as I passed by Downing Street, I thought I would now try, what I had long thought of, to have a conversation with the Premier. I asked, "Is Lord John Russell at home?" The messenger [query?] who came to the door looked at my figure with some surprise, then said, "Yes, sir, but he is engaged at present?" I said, "Will you be so good as to say to him that Lord Spencer's brother would wish to speak with him?" "Walk in, sir," he answered; and to my surprise, I must say, I found myself at once in a waiting-room, and five minutes later was introduced to Lord John. He rose to me, and kindly pointed to a chair. I said, "Do you remember me, my Lord?" "Oh, yes," he answered. I then proceeded: "I hardly know whether what I am now doing is wise or not; but I will explain my reason for asking to see your lordship and you will judge. You are aware, probably, that it is now some twenty years since I became a Catholic. Ever since that time, my whole mind has been bent on leading others to the same faith, and, in short, on the conversion of this country to Catholicity. For this end I have endeavoured, as far as it was possible, to move all Catholics throughout the world to pray for the conversion of England. I have also spoken with as many as I could of the leading men among the clergy of the Church of England and among Dissenting ministers, to move them also to pray that God would bring this country to unity in the truth wherever he sees it to be. I am almost always received agreeably on these occasions; for all seem to agree in what I think cannot be denied, that if there is anything which

threatens ruin to the power and prosperity of this country it is our religious divisions." His lordship here, without speaking, intimated, as I understood, his assent to this last sentence; but interrupted me by asking more particularly: "What do you propose to Dissenters?" "The same," I said, "as to Anglicans; I conceive this prayer is proper for them all alike." . . . I proceeded: "Among Catholics I find myself constantly met by the objection, that if they came forward openly, as I wish them to do, it would offend those in power in England. I answer them, I am convinced it would not; but in order to satisfy others rather than myself, I have at last thought it well to come to the first authority and ask. I will remark to your lordship why I say this. Among all Catholics, I am particularly intent on moving the Catholics of Ireland to undertake this cause. I first went to Ireland for the purpose in 1842. Now I look upon it as certain, that if the Irish had *then* undertaken, as I wished them, to pray for the conversion of England, and had persevered in that work out of charity, they would not, in 1848, have thought of making pikes against England; and this would have saved our Government some millions of pounds, perhaps. Pikes are well enough in their place, but I consider that charity would not have prompted the making of them on this occasion. Again, I will say that my favourite individual object in Ireland is to enlist in my cause your lordship's illustrious correspondent, Dr. M'Hale; and it is my opinion that it would improve the style of his letters if there were introduced into them some expressions of charity towards England." Lord John slightly smiled, and then proceeded with his answer, as follows: "In answering you, I beg to be understood that I do not speak as a minister; but I will tell what I think as an individual. The entire liberty which exists in this country for every one to think as he pleases, and to speak what he thinks, makes it appear to me difficult to conceive how a reunion of all the different religious opinions could be effected. That is at least a distant prospect. But anything which would tend to a diminution of the spirit of acrimony, and of the disposition of people of opposite opinions to misrepresent one another's views, must

do good." Then he added, in a very pleasing tone: "And I will tell you, that I consider the body to which you belong is the one which suffers the most from such misrepresentations." I said then: "After hearing your lordship's answer, given with such kindness, I am quite happy at having come; and I think I may infer from what you have said, that you perfectly approve of my proceedings, for the tendency of them entirely is to remove the misapprehensions which exist, on both sides, of the other's principles. I am convinced that Catholics generally have a mistaken idea of what respectable Protestants are; and there is no doubt Protestants are very widely wrong in their opinions of Catholics. I am working to counteract this error on both sides."

To this he did not reply; and as I had gained all that I desired, I rose to take my leave, and said: "I frequently say to persons with whom I have had conversations like this, what I will now say to your lordship, that I do not promise secrecy concerning them; but I request, as a favour, that if they should ever hear of my making what they consider an improper use of anything that they have said, they would call me to account for it." On this sentence, likewise, he made no remark, but added again: "I repeat once more that I have not spoken as a minister, as I do not think this is a matter with which I have any concern in that character." I replied: "I understand you, my Lord; yet I will say that it appears to me, that I have reasons to have addressed your lordship in your public character." His lordship smiled, slightly bowed, and I withdrew.

Interview with Lord Clarendon.

I am very happy at finding myself with my pen in hand, to give an account of my interviews with another distinguished member of our Government; at least, as far as what passed bears on the subject of these letters, the enterprise of England's conversion:—I mean Lord Clarendon, while he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His lordship and I were formerly fellow-collegians and friends at Cambridge;

but from the year 1819, when I left Trinity College, we never saw each other till November 13, 1850, when I had an audience from him at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, at Dublin. When I had been in Ireland in 1848, the thought had crossed my mind that I should be pleased to have a conversation with him, but I put it away as a strange idea, not worth entertaining. In 1850, I returned to Ireland, and starting from the Synod of Thurles, at the beginning of September, I had what I would call my grand campaign among the Irish people. From the beginning of September to the end of April, I preached 170 sermons to them on the enterprise of the conversion of England, which at that time I used to call *the Crusade for England;* besides a number, past reckoning, of addresses to convents and schools, and private conversations to the same intent. This career was interrupted in the middle of November, when I came for six weeks to England. As I was approaching Dublin to cross the water, my strange idea revived, but its aspect was more inviting. The result of my visit to Lord John Russell had been so encouraging, that I wrote to Lord Clarendon, and asked permission to pay him my respects, as I passed through Dublin. He sent me a very kind answer to the place which I had pointed out, naming an hour on the day named above—half-past one, November 13—at which time I was introduced into his private room at the Lodge. One of his first remarks was that circumstances were greatly changed with us both since our last meeting. Indeed, they were, as any one would have said who had seen him as George Villiers, of St. John's, and me as George Spencer, of Trinity, walking together in our college gowns, at Cambridge, and now should see him in his grand Viceregal Palace, and me before him in my poor Passionist's habit; and is it not something to be looked upon with satisfaction, that we should now have a conversation for an hour and a half, of which, though the matter was something far more weighty than what would very probably have occupied us then, the tone which he gave to it was such, that one might have supposed our familiar acquaintance had never been interrupted?

The conversation was throughout very interesting to me;

but this does not seem to me the time nor the place to relate what passed, excepting those passages which bore directly upon my present subject.

I do not remember how, in the course of it, Lord Clarendon was led to say: "I see in the papers that you have been preaching in several places." I answered: "Yes, I have; and the principal object of my asking for this interview with your lordship, was to tell you the subject of my preaching, and to ask what you think of it. I am preaching to the Irish people a crusade for the conquest of England."

I am not clear whether it was before saying these words, or after, that I related to him the conversation I had had with Lord John Russell in the same way in which it was given in my last letter. However this might be, I perfectly remember the way in which he replied. He appeared at the first moment to be surprised; then fixed upon me one rather searching look; and then deliberately said: "Taking the view of things which you do, I think you are right."

Lord Clarendon, knowing that I was next day to start for England, concluded by most kindly expressing a wish to see me again, when I should be passing at some future time through Dublin.

After six weeks I returned to renew my circuit in Ireland, and returning to Dublin about the middle of January, though I had no reason particularly for wishing to speak again with Lord Clarendon, I considered that it was in some way a duty of propriety to ask for an interview, as he had been pleased to request it at the close of the first visit. Accordingly, after some time for reflection, I wrote him a letter to this effect, and he appointed me half-past eleven on Saturday, February 8, 1852. This time it was in Dublin Castle that I saw him, being ushered into his private room through the muskets, bayonets, and other arms—not ancient pieces, for curiosity, as at Alton Towers, but arms of the most modern style, ready for use—with which the hall and great staircase seemed to me as though wainscoted throughout. I apologised soon after entering at taking up so much of his time; and again somewhat later I offered to with-

draw, however interesting was the conversation to myself. He answered, "Oh, no! I am very glad to see you. They will soon tell me of Sir Thomas Reddington being come for business: till then I am free." I will now relate only one or two passages of this conversation, as being, I conceive, of peculiar consequence to my present purpose. I was saying something of my continued endeavours to move the Irish to pray for England, and I suppose remarking that this must have a salutary effect on the feelings of the people. He said with an incredulous smile: "And do you think the Irish pray for England?" "I have no doubt whatever," I answered, "that a great many do, but it is as yet nothing to what I desire to bring them to." With a still more incredulous look, he added: "Do you think they pray for England at Maynooth?" "Well, my Lord, I only know that whenever I visit Maynooth the superiors appoint me a time for addressing the students assembled (he looked evidently pleased at hearing this); and will you listen," I continued, "to a sentence of one of my half-hour's addresses to them? I began it without well knowing what I was going to say; but when I had finished I said to myself, I have said one good thing at least which I shall one day turn to account. It was soon after the publication of Lord John Russell's Durham letter. I said to them, 'Will you allow me to offer you one word of advice? You will just now be tempted most probably to say some violent things; especially some violent things of Lord John Russell. Now I would ask you, Do you know Lord John Russell? I suppose one and all would tell me *no*. The advice I was going to offer is that you should not speak evil of what you do not know.'" Lord Clarendon said: "Did you say that?" I said: "Yes, my lord." He added emphatically: "That *was* good." After I had risen to leave him, I said: "My Lord, I have been often citing your Excellency, since our first conversation, as one of those who entirely approve of my proceedings." "What do you mean?" he quickly answered. "Did I not tell you I would shed the last drop of my blood to stop the progress of your religion?" "I perfectly remember that," I said; "what I mean is that you approved of my way of

acting, considering what I am." "Oh," he replied, "I understand you. If every one acted as you do, we should have nothing to complain of." This conversation lasted from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Interview with Lord Palmerston.

I am sometimes reminded of a story I heard of a groom, who had to show off one of his master's horses, which he wished to sell. Among all the other good qualities for which he had praised the animal, as he stood behind him in the stable, being asked by the intended purchaser, "What do you say of his temper?" he had just answered, "Oh, he is as quiet as a lamb," when the horse kicked out, struck the poor groom full in the pit of the stomach, and drove the breath out of him. But he must stand to his text, and with wondrous promptness he was just able to utter, "Ach—playful toad!" So I will have our poor people hoped for, prayed for, borne with and loved, with all their effigy burnings, with all their meetings to hear Dr. Cumming or Mr. Stowell, with all their awful Popery sermons, and, moreover, with the two or three thumps on the head, and other pieces of genteel treatment which I met with myself, while I walked about in my habit, before the Derby proclamation gave me some time to breathe again.

After this preface as an apology, if it is one, for my last sentences of last week, and for standing to *my* text, in spite of all that can be urged, I proceed to another of my narratives, which, if not the most interesting and important in my eyes, is not the least so; and, after which, in reply to such as might mention some of the English rudenesses to us, and say to me, "What do you say to that?" I would just say, "What do *you* say to this?"—I mean my interview with Lord Palmerston.

Through the month of May of the year 1851, I was engaged to preach evening lectures in one of the London chapels, and I had my days to devote in a great measure to the pursuit, so inconceivably interesting to me, of conversations with leading people on my great topic. I was at

that time greatly debilitated, and could walk but very little, and to relieve me, therefore, as well as to enable me to make the most of my time, a generous friend, who was interested in my proceedings, furnished me with means to go from house to house in a cab. One of these bright forenoons, I turned into Carlton Gardens, and asked to see Lord Palmerston. I was not an entire stranger to him, any more than to the other two noble persons of whom I have already written. It will not be foreign to my purpose to relate how my acquaintance with his lordship had been formed. May I venture to call it a friendship? It was at the close of a long run with Lord Derby's stag-hounds; I mean the grandfather of the present earl, I think in 1821; we finished, I think, twenty-four miles from London, and I was making up my mind for a long, tedious ride home on my tired horse (for I was not up to having second horses and grooms in my suite on those occasions), when Lord Palmerston, who was likewise in at, not the death, but the taking (I forget the proper sporting term) of the stag, understanding my case, and knowing me by sight, though I think till then we had never spoken, gave my horse in charge to his groom, and took me home with himself in a post-chaise. For the short remaining time of my being known as a young man about town, as we met at one party or another, Lord Palmerston continued to accost me with a kind word, to which I had good reason, it will be allowed, to respond in the best manner I knew how. At the close of the London season of 1822 I made my bow, and withdrew from that stage to prepare for taking orders, and, except an interview of a few minutes in 1834, we had never met till I appeared before the now far-famed and, by many, dreaded Foreign Secretary, with my Passionist habit and sandalled feet for a private audience. Like what Lord Clarendon said in the Park Lodge, Dublin, I might have said here, "Great changes, my lord, since we first spoke together!" On this occasion, however, no time was spent in mere conversation. I had called, as I have said, in the forenoon. His lordship had sent me a message as being busy, requesting me to call again at two o'clock! On entering his private room, I found

him engaged in looking over what seemed official papers, which he had upon his knee, while we spoke, though without the least sign of impatience or wish to get rid of me; but I saw that what became me was to enter on business at once without waste of time or words. I do not remember all the words which I used in this interview so well as what I said to Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon. The position was not now so new and striking to me. I think I began without any kind of apology; for his lordship's looks gave me no feeling that any was needful or expected. . . . I said, "that in coming to speak to his lordship on this subject, I had not so much in view to ascertain more and more that there was no danger of what I proposed causing offence to our Government, as I thought what I had heard from others was sufficient proof of this; but I wished to put as many of our public men as I could meet with in possession of all my intentions and proceedings, in order that if, at last, I succeeded, as I hoped, in moving the Catholics to be interested about them, and these matters came before the public, they might know from myself in person what I really intended, and might be enabled, if they thought well, to do me justice." This was the substance of what I said to him. Having thus concluded, I awaited his answer, which was about as follows:—"As you wish to know what I think of your doings, I must say I do not by any means agree with you in considering it a desirable result that this country should again be brought under subjection to Rome. I do not profess to take my view from the elevated and sublime ground on which you place yourself; I mean, I speak not with reference to religious interests, but to political; and as a politican, when we consider the way in which the Pope's government is opposed to the progress of liberty, and liberal institutions, I cannot say that I wish to see England again under such influence." Thus far, I do not mean to say, that what I heard was anything agreeable to me. Neither the matter nor the tone were agreeable to me. There was something sarcastic in his tone. And does that suit my purpose? it may be asked. I answer, "It does very well." Could it be expected that he would speak very agreeably and favour-

ably of the end I told him I was aiming at? If he had, that would, I conceive, have just thrown a doubt on the sincerity of what he said immediately after, in a tone simply and perfectly agreeable, on the effect likely to result immediately from what I was doing: and this was: "But as to what you are doing, as it must tend to conciliate Catholic powers towards England, what have I to say, but that it is excellent?" or some such word expressing full and cordial approbation. After this, he went on with some remarks on the establishment of the Hierarchy, which, of course, were in accordance with what he had, I think, been saying a few days previously in Parliament, complaining of it as offensiye and injurious; but on this part of the conversation I need not dwell, as it had no bearing on the subject which I had proposed to him. With regard to that, my impression on leaving him was this: that he had listened with attention to what I had said, had at once perfectly understood me, had answered me so as to make me perfectly understand him on the subject simply and openly, and that what he had said was entirely satisfactory to me. I could wish for nothing more; except, of course, what St. Paul wished for in the presence of Festus and Agrippa. I then rose: so did he; then shook hands with me, and most kindly thanked me for having renewed our old acquaintance. To the account of this conversation with Lord Palmerston, I will add, that I asked, in the same bright month of May, for an interview with Lord Derby. He requested I would rather explain myself in writing: which I did; and received in answer from him a most condescending and kind letter, in which, while he asserted his own steadfast adherence to the Church of England, he declared his opinion that no one could reasonably find fault with me for exerting myself as I did to advance what I believed to be the truth.

Besides these interviews just recorded in his own words, he had several others with minor celebrities. He met some Protestant bishops; among the rest, Dr. Blomfield, whom he tried to move to praying for unity. Dr. Blomfield promised. Some of the bishops refuse to see him, and

others are "out" when he calls. He had an interview with Dr. Cumming, and the doctor's account of it did not eventually serve to raise that gentleman in the estimation of honourable or sensible people. He records in his journal being sent away ignominiously by Baptist and Methodist ministers, and, after one of these rebuffs, on May 24, 1851, he got so fearful a mobbing, when coming along the Charter House in London, that he was nearly killed. Had not some good shopkeeper opened his door for him, and helped him to a cab by a back passage, he believed he would certainly have fallen a victim to the fury of the crowd.

The day after this adventure, he assisted in Warwick-street at the ordination of his Grace the present Archbishop of Westminster, as sub-deacon.

He is a few months on the Continent again in this year. He preaches in French through Lille, Liège, Maestricht, Aix-la-Chapelle, always upon "the crusade." Before arriving in Cologne he had his address translated into German, in order to be able to speak to the Prussian children and people upon his favourite theme. As he was walking through Cologne one day, he accidentally met his brother, Lord Spencer. Lord Spencer wondered at the figure approaching him, and thought he recognized the features. At length he exclaimed, "Hilloa, George, what are you doing here?" "Begging," replied Father Ignatius. Those who knew them were much gratified at seeing the earl and the monk having a little friendly chat about old schoolboy days. Both seemed a little embarrassed and surprised at first, but after a minute or two they were quite at home with each other.

He prepared a petition for the King of Prussia, who was visiting Cologne, requesting an audience; but, after waiting patiently a few days, he writes in the journal: "The King is come and gone, but no notice of me. I must be content with *Rex regum*." He received a letter from Father Eugène a day or two before this, summoning him home to England for our Provincial Chapter, and his tour terminates on the 21st August.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO ROME AND "THE ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS."

At the Provincial Chapter, Father Ignatius was chosen Rector of St. Joseph's Retreat, The Hyde. It was also arranged that before proceeding further with his projects and schemes for prayers and unity, he should submit them to the Roman *Curia*. He accordingly starts for Rome on September 4, and arrives at the Retreat of SS. John and Paul on the 13th. We shall let himself relate the events and success of this expedition.

"I went on then, taking occasions as they were offered me to move Catholics to interest themselves in it till September, 1851, when I went to Rome. I had other reasons for going; but it might well be expected that what mainly interested me was to recommend the cause of England's conversion in the centre of Catholicity, and to obtain from the Holy See sanction and authority for pursuing this end as I had been doing before, or in whatever way would be deemed preferable. I was four months and a half at Rome, with the interruption of a fortnight, during which I was engaged on a mission in the country with some of our Fathers. My affair had to be transacted, as may be supposed, chiefly at the Propaganda, where the affairs of all Catholic missions are managed and directed, much in the way that our Board of Admiralty directs all the naval operations of this country, but under entire dependence on his Holiness and obedience to him — the secretary of the Propaganda, Monsignor Barnabò, having regularly once a week, that is, every Sunday evening, an audience of the Pope, to make him reports, and to receive his orders. For the first six weeks or two months I felt my footing at the Propaganda more or less

doubtful and precarious. I did not gain much attention. This was mortifying; but I see, and I saw it then, to be right. The Propaganda is a place where all Catholic schemers and projectors in matters of religion try to get a hearing—as our Admiralty is besieged, I suppose, by all who think they have an important proposal to make for naval enterprise or improvement. They must be kept at arm's length for a time, till it is judged whether their ideas are worth attending to. It was on the 1st of November that it happened that I dined at the College of Propaganda, and sat next to Monsignor Barnabò, who made me a remark about in these words: 'Surely if you can convert England, we should gain half the world—or all the world,' I forget which. I answered, 'Well, Monsignor, and why not try?' Nothing more was said then; but it seemed to me as if this was the turning-point of my fortunes at Rome. Certain it is, that from that time Monsignor Barnabò, in the midst of all his pressing affairs, was invariably ready to listen to me at the office or at his own house, read through all my long memorials, spoke for me to the Pope whenever I asked him, and gained me what I asked on this matter, had my papers printed free of cost at the press of the Propaganda, &c. It had been told me previously by one of the minutanti (under secretaries) of the Propaganda, Monsignor Vespasiani, that my proposals would be looked upon more favourably, if England were not mentioned as the only object of interest. He adverted especially with great feeling to the case of the Greeks, of whom he spoke as possessing genius and capacity for such great things, if they were only reunited to the Church. At his suggestion I drew up, in concert with one of our Fathers, a paper of proposals for an Association for the Conversion of all separated from the Church, giving reasons, however, as I do in the little paper of admission to our Association, why we should direct our immediate aim at the recovery of those nations which have been separated from the Church by heresy or schism, and why, among these, England should still be regarded as the most important and leading object. This document was read by Mgr. Barnabò, who ordered 5,000 copies to be printed by the press of the

Propaganda—rather, he told me, to order as many as I wished, as well as of another shorter paper containing an invitation to prayer and good works for the conversion of all separated from the Church, but especially of England. This shorter one was prepared at the express desire of the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, and distributed by his order through all the religious houses of the city. To pass over other details, it was on the 26th of November that I received a letter of recommendation, addressed by the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda to all Bishops, Vicars-Apostolic, and Superiors of Missions in the world, desiring them to receive me favourably and to assist me in my designs to the utmost of their power. The words in Latin at this part of the letter are the following:— '. . Proindeque illum sacræ congregationis testimonialibus hisce literis instructum esse volumus, ut omnes Episcopi, Vicarii Apostolici, et Missionum Superiores benigne illum excipere, ac pro viribus piissimis ejusdem votis favere haud omittant.' As I have not this letter at hand while writing, I quote this part from memory. The former part, of which I have not the words by heart, expresses why this recommendation was to be given me; namely, because my zeal for promoting the Catholic faith, especially among my people of England, was highly to be commended. Now, if the Propaganda should have ever heard anything true about how I carried on my ordinary duties in England, they could only have heard that I had not incurred suspension, though I might have deserved it; and that, in comparison with my brother priests in our great towns, for instance, what I had done for religion must be put down as next to nothing. The only thing on which they could ever have heard me spoken about as remarkable must have been my exertions, which, against my wishes, I must certainly concede to have been *singularly* active and persevering in calling people's attention to the object of the *conversion of England* and to prayers for it.

"I was surprised at receiving this letter; but I was not satisfied with it: it sharpened my appetite to get more. I returned to the Palace of the Propaganda to give thanks for it, and then asked for a special letter to the Prelates of

Ireland. I do not here enter into details about this: I intend, if permitted, explaining all which regards this subject in some letters addressed especially to the Irish people, in the *Tablet*. I mention it here only to quote from this second letter the words in which is explained more particularly the idea which was formed at the Propaganda of the object which they were recommending. They call it 'Opus quod Reverendus Pater Ignatius promovere satagit, ut nempe Catholici pro Acatholicorum, præsertim Angliæ, conversione veluti agmine facto, ferventiori jugiter ratione preces fundant . . . . .' which I thus translate: 'The object which the Rev. Father Ignatius is engaged in promoting, namely, that Catholics should, as it were, form themselves into an army set in array, and with continually increasing fervour pour forth prayers for the conversion of non-Catholics, but especially of England." Now, I do not know how these documents may strike others; but it seems to me that if, after having taken a journey to Rome on purpose to plead my cause there, and after having received letters like these in answer to my appeals, I was just now to relax in my zeal to promote prayers and good works for the conversion of Protestants, but especially of England, this would be not falling into the views of the Holy See, as some seem to think it would, but rather showing indifference and almost contempt for them, and repaying with ingratitude the great favours which I have received. I must reserve to another letter some account of my interviews with his Holiness in person.

"I am, Sir, your faithful servant in Jesus Christ,

"IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, Passionist."

Here is the account of the audiences he had with the Pope on the subject of prayers for the conversion of England. It is taken from his letters to the *Catholic Standard*:—

AUDIENCES WITH POPE PIUS IX.

I beg to give an account of what passed upon the subject of the conversion of England in the audiences I was allowed

by the Holy Father. They were three. The first was on September 16, 1851, three days after my arrival in Rome; the second, December 23; the third, January 30, 1852, the day before I left Rome. It was on my return home in the evening after that last audience that I met Mgr. Vespasiani, the prelate whom I have before named as one of the Minutanti of the Propaganda, the first person in office at Rome who gave full and attentive consideration to my proposals. This was on the 14th of October, 1851. Full of satisfaction as I was, I expressed to him anew my gratitude for that favour, adding that now I was leaving Rome, I felt as if I had nothing more to ask. All was gained. Such, indeed, were my feelings then. He kindly accepted my acknowledgments, and seemed to sympathize in my satisfaction, but looked incredulous as to my having nothing more to ask, and with a smile, said something to this effect, "You will want plenty more; and, when you desire, you will command our services." I suppose he was right. My feeling was then, and I conceive it was well grounded, that, as far as regarded the mind of his Holiness, I had gained all, on the subject which most engaged me, and which I am now pursuing; and I felt as if in having reached this point all was done. So, I trust, it will prove in time; but I see plainly enough there is work to be done before the mind of the Holy Father will be carried out; others must be moved to correspond with it. I must explain myself by stating facts. In my first two audiences, I think I may say that the principle was approved by his Holiness, that Catholics might be moved all through the world to engage in the enterprise of converting England; but that he must not be represented as caring for England exclusively, as he was father to all. There was no objection here expressed to my being specially interested for my own country. On the contrary, the Pope agreed to, and approved of, my continuing to urge the Roman people to join in this cause, as well as pursuing the same object in Austria, whither I told him I was going, and elsewhere. In my second audience I said to him: "Holy Father, may I repeat truly here what I am saying outside? I am openly stirring the people of Rome to a third conquest of England.

Rome conquered England once, under Julius Cæsar, by the material sword. Romé conquered England a second time, more gloriously, under St. Gregory I., by the Word of God. I am calling on Rome to undertake this conquest again, under Pius IX., when it will be a vastly more important one than heretofore, and by means more glorious and more divine, because referring more purely the glory to God, being chiefly holy prayer." The Pope did not speak in answer to this appeal; but, if I rightly judged, his manner and looks expressed his acceptance and approval of the idea better than words could have done. However, though I might say I had succeeded as well as I could have expected in these first two audiences, the second of which I looked upon as final, as in it I had taken my leave of his Holiness, there was yet something wanting. I was preparing to leave Rome not quite satisfied, though I knew not how to better my position. I will relate how the happy conclusion was brought round. My departure was unexpectedly delayed in order that I might assist at a mission to be given by our fathers, in the town of Marino, on the Alban mountains, which was in the diocese of the Cardinal-Vicar, at whose request the mission was given. I went to the mission, not so much to work, as to see, and hear, and learn for myself; but the crowd of penitents was such, that during the last week of it I gave myself entirely to the confessions; and having no part in the preaching, I never did such a week's work at confessions as that. I returned to Rome alone on January 18, to prepare for my departure, leaving the other Fathers to begin a second mission at Albano; and it struck me my week's work for the Cardinal-Vicar need not be altogether its own reward. I visited him the next day, as to make a report of the mission, which was highly satisfactory. I then said, "I have done a heavy week's work for your Eminence, and I come to claim *il mio stipendio* (my pay)." "And what," said he, "is that?" "A few minutes' patience," I replied, "to hear me again on the cause of England. I want Rome to be effectually moved." "But," said he again, "what can we do? I have distributed your papers. I will recommend

it again; what more do you want? Perhaps the Pope could suggest something; go to him again." I answered, "I have had my final audience, and received his last blessing. Can I go again?" "Oh, yes. Go; you may use my name." I went straight to the Vatican, and Monsignor Talbot placed me, according to custom, in a saloon, through which the Pope was to pass at three o'clock, to take his daily drive. I told his Holiness what had brought me again before him. I had received recommendations to all the world, but I was particularly intent on moving Rome. "Surely," he said, "that is the most important place. Write me a memorial, and we will consult over it." I lost no time in doing so. In it I dwelt on two objects; first, I entreated the Holy Father to take such measures as he might in his wisdom think fit, to move all Christendom to undertake the recovery of the nations which had been lost to the Church, and specially England. And with regard to Rome, I stated the case thus. I had received from the congregations through which his Holiness intimates his pleasure to the whole Church, an earnest recommendation to all Bishops to support me to the utmost of their power in my enterprise. Was it to be conceived, I asked, that the Bishop of the first See was alone excluded from this recommendation? Surely not; and therefore in the name of his Holiness, as head of the Universal Church, I appealed to his Holiness as Bishop of Rome, and entreated that he would give an example to all other Bishops, how a mandate of the Holy See ought to be obeyed. It was not for me to offer directions how this should be done; but if I were to make a suggestion, I would ask that a Prelate should be named, with an authority to engage the help of other zealous ecclesiastics, and with them to instruct the people of Rome in the importance and beauty of the work, and to engage them in it with persevering zeal. I took this memorial to the Cardinal-Vicar, who read through the latter part with me, and said, with an air of satisfaction, "*That will do; that will do very well*"—promising to present it to the Pope. I begged him to say besides, that the Prelate I had in my mind was Monsignor Talbot. This was on January 23. On the 26th, Monsignor

Barnabò told me that all had been favourably received. I thought I had nothing to do but to arrange with Monsignor Talbot what he might do, and for this purpose I went on the 30th of January to see him, accompanied by one of our Fathers. I had bid him farewell, when my companion said, "May we see the Pope?" I was rather annoyed at this: the sight of the Pope intended was merely to be once more placed in his way as he would pass one of the saloons: and I felt it would be unreasonable and intrusive for me to be seen there again; but I thought it would be selfish to disappoint my companion, who had sacrificed so much of his time to gratify me, and I said nothing. We were, therefore, taken into the saloon, as it was just the time for the Pope's drive. There, however, we waited one quarter, two quarters, three quarters of an hour. I concluded, what was the case, that the Pope was not going out, and expected presently to be told to go away. Instead of this Monsignor Talbot came and beckoned us into the Pope's private room, where he was sitting in the window recess perfectly at his ease, and received us with these words addressed to me:—"Well, Father Ignatius, we have done something now." "Indeed, Holy Father," said I, "this is true. I see this work now in the way to become the most favoured of all, entrusted, as it is, to a Prelate who has his time so disposed that one week he is free to work, and the other he returns to attendance on your Holiness to make his reports, and receive new instructions." "Not only so," replied the Pope, "there are four of them. He has but one week entirely engaged with me; besides the one out of four wholly free, he has but two or three hours every day on duty in the other two. But remember, I will not have England alone thought of." "Holy Father," I said, "this alteration has been made. The undertaking is for all separated nations; England being proposed only as the most important point of attack, on several accounts. I beg, however, to ask that the term *heretics* may not be used as the general designation of those we pray for. I do not confess to wilful heresy before my conversion. I do not confess for this sin for my countrymen at large." "Ah! what say you?" answered the Pope; then

he reflected for a moment and graciously bowed. In accordance with this request, in my letter from the Propaganda the term is not *hæreticorum*, but *acatholicorum præsertim Angliæ*. I went on: "Holy Father, I ask one more favour. Cardinal Fornari has agreed, if he is named by your Holiness, to accept the charge of Protector to this work." "What need of this?" answered the Pope; "I have desired the Cardinal-Vicar to recommend the work to Rome, and Cardinal Fornari is a Roman. Is that not enough?" "Holy Father," I replied, "what is requested is, that he should be empowered to act in it as Cardinal." After another pause his Holiness again graciously bowed and said: "Well, be it so." Thus the discourse on this subject terminated: and, if I have intelligibly explained myself, will it not be allowed that I had reason to go home satisfied, in the reflection that the work of the conversion of Protestants, but chiefly England, was now erected—as far as regarded the part which the holy Father had to take in it—into what may be almost called a congregation in the Holy City, to be composed of prelates and ecclesiastics, of whom the first active member was among his Holiness's domestic attendants; and the Cardinal Protector was one of the most distinguished of the Sacred College, who in his first conversation with me declared his most lively interest in England, as having himself, as Professor in the Roman Seminary, directed the studies in Theology of Cardinal Wiseman, and four others, now Bishops in England, besides two deceased. I must close this long letter with one more fact, which came to my knowledge, bringing home to me the consoling conviction, how deeply the heart of our Holy Father is interested in the great work. When I was in Paris, this cause of England was ardently taken up by a gentleman noted for his Catholic zeal, a distinguished merchant in Havre. On my leaving Paris he begged me to give him a letter of credentials, that, in his mercantile travels, he might in my name interest Bishops and other leading personages in our favour. In November last he enclosed me a letter he had received from the Vicar-General of Nantes, to whom he had applied to recommend this object to his Bishop. It was in these

terms: "I will gladly perform your commission, and I have no doubt his Lordship will comply with your wish; the more so that, returning from Rome a few days back, I have brought to him a message to the same effect from his Holiness: In my first audience the Pope said to me: 'Tell the Bishop of Nantes, from me, that I desire he will pray, and cause others to pray, a great deal for England. The position of the Church in that kingdom interests me deeply; I am always thinking of it.' In my second audience the Holy Father repeated to me the same words, and in a tone of feeling such as I can never forget. I am convinced this subject occupies his mind continually." Is it, now, to be supposed that the Holy Father is averse to English and Irish Catholics praying especially for England, and praying much for it? Is it not, on the contrary, to be inferred from these statements, and those of my last two letters, that it would console his heart to see them devotedly engaged in the work? I think this is the conclusion to which we shall all arrive, and that this happy result may in due time—and why not soon?—be abundantly realized.

He says in another letter:—"I begin with repeating again the words of St. Jerome to Pope Damasus: 'He who gathereth not with thee scattereth,' and I renew my declaration that if I thought that by exerting myself to move the Catholics of England and Ireland, and, in general, of all the world, to the enterprise of gaining England, my country, back to the faith of our fathers, I was not working in accordance with the mind of his Holiness, I should not dare to proceed. Will my dear Catholic brethren meet me with the assurance that if it appears by facts that this enterprise is according to his mind, they will heartily devote themselves to the cause and help us?

"It seems to me still, as it always did, impossible to conceive how these efforts, carried on as they are proposed to be, in perfect accordance with devoted loyalty to the State, and in a spirit of ardent charity towards our fellow-countrymen, should not be gratifying to the Church of God and to its Head. Many times have I repeated in sermons to the Irish people during the days of the troubles of his Holiness:

'You have joined with noble generosity in assisting the Holy Father by subscriptions of money, you have entered fervently into prayer for him, will you not do one thing more to console him? Let him hear that you are determined that my country, with its great resources and power, shall once more be his.' This was, I think, a reasonable natural suggestion.

"It was, accordingly, a surprise to me, and at the same time a pain, when I was told by one, about the beginning of the year 1851, that his Holiness was become almost averse to our efforts in behalf of England; as on being applied to for some new indulgence for certain prayers for England, he would not grant the petition unless Italy was comprehended in the intention of the prayers. Another said positively that the Pope would give no more indulgences for prayers for England. These things were said, as so many more things have been said, apparently in a half-joking tone, to mortify me in what is known to be a tender point. Well, everything may turn to account for good, if we pay attention. These remarks helped to stimulate me to ascertain perfectly what the truth of the case is, and they now give me occasion to explain publicly some of the facts on which the matter has to be judged.

"In May, 1850, a student of the English College at Rome, just ordained, went to receive the Pope's blessing before his return to England. He presented a crucifix to his Holiness, and begged for an indulgence of 300 days for whoever kissed this crucifix, and said a Hail Mary for the conversion of England. The Pope sat down and wrote with his own hand at the foot of the petition, that he granted 300 days' indulgence for those who should offer a devout prayer, as for instance a Hail Mary, for the conversion of England. When this was reported to me, as there appeared some kind of ambiguity in one expression of the Pope's writing, I wrote to Monsignor Talbot, begging that he would ascertain from his Holiness whether we were right in interpreting the sentence as granting the indulgence generally without any reference to the crucifix. The answer was, 'Yes.' Evidently then, at this time, the Pope was disposed to grant more in favour of England than he was asked. How are

we to account for the seeming alteration in his dispositions? One way is to suppose that the Pope had ceased to wish prayers to be made for England. Monsignor Talbot, when I saw him at Rome in September, 1851, gave me another reason. 'The Pope,' said he, 'is determined he will give no more indulgences for England. People seem not to care for them. No account is made of them. Let them first show they value what they have.' No authority, on such a point, could be preferable to that of Monsignor Talbot, who spends his life in personal attendance on his Holiness; and according to him, the Pope did, in a tone of some displeasure, refuse one or two such requests, the displeasure was not because people prayed too much for England, but because they did not pray enough, and on this account, did not deserve any more encouragement. This view I maintain with the more confidence, inasmuch as after that displeasure had been expressed, a petition was made on March 9, 1851, by some English ladies in Rome for a plenary indulgence to be gained once a month by those who should daily pray for the conversion of England: it was granted as stated in our admission papers. I infer from this, that if only the Holy Father perceived that the Catholics of England were really in earnest in the cause, there would be no bounds to the liberality with which he would encourage them; but no one likes to go on giving favours to persons who seem not to value them; and he who has the dispensing of the favours of Almighty God from the treasuries of the Church, must not consent to their being undervalued.

"But now, it will be asked, what encouragement did I myself receive from his Holiness during the four months and a half that I spent in Rome, as a kind of representative of this cause of the conversion of England? I need not say that, in going to Rome, I was desirous to move all hearts there to an enthusiastic devotion to this enterprise, as I had endeavoured to do in Ireland, in France, in Belgium, and Germany. I fain would not have lost an occasion of preaching in churches, addressing religious communities, the children of schools, wherever I could find them assembled. I did not expect, however, to be able at once to run such a career in

Rome, as in ordinary towns, and I was greatly satisfied with what was allowed me. Whatever difficulty or check I might have met with, it came not from his Holiness. The proper authority to apply to in this case was the Cardinal-Vicar; that is, he who administers the very diocese of Rome as the Pope's Vicar-General. He at once agreed to my visiting convents and schools, and exhorting them to the great work; but for preaching in churches, there must be, he said, express sanction from the Pope. The Holy Father was consequently consulted by Monsignor Talbot, and answered that he had no objection, but left it to me to make arrangements with the rectors of the churches. The number of monasteries and schools in which I made my allocutions on the conversion of England, is past my remembrance. Almost day by day, for about two months of my time, this was my leading pursuit. I wish it to be clearly understood that all this time I spoke all that was in my mind with as complete freedom from reserve as I am known to exercise here. To the authorities in Rome, who are not wanting in vigilance, all must have been known; and one word from them of objection to the subject, or to my manner of treating it, spoken to my superiors, would have at once stopped me. The number of churches in which I spoke was not so great. I used generally to ask leave myself to address convents and schools. I saw that it would not be becoming to offer myself thus to speak in churches at Rome; but among others I may mention particularly, that I preached by invitation, in English, in French, and in Italian, in those of the large and frequented churches—S. Andrea della Valle, S. Luigi de' Francesi, and S. Andrea della Fratte; and the Pope himself spoke to me of this last discourse in a tone of satisfaction. He would not have been opposed, as far as could be observed, if, instead of three churches, I could have made up a list of three hundred.

"Another means I took for moving the Roman people was, by the papers printed for me by the Propaganda, of which I spoke in my last letter. The first of these was thus headed:—'Association of Prayers and Good Works for the Conversion of those who are separated from the Holy Catholic Church, but especially of England.' Before this

writing was printed, I gave a copy of it to Monsignor Talbot, to lay before the Pope. He returned it to me, with this addition in his own hand :—

"'His Holiness has deigned to grant to this pious work his special benediction.

"'GEORGE TALBOT, Cameriere Segreto.

"'*Nov.* 15, 1851.'

"To this is appended the petition presented for me by Monsignor Barnabó, for the extension of indulgences, as follows :—

"'Most Blessed Father,—Ignatius of St. Paul (Spencer), Passionist, Provincial Consultor in England, prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, states that, being desirous of extending the Association of Prayers already existing for England, in favour of all those who are separated from the Holy Church, and being sensible that a fresh spiritual attraction is necessary in order to move all the faithful to enter on this holy enterprise, most humbly implores your Holiness, that you would be pleased to extend the three hundred days' indulgence already granted by your Holiness to whoever prays for the conversion of England, to this new work, and moreover grant one hundred days for whatever good work may be done in favour of this Association.'

"Monsignor Barnabò reported, that though the Pope adverted to his former declaration, that he would give no more indulgences on this account, he granted this petition in the most gracious manner. The date of this grant is Nov. 16, 1851.

"It is evidently intimated here, that while granting his sanction to the extension of the enterprise, he renewed his sanction to it in its original form. I must here conclude, and defer again to another letter what I promised before, that is, some account of what passed in the audiences to which I myself was admitted by his Holiness."

An incident happened towards the end of Father Ignatius's audiences with the Holy Father, highly characteristic. Father Ignatius had made arrangements for a begging tour in Germany, and intended to inaugurate it by trying what

he could do in that line in Rome itself. Our General forbade him to beg of his Holiness, and Father Ignatius had made up his mind before to do so. After the prohibition he began to doubt whether it was binding, as the Pope was a higher superior than the General. He consulted an astute Roman theologian on his doubt, and the answer given was, "Lay the doubt itself before the Pope."

Father Ignatius had an audience in store for him for a different matter, and when it was over, he said, in the greatest simplicity, "Holy Father, I have a scruple on my mind, which I would wish to speak about, if I might be permitted." "Well, and what is it?" He here told the Pope just as he was advised. The Pope smiled, handed him ten *gregorine* (about £25), and told him not to mind the scruple.

CHAPTER X.

A TOUR IN GERMANY.

FATHER IGNATIUS left Rome with the Holy Father's blessing on both his spiritual and temporal projects. On his way to Germany, whither he was bound for a twofold begging tour, he preached everywhere to religious, priests, nuns, people, and children, upon the conversion of England. He went further than mere exhortation, he tried to get the Bishops and religious to take up his ideas, now stamped with the approbation of Rome, and propagate them among those under their jurisdiction. He met with kindness and encouragement in every town and hamlet until he came to Laibach. Here the police seized him and sent him away. At Gratz he met with a better reception. Throughout, the priests and religious receive him with a something approaching to honour, and so do the nobility, but government officials and the like treat him rudely enough.

When he arrived in Vienna, he found a way of conciliating these officers of justice and their subalterns. Graf (Count) O'Donnel took him to the Secretary of Police, and procured him a safe-conduct, whereby this kind of annoyance was put an end to for the future. Great personages patronize him—among the chief were Prince Esterhazy, Counts O'Donnel and Litchenstein. Through their kindness and his own repute, he is favoured with interviews from the members of the royal family. A few of these in his own words must be interesting :—

"While at Rome, I heard one day the wonderful account of the *coup d'état* of the now Emperor of the French. I thought with myself that moment, here is a man for me—perhaps *the* man. If he survive the assaults of his enemies,

and become established in power over France, he is the man evidently for great designs; the people whom he rules are the people to follow him in them; and he has a mind, so I conceived, to understand how utterly insignificant are all enterprises, in comparison with those which have the glory of God and the salvation of souls for their end. But will he, can he, be moved to take up the great cause? I got an introduction to the French ambassador at Rome, in order to open my way to an interview with his chief. This may be in reserve for me some future day; but I was first to see another great man—the young Emperor of Austria.

"I think an account of this audience, and some accompanying circumstances, will be interesting in more points of view than one. After leaving Rome at the beginning of February, I went to Vienna, and stopped there three weeks before coming home. The Emperor had just left Vienna for Venice when I arrived, and did not return till a fortnight after. In consequence of this, I sought for, and had audience of all the other members of the royal family then in the town. Many may not be aware of the circumstances under which the present Emperor was raised to the throne. Everything connected with this young man is to me full of a kind of poetic interest. He is the eldest son of the Archduke Francis Charles and the Archduchess Sophia, a princess of Bavaria. His father is brother to the ex-Emperor Ferdinand.

"It is said that in 1848, at the time when the insurgents had gained possession of Vienna, and the court was in flight, some one asked the Empress Mary Ann, a Sardinian princess, 'Madam, have you ever thought of an abdication?' 'I have, indeed,' answered she; 'but what is to follow?' The Emperor had no children, and his next heir was his brother the Archduke. Both of them have been always highly respected as most amiable and religious men, but are not of abilities or character to bear the charge of an empire under such circumstances. The abdication, then, of the reigning Emperor would not have been a remedy to existing evils, unless his brother joined in the sacrifice of his claims, and made way for the succession of his son. This

arrangement, however, was effected; and, if what I gathered from conversations and observation is correct, it is to the two ladies whom I have mentioned, that the empire is indebted for it. Do not they deserve the admiration of the present and future generations, and to have their place among the *valiant women*, for renouncing the honours of an imperial crown, for the public good? Be this as it may, the announcement was made to the young prince, then eighteen years of age, that the crown was his. It is said that he burst into tears at hearing it, and begged two days for reflection, during which he went to confession and communion, to obtain light from God, and concluded with giving his consent. His career has been conformable with this beginning. Among other things, I may mention that one of his first acts was, of his own mind, to repeal the oppressive laws of Joseph II., and to restore liberty to the Church. Could I do otherwise than long to interest such a soul as this in the great cause I was supporting? Shall I succeed in the end? I had an audience of the Archduchess Sophia, the Emperor's mother, before his return from Venice. It is under her care and guidance, as I was assured, that his character has been formed; and it was touching to hear her make me a kind of apology for what might, perhaps, be taken as a defect in his manner. I told her I was desirous of an audience of his Majesty. She said, 'You will certainly obtain it;' and she added, "You will perhaps think him cold, but he is not so.' This corresponds with what she said to a friend of mine, a German literary character, who was likewise about to have his first audience from the Emperor. The Archduchess said to him, 'His manner is not winning, like that of Carl [meaning her third son, the Archduke Charles], but he has greater depth of character; from his childhood upwards I never knew him say a word merely to please; every word is from his heart.' These few words of his mother are to me a most precious comment on what passed between the Emperor and me when I had my audience. I was introduced into a large saloon on one of the days of public reception. The Emperor stood alone in the middle of it; behind him, to the left, was a small table, on which was a pile of memo-

rials which he had already received. He was in military uniform. I should be glad to convey the impression which his appearance, and the few words he spoke, made on me. A young emperor, I suppose, has great advantage in gaining upon one's feelings, if he will in any degree do himself justice. In this case, I say, that I never was more satisfied, not to say captivated, with my observations on any person. His figure is not in itself commanding; but there was in his air and manner and tone a union of grace and affability, dignity, wisdom, and modesty, which I do not remember to have seen equalled. I was greatly struck, on my entrance, with what appeared to me such a contrast between what I witnessed and the receptions usually given by great personages who wish to be gracious. Ordinarily, my impression is that they overwhelm one with many words, which often mean nothing. The Emperor was perfectly silent. I had time to think with myself, after I had approached him, 'Am I then to speak first?' So it was. I have a very clear recollection of what was said.

"'I have requested this audience,' I said, 'to represent to your Majesty the object for which I am travelling. It is to move Catholics throughout the world to interest themselves in obtaining the return of my country to the Catholic faith. On this, I am deeply convinced, depends entirely the happiness of my country; and, I conceive, nothing would more contribute to the happiness of other nations of the world.'

"The Emperor seemed to intimate assent to this, and said with great grace: 'I am happy to hear that things go on better in England in regard to religion than they have done.'

"'There is much,' I said, 'to encourage hopes; but we want great help. I am come to ask the help of Austria. I do not take on me to prescribe what your Majesty in person might do in this cause. As the principal means to be employed is prayer, I am aware that it belongs rather to Bishops to direct such movements; but I ask help and sympathy from all. I thought it could not be anything but right to ask your Majesty's.'

"He answered: 'I will interest myself as much at possible.'

"I added: 'I have said, I did not intend to propose any line of action to your Majesty; but I may explain myself further. It is to the Bishops that I make my principal appeal to interest the people in this object. Now, I am aware that they would and must be averse to any public measures which might seem to involve political inconvenience: I would, therefore, ask of your Majesty, that if the bishops are pleased to act, the Government should not object to it, as I conceive there would be no reason.'

"The Emperor said something to the effect, as I thought, that he saw no reason to object to what I said.

"I was aware that my audience could not be a long one; and I now put my hand to the breast of my habit to take out a memorial, which I had been directed to present on this occasion, for permission to collect subscriptions in the empire.

"He thought I was about to offer him papers on the subject on which I had been speaking, and said: 'You probably have some papers which will explain your wishes.'

"I said: 'I have; but they are not in a becoming form to present to your Majesty.'

"I had, in fact, two little addresses printed on poor paper, in German, for distribution; and I brought them forward.

"He immediately put out his hand to take them, and said, with a smile and manner of truly high-bred courtesy: 'Oh! I will read them;' and he laid them on the table by him.

"I then presented my written memorial, and then, on his slightly bowing to me, I withdrew."

Another letter says:—

"In my last letter I repeated the words in which that wise and excellent Princess, the Archduchess Sophia, described the character of two of her sons: 'The Emperor seems cold, but he is not so. He is not winning and amiable like Carl, but he has more solidity and depth.' I remarked that to me these words were a most interesting commentary

on what passed in the short audience I had from the young Emperor; and if I succeeded in my description of it, I am sure others will think with me. I will now give some account of my audience with the third brother, the young Archduke Charles. The second brother, whose name I do not now remember, was not in Vienna at the time. He is a seaman, and I suppose it is intended that under his auspices the Austrian navy should be advanced to greater vigour and efficiency, while the Emperor and Charles attend mainly to the army. The empire possesses two splendid ports—Trieste and Venice; and past history proves what may be done with the latter alone.

"I made acquaintance with a Swiss ecclesiastic in Vienna (Mgr. Mislin), who bore a part in the education of all three of these princes. I had told him what were my desires concerning them; that is, to inspire them with ardent zeal for the great work of the reunion of Christendom, but especially the reconquest of England for the Church. One day the Abbé called to see me, at the palace of the Pope's Nuncio, where I was staying; and as I was out, he left word that he wished to see me without delay. He had to tell me, as I found, that the Archduke Charles, with whom he regularly goes to dine every Friday, had said to him on the last of these occasions, 'Do you know Father Ignatius?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'very well.' 'Do you think,' added the Prince, 'I could see him? I wish it very much.' 'Oh,' replied the Abbé, 'there will be no difficulty;' and at once an hour was fixed—two o'clock on the 11th of March. It happened, however, that notice was received that at this very time the Emperor was to arrive from Trieste, and the Archduke had to go to the railway terminus to meet him. My audience was deferred till half-past three; and I went with the Abbé to the private entrance of the imperial palace to see them arrive. They were driven up from the station in a light open carriage; and it was thus, side by side, that I first saw them both. I may be mistaken, but in my poetic recollections and visions of Vienna, if I, who am no poet, may so speak, these two brothers are charmingly conjoined in my mind. At half-past three, then, I went to

the Archduke's apartments in the Burg, as it is called—a great mass of building, which includes the Emperor's town residence, apartments for all the royal family, several public offices, extensive quarters for troops, &c.—and was immediately introduced to him in a large drawing-room, where he kept me a good half-hour in lively conversation. My impression of him was, of a bright, buoyant youth, full of shining prospects of his future career; in which, though, perhaps, somewhat unconsciously to himself, he is both qualified by circumstances and character, and nobly disposed to exert himself for everything great and good. All this, however, is yet to be developed and consolidated by age, reflection, and experience. I should say, not so much that he himself is eagerly grasping at facts with which to store his mind, to be in due time digested, matured, and acted upon, as that Providence is turning to account his natural youthful eagerness, and shall we say, curiosity, to do this for him. May it prove that I am not forming over bright and groundless visions!

"The Archduke was dressed in a plain cavalry uniform. He was then about 19 years old, and very young-looking for his age. My object was to impress him with the grand importance of the enterprise which I was proposing as proper to form the dearest and constant aim of his brother's reign; that is, the restoring union to Christendom, having peculiarly in view the reconciling England to the Church. 'I have no wish,' I said, 'to see him, the Emperor, less devoted to his army: let him watch with constant care over all the interests of his Imperial dignity; but let him be devoted, above all and in everything, to the glory of God, and the repairing the losses of the Holy Church; and if it pleases God he should live, he will have a career more glorious, and leave a name greater than Charlemagne.' He said, 'Surely what you propose is most important. It is a matter to be deeply deplored that so many German states are cut off from the Church.' . . . . . I do not remember clearly much more of what passed in this conversation, and in truth it is not of so much consequence; for his words are not all weighed, solid, and worth recording, like those of his more

sage brother. All have not the same gifts, natural or spiritual; and it is not well they should. Of course, it is not well, because God has ordered it thus. But I could see in the diversity of these young men what might be wonderfully combined for doing great things. Charles would not be the one to govern and control, and he has not this to do. The Emperor has; and he is cut out for it. But then perhaps he is not one to win and conciliate those who do not know how to value all superior qualities like his; yet this is necessary in such times, especially when sound, old-fashioned loyalty is not much known. But let the two brothers work together; let their hearts be one, and let that one purpose be directed to noble ends, and it will be well for them, for the empire, and for Europe. Charles will supply what the other wants. I asked Monsignor Mislin one day, with an anxious feeling, whether they were really affectionate, loving brothers, and the answer was satisfactory."

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER IGNATIUS RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

He lands at Dover on the 1st April, 1852, comes home, sets his house in order at the Hyde, and goes, after Holy Week, to see Father Eugene, the Provincial, at St. Wilfrid's, to give an account of himself. His name was about this time in every one's mouth, his doings were canvassed by friends and foes, and many and various were the opinions held about him. In the meantime he went on with his ordinary duties. He gives the retreat in Sedgeley Park again, and one to the congregation at Havant. It was whilst here, in the house of Mr. Scholfield, that he read Lord Derby's proclamation against appearing abroad in the religious habit.

Father Ignatius had to return to London next day, and did not wish to violate this prohibition. He was sadly at a loss; he had brought no secular clothes with him, and the gentleman with whom he was staying was short and stout, so that it was hopeless to think of getting anything suitable from his wardrobe. The butler was taxed for a contribution; all who had an article to spare gave heartily, and the Monk was, after some ingenuity, equipped in the following fashion: A pair of very light shoes, fitting badly and pinching sorely, a pair of short coloured pantaloons, a great pilot overcoat, a Scotch cap, cut so as to make it fit his head, formed the *cap-à-pie* of Father Ignatius. He took refuge in Spanish Place until the darkness of night might save him from his juvenile friends along the Edgware Road, who, if they recognised him in his new fashion, would treat him to a more than ordinary share of ridicule. He took off the shoes when outside London, and one may imagine the surprise of

the religious when he entered the choir thus arrayed, in the middle of matins, to get Father Provincial's permission to *change!*

Our Fathers shortly after were convoked by the Provincial to a kind of chapter. Among other matters submitted to their consideration, came the doings of Father Ignatius. There were cavils on all sides, from within and without, and many thought that it was his imprudence that drew forth the proclamation. The nature of the charges against him will be seen from an apologetic letter of his to the *Standard*:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CATHOLIC STANDARD."

Jesu Christi Passio.

SIR,—I remarked in my last, not as a complaint, but quite the contrary, that I have often heard that good Catholics have suspected me to be not right in my head, because of my strange devotion to the conversion of England and of the many strange things which this fancy, as it seems to them, has led me to do. So far, indeed, am I from being surprised at or vexed by them, that I fairly declare that something like a suspicion of this kind sometimes flashes across my own mind. Suppose, for instance, I might hear of any one becoming deranged or being in danger of it, I have felt at times something like a sympathetic chord struck in my own mind, which seems to say, "Are people right, perhaps, after all? Am I not really mad on this point?' And it may take me a moment's thought to keep my fair even balance. How do I keep it?—Not as I might have done, some thirty years ago, by recollecting, what when young I used to hear said by my relations, with self-congratulation, "Well, thank God, there is no taint of madness in our family!"—No; I get my satisfaction independently of this, from a twofold consciousness, to one branch of which I could not have referred then—that is, from the consciousness, first, of a yet unimpaired memory concerning what I have seen and said and heard within reasonable limits of time; and secondly, from the consciousness, glory be to God for

it, of (may I say it without rashness?) a perfect Catholic, Apostolic, Roman faith. I *remember*—I cannot be mistaken in this—that, not two years ago, I spent four months in Rome, and spoke out there all my thoughts on this subject, as far as I had opportunity given, without a shadow of reserve, to the first authorities of the Church; and that it ended by my receiving and having in my possession documents fully approving of what I had been doing and purposed to do, from the first authorities of the Church, to which I may add the mention of testimonials signed by the Generals of the Dominicans, of the Conventual Franciscans, of the Franciscans *Strictioris Observantiæ*, and of the Capuchins, recommending me to all local superiors of their respective orders, to the end that they should receive me to hospitality in all their houses, allow the use of their churches to preach in, and assist me in every possible way in my purposes. I have then said to myself, "It would indeed be no ordinary sort of madness breaking out for the first time in a family, which should have the marvellous power of communicating itself, infecting and dragging after it such a number of certainly very respectable heads; to which I may add, that the foundation, as it were, of all these testimonials, was a letter from his Eminence the Archbishop of Westminster, given me when I went into Germany in the summer of 1851, renewed with a fresh signature in 1852, after all my vagaries (?) at Vienna had taken place. In this letter, written in French by the hand of his Eminence himself—of whom I never heard any one express the idea that he was touched in the brain—he states that "having perfectly known me from the time of my conversion [I feel an intimate conviction in myself no one knows me better] he does not hesitate to recommend me to all the Catholics of the Continent, particularly to all bishops and ecclesiastics, secular and regular, as worthy of all their consideration and of their support, in the matters about which I should be engaged." No; I say, that on divine principles, almost as well as human, it is too much to imagine that I have been mad, thus far; whatever may be the case hereafter. Protestants, at least some of them, might say so, and might

think it too. No wonder. But will this remonstrance suffice to put an end to such insinuations from good Catholics? Mind, I am not displeased at them; nay, I relish these insinuations beyond what I can express. I have solid reasons for this; but I desire for the future to forego this personal consolation, for the sake of the souls of my poor countrymen, and of hundreds of millions more throughout the world, which I have the conviction might be saved, if the Catholics of England and Ireland would at length have done with their objections, and undertake with all their heart the gaining of this kingdom to God and His Church—and a reputed madman is not likely to move them to it. I cannot but think that the authorities under whose sanction I have acted might be considered a sufficient defence against objections to the movement which I call for so pertinaciously. I will, however, proceed to answer one by one the remarks which I supposed in my last letter might be passed on my narrative of proceedings at Vienna. First, I supposed some would smile at my ignorance of the world, in expecting that in our days young princes like the Emperor of Austria and his brother should have any dispositions to enter into ideas like mine. But why not? Are they not good ideas? at least, I think them so; and am I to think a person incapable of great and good designs because he is an emperor—a prince? There is no doubt that because he is a prince, he is immensely more responsible for the objects which he pursues; and that the glory of God would be incomparably more advanced by his devoting himself to heavenly pursuits than if he were an ordinary person; and are we tamely to surrender to the service of the world, and of the Prince of this world, all who have power to influence the world, and be content on God's behalf to have none but the poor and weak on the other side? I know it is in the Word of God that not many wise, not many noble, &c., are called. God has chosen the poor in this world; but yet there has been a St. Henry, an emperor; a St. Stephen, King of Hungary; a St. Louis of France; a St. Edward the Confessor, and so many more; and what magnificent instruments have such

men been for exalting the Church, converting nations, and saving souls! If they have been few in comparison with kings and emperors whose views have been all temporal, is that a reason against trying to add one or two more to their number? I think it is a reason why we *should* try; and if we are to try, let us do it in the spirit of hope, or we shall do it very languidly. If after all we fail, what have we lost by trying and by hoping? You may answer, we shall suffer disappointment. Ah! who says that? No! no disappointment for those who hope in God and work for Him legitimately. It would make my heart bleed, if I had a heart fit for it, to think of the noble, truly princely youths in question, sinking down to the wretched level of worldly, selfish, immoral, useless men of power, of whom the world has borne so many; and for a time, if but for a time, I have indulged bright visions about them; not mere dreamy visions, for their education, the circumstances of their elevation, the young Emperor's career hitherto, his late wonderful deliverance from assassination, in which he behaved, as report says, in a way to encourage all such thoughts as mine—all these are reasons on my side; but suppose I am disappointed there; suppose no one sympathizes in my thoughts; suppose the Emperor has forgotten all about my appeal, and I never travel more, or never more to Vienna, and no one else will take any trouble about it—is God's arm shortened? Are there no other emperors, or kings, or queens for Him to choose among, if emperors He has need of for the work? My friends, fear not. I do not intend to be disappointed, and, what is more, I shall not be, nor will any of those be who work for the saving of souls, even on the very largest scale, unless we are so foolish as to turn back and grow slack. But is it not an error, it will be asked, a mistake to *wish* kings and emperors to interfere in such things? I know many persons of great consideration have this thought; but the mistake seems to me to lie in not making a distinction between such interference as that of Constantius, Valens, Julian, in old times; Henry IV. and Joseph II. of Austria, Henry VIII. of England, and that of such princes as I have named above, whom the Church has canonized for

what they did for her. This is my opinion, others have theirs; how shall we decide? Can we here again know the mind of Rome; and will not that have some weight in settling the question? I will just relate what took place there relative to this matter. When preparing to leave Rome for Vienna, I desired to obtain from the Austrian Ambassador there a letter, which might facilitate my access to the Emperor, on which I had set my heart. But I understood the Ambassador himself was not easily accessible, and that I had better obtain a note of introduction to him, and from no one would it be so desirable as from Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Secretary of State. I obtained an audience from him and made my request. He answered: "We have a nuncio at Vienna; it will do better for you to have a letter from me to him." Of course I accepted this spontaneous offer most thankfully. The Cardinal desired me to tell him what I wished at Vienna. I said: "An audience of the Emperor: and as I am asking the favour of your Eminence to assist me in obtaining it, it seems right you should know for what end I desire it. It is to propose to the Emperor to take to heart my great object of the conversion of England, and of Protestants in general, and to move his subjects to it." The Cardinal explained to me some circumstances in the position of the Emperor, which made it unlikely that he would be led to take any open steps of this kind; but he gave me the letter without a word of objection to my wish, on principle; and it was on my presenting it to the Nuncio, that he most graciously desired that I should lodge in his palace all the time that I was in Vienna. As I have been led to mention this audience with Cardinal Antonelli, I think others may share with me in the feelings of satisfaction and admiration with which the remainder of what passed impressed me. I took occasion from finding myself in company with the Pope's Secretary of State, to make an additional effort towards moving Rome in the great cause; and as, by his office, he had to regard the political effect of a decided movement such as I was begging, I urged my conviction that no political ill consequences need be feared from the Holy Father calling on all Christendom to

move in this spiritual enterprise. He interrupted me with saying: "The Holy Father fears no man and nothing in the world." He adverted to the position in which he had seen him at Gaèta, and said: "The political power of the Holy See depends on its weakness." I do not remember the exact words; but they amounted to a noble adoption by the Apostolic See of the famous Apostolic sentiment: "When I am weak, then am I strong," in relation not only to the wielding of its own inalienable spiritual sovereignty, but to its accidental temporal power, in the exercise of which we perhaps should not expect always to see the Divine principle so prominent. This discourse gave me the consoling assurance that when the mind of his Holiness should be guided by the light which is in him, to judge that the time is come for a powerful call on Christendom to move forward in the great enterprise, no human considerations will check his steps. The Holy Father knows no fear of man.

I am, your obedient servant,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, Passionist.

The joyous way in which he received crosses and mortifications may be seen from this letter. It seemed as if nothing could ruffle his temper. He remarks on the Proclamation, in a letter he wrote to make arrangements for saying mass in a private chapel: "There ought to be something in the way of a cassock too, as the Queen and Lord Derby have been pleased to make the country too hot for me to keep on my wearing of the habit for the present. At least so it seems."

When he attended the meeting of our Fathers, alluded to above, he travelled by train, with his habit slung over his shoulder, and the sign conspicuous, saying, "Since they won't let me wear my habit like a religious, I shall carry it like a slave."

CHAPTER XII.

A LITTLE OF HIS HOME AND FOREIGN WORK.

FATHER IGNATIUS gives a retreat to the nuns of Lingdale House, and comes immediately after to Oscott, where the first Provincial Synod of the English Hierarchy was being held. He presents a petition to the Synodal Fathers, and receives encouragement to prosecute his work of moving all whom he can to pray for the conversion of England. His next mission was to make the visitation of our Belgian houses for the Provincial; when he found himself again abroad, he took advantage of the opportunity. He goes to different places, and finds many Belgian and French bishops who preach upon his *œuvre*, and recommend it by circulars to their clergy. These journeys he paid for by begging wherever he went, and the object he begged for is seen from a letter of his to Mr. Monteith, dated Lille, Aug. 24, 1852:—

"My dear Mr. Monteith, — Here I am, writing to you again, and you will soon see that what brings me to this is, as usual, want of money—*auri fames*. The case stands thus: I am on travel again, with commission of finding means to build our house near London, of which I am rector, or rather I am rector of a little place which stands on the ground, and erecter rather than rector *ex officio* of the house that is to be there. I have my ideas how we might get means for this expense, and for all other expenses; and, moreover, how means could be got for all the houses in England and Scotland too. I am following the end as well as I can, all alone, by the way which seems to me the best and only one; but my being alone makes the progress slow. Hitherto, my ideas are to others like dreams—empty dreams,

though I have a pocket-book full of recommendations from Rome to support them, which encourage me to think I am not mad, when, by the manner in which I see people sometimes look at me, I should almost think I was. I allude chiefly to the way in which, in a company of English Catholics, the mention from me of the idea, *conversion of England*, immediately silences a company in the most animated conversation, as if I had said, 'Next week I am going to be crowned King of France!' . . . Though I speak as I do, I am not without encouragement and fine prospects; but I want to hasten things, as souls by thousands and millions perish by delays; and this I will not, if I can help it, have to answer for. An Englishman's regular, natural way to get his matters attended to, is a steady, persevering grumble. He grumbles over one step, then grumbles over the next, however comfortable and happy he may be over what he has gained.

"Last week I was at Cambrai, where there was a most remarkable centenary feast, in honour of Notre Dame de Grâce. There is there an old picture of Our Lady, brought from Rome 400 years ago, and installed in the cathedral in 1452, which has been a centre of devotion ever since. This was the year for the grand solemnity; pilgrimages coming all the week from the diocese and farther. The most remarkable of the pilgrims unquestionably was Cardinal Wiseman, who came to preside over the procession and solemnities of the last day. He sung mass, and preached his first sermon in France, which was one of the most eloquent I ever heard from him, or any one, notwithstanding his imperfect diction. It was all to the point of moving the French Episcopate and nation to prayers for the conversion of England. So, if I live, I have little or no doubt of succeeding in time, but, meanwhile, I must poke here and poke there for money, till it begins to come freely of itself. As to what the Continent could do if their heart was once moved, I am convinced by the history of the Crusades. If the Catholic nations were now engaged in a material war, there would be armies on foot, and fleets at sea, the cost of which, for one week, would be enough to build cathedrals for all our bishops.

Why not the same money drawn to effect the spiritual conquest? Because they do not care about it. Then, let us make them; and how? The first step, of course, must be to care for it ourselves. '*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*' And what can we do to bring our English and Scotch to this?—Grumble at them, I suppose."

On his return from France in September, himself and Father Eugene came to the determination to move away from The Hyde, if a more convenient site could be procured. The reason of this was chiefly the unsuitableness of the place to the working of our vocation. It was too solitary for missionaries, and there was no local work for a number of priests. Some of the fathers disguise themselves in secular suits, less unseemly than that in which they once beheld Father Ignatius, and go in search of a place, but without success. Father Ignatius gave a mission at this time in Kentish Town, and he little thought, as he took his walk along the tarred paling in Maiden Lane, that inside lay the grounds of the future St. Joseph's Retreat.

Towards the end of the year 1852, Father Ignatius accompanies as far as London Bridge a colony of Passionists, whom Dr. O'Connor, the Bishop of Pittsburg, was bringing out to the United States. These Passionists have grown *in gentem magnam*, and the worthy Bishop, like another Odescalchi, resigned his crosier, and became a Jesuit.

He concludes this year and begins the next giving retreats. The scenes of his labours in this department were Somers Town, Blandford Square (London), our own house, Dudley, and Douay. He also assisted at a mission in Commercial Road, London, E.

The heaviest part of his work, as a member of The Hyde community, was attending to the parish, which, with the Barnet Mission, then under our charge, was equal in area to many a diocese in Catholic countries. Father Ignatius often walked thirty miles in one day on parochial duty. To give an idea of how he went through this work, one instance will suffice. On one day to went to Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and from all the unhappy inmates he was able to get one confession. Next day he walked to give

the Holy Communion to this single penitent, and walked afterwards to Barnet before he broke his fast. This must be a distance of at least fifteen miles.

In May, 1853, he gives a retreat to his old parishioners of West Bromwich, another in Winchester in July, to the nuns in Wolverhampton in August, and to the people in Oxburgh in October, and in Southport, Lancashire, in Advent.

The 16th of November this year was a great day for our congregation. It was the first feast of Blessed Paul of the Cross, our holy founder. There was a great re-union of the chief fathers of the order in St. Wilfrid's—the Bishops of Birmingham and Southwark, and Dr. Ullathorne and Dr. Grant assisted at the solemnity. Father Ignatius was there, of course. Father Paul was beatified on the 28th September, 1852. Our religious had prayed and worked for the great event, and had now the happiness of seeing him raised to the altar.

He stays at home a great deal now, as a rector ought to do, except in intervals of missions and retreats; and the lion's share of parish work falls to him. He sends one of the priests of his community to France to beg for the house; but he had, in a very short time, to send him money for his expenses home. He then concludes that he should himself be considered beggar-in-chief, and accordingly goes out for a few days to collect alms in London. With his alms, he collects into the Church a young Puseyite minister, who is now a zealous priest on the London mission.

Father Ignatius visits the neighbouring ministers, but not as formerly; he simply goes to see his old acquaintances, and if the conversation could be transferred from compliments and common-place remarks to matters of higher interest, he was not the man to let the opportunity pass by. Among his old friends in the Anglican ministry there seemed to have been few for whom he always cherished so kindly a regard as the Rev. Mr. Harvey, Rector of Hornsey. That excellent clergyman used to visit Father Ignatius, and receive visits from him on the most friendly terms to the end.

Thus did he spend his time, until Father Pius, the brother

of our present General, who died in Rome in 1864, came to visit the province, or branch of the order in England, in 1854. This visit made a change in Father Ignatius's position.

A number of houses of a religious order are placed under the direction of one superior, who is styled a Provincial. With us the Provincial has two assistants, who are called Consultors. The superior of each house is called a Rector, and it is his duty to see after the spiritual and temporal concerns of his own community. A rector, therefore, has more home work, by virtue of his office, than any other superior. A consultor may live in any house of the province, has no special duty *ex officio* except to give his advice to the Provincial when asked, and may be easily spared for any external employment. This office Father Ignatius used to term as *otium cum dignitate*, though the *otium* he never enjoyed, and felt rather awkward in the *dignitas*.

In 1854, he was made first Consultor, and relieved from the drudgery of housekeeping for his brethren. Before leaving The Hyde for a new field of labour, he went to see his nephew in Harrow, which was only a few miles from our retreat; but was not admitted. He took another priest with him, and both were hooted by the boys. It seems pardonable in a set of wild young schoolboys to make game of such unfashionable beings as Catholic priests; but it shows a great want of good breeding in schoolboys who are afterwards to hold such a high position in English society. This remark is forced upon us by the fact that none of us ever passed through Harrow without meeting a somewhat similar reception. A school of inferior rank might set Harrow an example in this point. We have passed Roger Cholmley's school in Highgate, time after time, often in a large body, and have met the boys in threes and fours, and all together, and never yet heard a single insult. What makes the difference?

On the 8th of September, 1854, Father Ignatius left The Hyde for Ireland. He begs this time through the principal towns in Munster, and says he was very kindly received by all. He preached sermons during this journey, all on the

conversion of England. He gained more prayers this time than on a former occasion, because his work came to the people with blessings and indulgences from the Father of the Faithful. He used to tell an amusing anecdote in reference to this mission. Somewhere he had preached on the conversion of England, and recommended the prayers by the spiritual profit to be derived from them. An old woman accosted him as he was passing by, and he had just time to hear, "Father, I say the three Hail Marys every day for England." Father Ignatius was much pleased, and made inquiries after the old lady, doubtless intending to constitute her a kind of apostle in the place. She was brought to see him; he expressed his thanks and pleasure that she had entered so thoroughly into his views, and asked her would she try to persuade others to follow her example? "Me get people to pray for England!" she answered; "I pray myself three times for the sake of the indulgence, but I curse them 300 times a day for it, lest they might get any good of my prayers!" He reasoned with her, to be sure, but did not tell us if the success of his second discourse was equal to the first.

CHAPTER XIII.

SANCTIFICATION OF IRELAND.

In a letter written by Father Ignatius in December, 1854, is found the first glimpse of a new idea: the Sanctification of Ireland. This idea was suggested to him by the faith of the Irish people, and by their readiness to adopt whatever was for their spiritual profit. His intending the Sanctification of Ireland as a step towards the Conversion of England, laid the scheme open to severe criticism. It was said that England was his final object; that Ireland was to be used as an instrument for England's benefit; that if his patriotism were less strong, his sanctity would be greater. If these objections were satisfactorily answered, they might be given up with a hint that, "it was a very Irish way to convert England, by preaching in the bogs of Connaught." The best refutation of these ungenerous remarks will be, perhaps, a simple statement of what his ideas were upon the subject.

His great desire was that all the world should be perfect. He used to say Our Lord had not yet had His triumph in this world, and that it was too bad the devil should still have the majority. "This must not be," he would say; "I shall never rest as long as there is a single soul on earth who does not serve God perfectly." The practical way of arriving at this end was to begin at home. England had not faith as a nation, so there was no foundation to build sanctity upon there. England, however, had great influence as a nation all over the world; she showed great zeal also in her abortive attempts to convert the heathen. If her energies could be turned in the right direction, what grand results might we not anticipate? Another reflection was, England has had every means of conversion tried upon her;

let us now see what virtue there is in good example. To set this example, and to sow the seed of the great universal harvest, he would find out the best Catholic nation in the world, and bring it perfectly up to the maxims of the Gospel. This nation was Ireland, of course, and it was near enough to England to let its light shine before her. What he wished for was, to have every man, woman, and child in Ireland, take up the idea that they were to be saints. He would have this caught up with a kind of national move. The practical working of the idea he embodied in a little book which he wrote some time afterwards, and preached it wherever he addressed an Irish congregation. The banishing of three great vices—cursing, company-keeping, and intemperance—and the practice of daily meditation, with a frequent approach to the sacraments, were the means. If Ireland, so he argued, took up this at home, it would spread to England, the colonies, and to wherever there was an Irishman all over the world. All these would be shining lights, and if their neighbours did not choose at once to follow their example, we could at least point it out as the best proof of our exhortations. This is a short sketch of the work he now began, and it was a work his superiors always encouraged, and which he spent his life in endeavouring to realise.

One objection made against this scheme touched him on a tender point—his love of country. Many Catholics, especially English converts, thought the words of Ecclesiasticus applicable to England: "Injuries and wrongs will waste riches: and the house that is very rich shall be brought to nothing by pride: so the substance of the proud shall be rooted out."—Eccl. xxi. 5. These were of opinion that England must be humbled as a nation, and deeply too, before she could be fit for conversion. This Father Ignatius could not stand. He writes, in a letter to Mr. Monteith: "As my *unicum necessarium* for myself is the salvation and sanctification of my own soul, so my wishes and designs about England, which, according to the order of charity, I consider (in opposition to many English Catholics, especially converts), I ought to love first of all people, are, singly and

only, that she may be brought to God, and in such a way and under such circumstances, as may enable her to be the greatest possible blessing to the whole world. I have heard plenty, and much more than plenty, from English and Irish Catholics (very seldom, comparatively, from those of the Continent), about the impossibility of this, except by the thorough crushing of the power of England. I say to all this, *No, no, no!* God can convert our country with her power and her influence unimpaired, and I insist on people praying for it without imposing conditions on Almighty God, on whom, if I did impose conditions, it would be in favour of His showing more, and not less abundant, mercy to a fallen people. Yet, though I have often said I will not allow Miss This, or Mr. That, to pronounce sentence on England, still less to wish evil to her (particularly if it be an English Mr. or Miss who talks), I have always said that if God sees it fit that the conversion should be through outward humiliations and scourges, I will welcome the rod, and thank Him for it, in behalf of my country, as I would in my own person, in whatever way He might think fit to chastise and humble me."

He returned to London in the beginning of 1855, to give the retreat to our religious. His next work was a mission, given with Father Gaudentius in Stockport. After that, he gave a mission with Father Vincent in Hull; in returning from Hull, he stopped at Lincoln to visit Mr. Sibthorpe. He spends a week in our London house, and then gives a retreat by himself in Trelawny. His next mission was in Dungannon, Ireland, and as soon as he came to England for another retreat he had to give in Levenshulme to nuns, he takes advantage of his week's rest to visit Grace Dieu, and have what he calls "a famous talk" with Count de Montalembert, who was Mr. Phillipps's guest at the time.

The scene of his labours is again transferred. We find him in July giving a mission at Borris O'Kane, with Father Vincent and Father Bernard; and another immediately after, at Lorrha. At one of these missions, the crowd about Father Ignatius's confession-chair was very great, and the people were crushing in close to the confessor's knees. One woman,

especially, of more than ordinary muscular strength, elbowed back many of those who had taken their places before she came; she succeeded in getting to the inner circle of penitents, but so near the person confessing that the good father gently remonstrated with her. All to no purpose. He spoke again, but she only came nearer. At length he seized her shawl, rolled it up in a ball, and flung it over the heads of the crowd; the poor woman had to relinquish her position, and go for her shawl, and left Father Ignatius to shrive her less pushing companions. His fellow missioners were highly amused, and this incident tells wonderfully for his virtue, for it is almost the only instance we could ever find of his having done anything like losing his temper during his life as a Passionist. He gives a retreat in Birr, in Grantham Abbey, a mission in Newcastle, and another in St. Augustine's, Liverpool, before the end of the year.

It was his custom, since his first turning seriously to God's service, to be awake at midnight on New Year's Day, and begin by prayer for passing the coming year perfectly. He is in St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancashire, this year. He begins the new year, 1856, by giving a mission with Father Leonard in our church at Sutton, with a few sermons at a place called Peasly Cross, an offshoot of the mission we have there.

We close this chapter by a notion of Father Ignatius's politics. He was neither a Whig, a Tory, nor a Radical. He stood aloof from all parties, and seldom troubled himself about any. He says in a letter to a friend who was a well-read politician: — "How many minds we have speaking in England!—Gladstone, Palmerston, Bright, Phillipps, yourself, and, perhaps, I should add myself, and how many more who knows? all with minds following tracks which make them travel apart from each other. I want to set a road open, in which all may walk together if they please—at least with one foot, if they must have their own particular plank for the other."

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

THE Provincial once more sent Father Ignatius to beg on the Continent. He tried to do a double work, as he did not like to be "used up" for begging alone, and the plea of begging would find him access to those he intended to consult. This second work was a form into which he cast his ideas for the sanctification of the world. The way of carrying out these ideas, which has been detailed, was what he settled down to after long discussion and many corrections from authority. The pamphlet which he now wrote had been translated into German by a lady in Münster. In it he proposes a bringing back of Catholics to the infancy of the Church, when the faithful laid the price of their possessions at the feet of the Apostles. He proposed a kind of Theocracy, and the scheme creates about the same sensation as Utopia, when one reads it. Like Sir Thomas More, Father Ignatius gives us what he should consider a perfect state of Christian society; he goes into all the details of its working, and meets the objections that might arise as it proceeds. The pamphlet is entitled *Reflectiones Propositionesque pro fidelium Sanctificatione.*"

On February 14, 1856, he leaves London, and halts in Paris only for a few hours, on his way to Marseilles. There he sees the Archbishop, and begs in the town; he returns then to Lyons, where he has several long conferences with Cardinal de Bonald. We find him in Paris in a few days, writing circulars to the French bishops, of whom the Bishop of Nancy seems to have been his greatest patron. He writes a letter to the Empress, and receives an answer that the Emperor would admit him to an audience. In a day or two

Father Ignatius stands in the presence of Napoleon III., and it is a loss that he has not left us the particulars of the conference in writing, because he often reverted to it in conversation with a great deal of interest. He found at his lodgings, on returning from a *quête* a few days after, 1,000f. sent to him as a donation by the Emperor.

His good success in the Tuileries gave him a hope of doing great things among the *élite* of Parisian society. He is, however, sadly disappointed, and the next day sets off to Belgium.

Arrived in Tournai, he sends a copy of the French circular to the Belgian bishops. This does not seem to be a petition for alms, as we find him the same evening travelling in a third-class carriage to Cologne, without waiting for their Lordships' answers.

During his begging in Cologne, he says mass every morning in St. Colomba's (Columb-Kille's) Church; perhaps the spirit of hospitality was bequeathed to the clergy of this Church by their Irish patron, for he appears to have experienced some coldness from the *pfarren* of Cologne.

In Münster he is very well received. The Bishop is particularly kind to him, and looks favourably on his *Reflectiones;* besides that, his lordship deputes a priest to be his guide in begging. Father Ignatius notes in his journal that he preached extempore in German to the Jesuit novices, and that one of the fathers revises and corrects the German translation of the *Reflectiones.* The priest deputed for guide by the Bishop of Münster was called away on business of importance, and Father Ignatius finds another. This Kaplan "lost his time smoking," and our good father gave up, and went off by Köln to Coblentz.

He finds the bishop here very kind, but is allowed to beg only of the clergy; the Jesuits give him hospitality. A cold reception in Mantz, and a lukewarm one in Augsburg, hurry him off to Munich. He submits the *Reflectiones* to Dr. Döllinger, who corrects them and gives them his approbation.

From Munich he proceeds to Vienna. A part of this journey, as far as Lintz, had to be performed by an *eilwagen*

or post car. The driver of this vehicle was a tremendous smoker, and Father Ignatius did not at all enjoy the fumes of tobacco. He perceived that the driver forgot the pipe, which he laid down at a *hoff* on the way, while slaking his thirst, and never told him of it. He was exulting in the hope of being able to travel to the next shop for pipes without inhaling tobacco smoke, when, to his mortification, the driver perceived his loss, and shouted out like a man in despair, *Mein pfeiffe ! Mein pfeiffe !*—My pipe ! My pipe ! To increase his passenger's disappointment, he actually turned back a full German league, and then smoked with a vengeance until he came to the next stage.

Father Ignatius sends a copy of the *Reflectiones* to Rome, on his arrival in Vienna, and presents it with an address at an assembly of Bishops that was then being held.

He has audiences with the Emperor and Archduke Maximilian, now Emperor of Mexico, as well as with the Nunzio, and all the notabilities, clerical and secular, in the city.

Immediately after, somehow, he gets notice to quit from the Superior of a religious community, where he had been staying, and all the other religious houses refuse to take him in. He was about to leave Vienna in consequence, as he did not like putting up in an hotel, when some Italian priests gave him hospitality, and welcomed him to stop with them as long as he pleased. As a set-off to his disappointment, the Bishop of Transylvania is very kind to him, and Cardinal Schwartzenberg even begs for him. He met the Most Rev. Father Jandel, General of the Dominicans, in the Cardinal's Palace, and showed him the *Reflectiones*. The good disciple of St. Thomas examined the document closely, and Father Ignatius records his opinion, "he gave my paper a kick." Notwithstanding this sentence, he went on distributing copies everywhere ; but his tract-distribution was stopped in a few days by a letter he received from our General.

When he sent the little pamphlet to Rome it was handed for criticism to the Lector (or Professor) of Theology in our retreat, who was then Father Ignatius Paoli, the present Provincial in England. The critique was very long and

quite unfavourable; it reached him, backed by a letter from the General, which forbade to speak about the counsels for the present. He records this sentence in his journal in these words:—"June 17. A letter from Padre Ignazio, by the General—Order to stop speaking of the counsels, &c. *Stop her, back her. Deo gratias!*" This was a favourite expression with him whenever a Superior thwarted any of his projects: it was borrowed from the steamboats that ply on the Thames, and Father Ignatius considered himself as in the position of the little boy who echoes the orders of the master to the engineers below. He used to say, "What a catastrophe might one expect if the boy undertook to give an order of his own!"

Whilst in Vienna he received a letter from Father Vincent, telling him of our having established a house of the order near Harold's Cross, Dublin. Father Ignatius accompanied Father Vincent when they were both in Dublin, before the German tour began, in his search for a position, and Rathmines was selected. The excellent parish priest, Monsignor Meagher, had just opened his new church, and laboured hard to have a religious community in his district. He therefore seconded the intentions of our people, and in a short time a house was taken in his parish, and every day cements the connexion between us and this venerable ecclesiastic. A splendid edifice has since been built during the Rectorship of Father Osmond, and chiefly through his exertions.

Father Ignatius went to two or three towns, where the police would not allow him to beg unless patronised by a native priest, and not being able to fulfil these conditions he was obliged to desist.

This was Father Ignatius's last visit to Germany; he had been there five times during his life. The first was a tour of pleasure, all the rest were for higher objects. He seems to have had a great regard for the Germans; he considered them related by blood to the English, and although he himself was of Norman descent, he appears to have a special liking for the Saxon element in character. He preferred to

see it blended certainly, and would consider a vein of Celtic or Norman blood an improvement on the Teutonic.

There were other reasons. St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, was an Englishman; St. Columbanus and St. Gall might be said to have laboured more in Germany than in their native Ireland. The Germans owed something to England, and he wished to have them make a return. Besides, the Reformation began in Germany, and he would have the countrymen of Luther and of Cranmer work together to repair the injuries they had suffered from each other. This twofold plea was forced upon him by a German periodical, which advocated the cause of the "Crusade" even so far back as 1838. Father Ignatius also knew how German scholarship was tinging the intellect of England, and he thought a spread of devotion would be the best antidote to Rationalism. The reasons for working in France, which he styled "that generous Catholic nation," were somewhat different, but they have been detailed by himself in those portions of the correspondence respecting his *crusade*.

He visits Raal, Resburg, Baden, Ratisbonne, and Munich; hence he starts for London. Here he arrives on the 4th of October. He did not delay, but went straight to Dublin, and stayed for the first time in Blessed Paul's Retreat, Harold's Cross. This house became his head-quarters for some time, for we find him returning thither after a mission in Kenilworth, and one in Liverpool, as well as a retreat for nuns, which closes his labours for the year 1856.

CHAPTER XV.

FATHER IGNATIUS IN 1857.

SEVEN years, according to physiologists, make a total change in the human frame, such is the extent of the renewal; and although the laws of spirit do not follow those of matter, it may be a pleasing problem to find out how far there is an analogy. The chapter of 1850 was headed like this; let us see if the events of both tell differently upon Father Ignatius.

The first event he records in the Journal for this year is the reception of Mrs. O'Neill into the Church. This good lady had then one son a Passionist; she was what might be called a very strict and devoted Protestant, although all her children were brought up Catholics by her husband. She loved the son who first joined our order very tenderly, and felt his becoming a monk so much that she would never read one of his letters. The son was ordained priest in Monte-Argentaro, and the first news he heard after he had for the first time offered up the Holy Sacrifice, was that his mother had been received in our retreat in Dublin by Father Ignatius. She was induced by another son, who lived in Dublin, to attend benediction, and our Lord gave her the grace of conversion with His blessing. She is now a fervent Catholic, and another son and a daughter have since followed the example of their brother. The mother finds her greatest happiness in what once seemed her greatest affliction. Such is the power of grace, always leading to joy through the bitterness of the cross.

The next event is the death of Father Paul Mary of St. Michael. This saintly Passionist was the Honourable Charles Reginald Packenham, son of the Earl of Longford. He

became a convert when captain in the Guards, and shortly after joined our Institute. He was the first rector of Blessed Paul's Retreat, and having edified his brethren by his humility and religious virtues for nearly six years, the term of his life as a Passionist, died in the odour of sanctity. He had been ailing for some time, but still able to do a little in the way of preaching and confessions. It was advertised that he would preach in Gardiner Street, Dublin, on Sunday, March 1. He died that day at one o'clock A.M., and Father Ignatius went to preach in his stead; it created a sensation when the good father began by asking prayers for the repose of the soul of him whose place he came to fill.

In a letter Father Ignatius wrote at this time we have his opinion of Father Paul Mary: "... As to the Passionists, I do not think those who managed our coming here (to Dublin) which was all done during my absence in Germany, had any idea of serving England. I believe the prime instigator of the move was Father Paul Mary, who was born in Dublin, and was through and through an Irishman in his affections, though trained in England. He, to the last, had all the anti-English feelings, which prevail so much through Ireland, and never would give me the least hope of his being interested for England. I fall in, notwithstanding that, with all the notions of his great virtue and holiness which others have; and I think, moreover, that the best Catholics in Ireland are to be found among those who have been the most bitterly prejudiced against England. But I think there is in reserve for them another great step in advance—when they lay down this aversion and turn it into divine charity in a heroic degree."

Father Ignatius always felt keenly Father Paul Mary's not taking up his ideas about England with more warmth. When he was on his death-bed, Father Ignatius spent many hours sitting by him. In one of their last conversations, Father Ignatius urged his pleas for England as strongly as he could; when he had done, and was waiting for the effect, Father Paul said, in a dry, cold manner: "I don't think Ireland has got anything to thank England for." These words were perpetually ringing in the ears of Father

Ignatius; they were the last Father Paul ever said on the subject, and the other used to say: "Oh, I used to enjoy his beautiful conversation so much, but I never could hear one single kind word for England."

This year a general chapter of our Congregation was held in Rome. This is an important event, and only occurs every six years. It is here the head superiors are elected, points of rule explained, and regulations enacted for the better ordering of the different houses all over the world, according to circumstances of time and place. The Provincial and the two Consultors of each Province are obliged to attend. Father Ignatius was therefore called to travel abroad once more. When in Rome, he employed all the time that was left from capitular duties in holding conferences with our students, and trying to get some papers he brought with him approved. Among others, he brought the paper that was "kicked" by Father Jaudel, and condemned by one of our theologians. The only one in Rome who approved of it was the Abbate Passaglia. Cardinal Barnabò listened to all Father Ignatius had to urge in its favour; but did not approve of it. He had to return without gaining anything this time; except that the Roman Lector was become his Provincial. In a few years afterwards, when we read of Passaglia's fall, Father Ignatius was heard to say: "Passaglia and Döllinger were the only theologians who approved of my paper. I suppose I need not flatter myself much upon their *imprimatur*."

He was remarked to be often abstracted when he had many crosses to bear. One day he was going through Rome with one of our Religious, and passed by a fountain. He went over and put his hand so far into one of the jets, that he squirted the water over a number of poor persons who were basking in the sun a few steps beneath him. They made a stir, and uttered a few oaths as the water kept dashing down on them. The companion awoke Father Ignatius out of his reverie, and so unconscious did he seem of the disturbance he had unwittingly created, that he passed on without alluding to it.

On his return home now, as Second Consultor, he is sent

to beg again in Ireland. He makes the circuit of Connaught this time. He took, in his journey, Roscommon, Castlerea, visits the O'Connor Don, Boyle, Sligo. Here he was received very kindly by the Bishop and clergy. He had for guide in Sligo, a Johnny Doogan, who seems to have amused him very much. This good man was chief respondent at the Rosary, which used to be said every evening in the church. One night the priest began, "Incline unto my aid, O Lord." No answer. "Where are you, Johnny Doogan?" asked the priest. Johnny, who was a little more than distracted in some corner of the church, replied, as if suddenly awoke: "Here I am, your Reverence, and 'my tongue shall announce thy praise.'" He next passes along through Easky and Cullinamore to Ballina. He gives a retreat to the Sisters of Mercy here, and during it, makes an excursion to Enniscrone. He went next to Ballycastle, Killala, Castlebar. Here he went to visit his cousin, Lord Lucan, and is very kindly received. During the course of conversation, he asked Lord Lucan if he had not heard of his conversion? "Oh yes," he replied, "I heard you were wavering some thirty years ago." "But I have not wavered since," replied Father Ignatius. He then went to Ballinrobe, Westport, Tuam, Athenry, and back to Dublin, by Mullingar. This tour took nearly two months. He gives a retreat in the beginning of September to the nuns of Gorey, and after it, begs through Wexford, and the south-west portion of Leinster. The only thing remarkable about these excursions is, that he notes once, "I am ashamed to think that I have not begged of any poor people to-day."

In December, 1857, his brother Frederick, Lord Spencer, died. This brother was Father Ignatius's companion at school, and it is remarkable that he was the only one of the family who used any kind of severity towards him. He says, in a letter written at this time, "I am twelve years an exile from Althorp." Shortly before the Earl died, he relented, and invited Father Ignatius to stay at the family seat a few days. The letter joyfully accepting the invitation was read by the brother on his bed of death. It is only right to observe that the present Earl has been the kindest

of all, and treated his uncle with distinguished kindness for the few years he was left to him. He even gave him back the portion of his income which his father diverted to other uses.

Another letter he wrote in December, gives an idea of his spirit of resignation. It seems a Rev. Mother wrote to him in a state of alarm that some of the sisters were inclined to go away. Here is a part of his answer:—"I will see what I can do with the sisters who are in the mood to kick, bite, or run away. If they take to running, never mind how many go, let them all go, with *God bless them, and thank God they are gone*, and we will hope their room will be worth as much as their company."

Lest the allusion to his exile from Althorp might be taken in a wrong sense, it is well to give a passage from a letter Father Ignatius wrote after the death of his brother. "I dare say you have not heard that just before my brother's death I had written to him about a case of distress, which he had before been acquainted with, telling him, at the same time, of what I was about, and among other things, that I was going to London to open a mission in Bermondsey on the 10th of January. He sent me £3 for the person I wrote about, and invited me to stop at Althorp a couple of nights on my way, not demanding any positive promise about religion as beforetime, but only saying that he thought I might come as a private friend without seeing it necessary to hold spiritual communications with the people in the neighbourhood. I answered that I would come with pleasure on these terms, and that even if he had said nothing, prudence would dictate to me to act as he wished. This was a most interesting prospect to me, after my twelve years' exile from that home, and I intended to come on the 7th of January. It was only a day or two before my leaving Dublin for this journey, that I was shown a notice in the paper of his death, and the next day had a letter about it from my sister. He must have received my letter on the very day that he was taken ill. These are remarkable circumstances. What will Providence bring out of them?"

He felt the death of this brother very much, and was known to shed tears in abundance when relating the sad news to some of his friends. He said very sadly, "I gave myself up to three days' sorrowing for my dear brother Frederick, but I took care to thank God for the affliction."

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS "LITTLE MISSIONS."

On the 21st of June, 1858, Father Ignatius began to give short retreats, which he designated "little missions." This was his work the remaining six years of his life; anything else we find him doing was like an exception.

The work proposed in these missions was what has been already described in the chapter on the sanctification of the Irish people. He wanted to abolish all their vices, which he reduced to three capital sins, and sow the seeds of perfect virtue upon the ground of their deep and fertile faith. Since he took up the notion that Ireland was called to keep among the nations the title of *Island of Saints*, which had once been hers, he could never rest until he saw it effected. He seems to have been considering for a number of years the means by which this should be brought about, and he hit upon a happy thought in 1858.

This thought was the way of impregnating the minds of all the Irish people with his ideas. He found that missions were most powerful means of moving people in a body to reconciliation with God, and an amendment of life. He perceived that the words of the missionaries were treasured up, and that the advices they gave were followed with a scrupulous exactness. Missions were the moving power, but how were they to enter into all the corners of a kingdom? Missions could only be given in large parishes, and all priests did not set so high a value upon their importance as those who asked for them. If he could concentrate the missionary power into something less solemn, but of like efficacy, and succeed in carrying that out, he thought it would be just

the thing. This train of deliberation resulted in the "little missions."

A "little mission" is a new mode of renewing fervour; Father Ignatius was the originator and only worker in it of whom we have any record. It was half a week of missionary work in every parish—that is, three days and a half of preaching and hearing confessions. Two sermons in the day were as much as ever Father Ignatius gave, and the hours in the confessional were as many as he could endure.

This kind of work had its difficulties. The whole course of subjects proper to a mission could not be got through, neither could all the penitents be heard. Father Ignatius met these objections. "The eternal truths," as such, he did not introduce. He confined himself to seven lectures, in which the crying evils, with their antidotes, were introduced. As far as the confessions were concerned, he followed the rule of moral theologians that a confessor is responsible only for the penitent kneeling before him, and not for those whose confession he has not begun. He heard all he could.

His routine of daily work on these little missions was to get up at five, and hear confessions all day until midnight, except whilst saying mass and office, giving his lecture and taking his meals. He took no recreation whatever, and if he chatted any time after dinner with the priest, the conversation might be considered a continuation of his sermon. At a very moderate calculation he must have spent at least twelve hours a day in the confessional. Some of these apostolic visits he prolonged to a week when circumstances required. He gave 245 of these missions from June, 1858, to September, 1864; he was on his way to the 246th when he died. A rough calculation will show us that he must have spent about twenty-two weeks every year in this employment. Let us just think of forty journeys, in cold and heat, from parish to parish, sometimes on foot, sometimes on conveyances, which chance put in his way. Let us follow him when he has strapped his bags upon his shoulder, after his mass, walking off nine or ten miles, in

order to be in time to begin in another parish that evening. Let us see the poor man trying to prevent his feeling pain from his sore feet by walking a little faster, struggling, with umbrella broken, against rain and wind, dust, a bad road, and a way unknown to add to his difficulties. He arrives, he lays down his burden, puts on his habit, takes some dinner, finishes his office, preaches his first discourse, and sits in the confessional until half-past eleven o'clock. Let us try to realize what this work must have been, and we shall have an idea of the six last years of Father Ignatius Spencer's life.

We give a few extracts from his letters, as they will convey an idea of how he felt and wrought in this great work.

On the 10th of August, 1858, he writes from the convent in Kells, where he was helping the nuns through their retreat:—"I have an hour and a half before my next sermon at 7; all the nuns' confessions are finished, and all my office said; I have therefore time for a letter. I have not had such an afternoon as this for many months. The people of this town seem to think the convent an impregnable fortress, and do not make an assault upon me in it. If I was just to show myself in the church I should be quickly surrounded. The reflections which come upon me this quiet afternoon are not so bright and joyous as you might expect, perhaps, from the tone of my letter to M———; but rather of a heavy afflicting character; but all the better, all the better. This is wholesome, and another stage in my thoughts brings me to very great satisfaction out of this heaviness. I do not know whether I shall explain myself to you. I see myself here so alone, though the people come upon me so eagerly, so warmly, and, I may say, so lovingly; yet I have not one on whom I can think as sympathising with me. I see the necessity of a complete radical change in the spirit of the people, the necessity, I mean, in order to have some prospect of giving the cause of truth its victory in England, and making this Irish people permanently virtuous and happy. This is what I am preaching from place to place, and aiming at instilling into the people's minds in the confessional, at

dinner-tables, in cars on the road, as well as in preaching; and, while I aim at it, the work is bright enough."

Oct. 11, 1860, he writes: "I can hardly understand how I can go on for any long time more as I am doing, and not find some capable and willing to enter into them. Here I am through the 112th parish, with the same proposals which no one objects to, but no one enters into nor seems to understand."

May 6, 1861.—"It seems my lot to be moving about as long as I can move. I am very happy in the work I am about when I am at it, but I have always to go through regret and sorrow before moving, particularly when leaving my home. . . . I have now gone through 132 parishes. No movement yet, such as I am aiming at. It always goes on in the form of most interesting missionary work, and is a most agreeable way of doing my begging work. I have been through 123 of these parishes without asking a penny from any one, but they bring me on an average more than £21 a parish *in Ireland.* I have worked through eleven parishes in the diocese of Salford (England) out of that number, and these do not yield half the fruit of the Irish missions in point of money, but are otherwise very satisfactory."

In a letter written in December of the same year: "I am preparing for another year's work like the last, going from parish to parish through Ireland, collecting for our Order, and at the same time stirring the people to devote themselves to their sanctification. They give their money very generously, they listen kindly to my sermons, and I never have a minute idle in hearing confessions; but hitherto there is no attention such as I wish paid to my proposals. I have made these little missions now in 160 parishes in Ireland, and to eleven Irish congregations in England. I am, thank God, in as good plight as ever I was in my life for this kind of work, and this seems to give a hope that I may at length see the effect of it as I wish, or the fruit may spring up when I am dead and buried. If death comes upon me in this way, I will at least rejoice for myself that I am dying more like our Lord than if I finished my course

crowned with the most brilliant successes; for when He died people would say He had utterly failed, but He was just then achieving His victory. Whatever way things take we cannot be disappointed if we keep faithful to God."

The lovingness described as subsisting between himself and his dear Irish people gave rise to many incidents, amongst which the following is rather peculiar. At one place, where he had just concluded a little mission, the people gathered round him when he was about to go away. He heard many say, "What will we do when he is gone?" and several other exclamations betokening their affliction at having to part from him. He turned round and asked all he saw to accompany him to the railway station. When they arrived there he addressed them again in something like these words: "Now, stand here until you see the train start, and when it is out of sight, I want you all to say, '*Thank God, he is gone.*'"

He met a great many refusals and cold receptions on these missionary tours, but in general he was very well received. The exceptions were dear to him, as they were profitable to himself, and he seldom spoke of them unless there was some special lesson they were calculated to convey.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER IGNATIUS AT HOME.

THE work of the little missions kept Father Ignatius very much away from the community. His visits at home were like meteor flashes, bright and beautiful, and always made us regret we could not enjoy his edifying company for a longer time. Those who are much away on the external duties of the Order find the rule a little severe when they return; to Father Ignatius it seemed a small heaven of refreshing satisfaction. His coming home was usually announced to the community a day or two before, and all were promising themselves rare treats from his presence amongst them. It was cheering to see the porter run in, beaming with joy, as he announced the glad tidings, "Father Ignatius is come." The exuberance of his own delight as he greeted, first one, and then another of his companions, added to our own joy. In fact, the day Father Ignatius came home almost became a holiday by custom. Those days were; and we feel inclined to tire our readers by expatiating on them, as if writing brought them back.

Whenever he arrived at one of our houses, and had a day or two to stay, it was usual for the younger religious, such as novices and students, to go to him, one by one, for conference. He liked this very much, and would write to higher Superiors for permission to turn off to Broadway, for instance, on his way to London, in order to make acquaintance with the young religious. His counsels had often a lasting effect; many who were inclined to leave the life they had chosen remained steadfast, after a conference with him. He did not give common-place solutions to difficulties, but he had some peculiar phrase, some quaint axiom, some droll

piece of spirituality, to apply to every little trouble that came before him. He was specially happy in his fund of anecdote, and could tell one, it was believed, on any subject that came before him. This extraordinary gift of conversational power made the *Conferences* delightful. The novices, when they assembled in recreation, and gave their opinions on Father Ignatius, whom many had spoken to for the first time in their life, nearly all would conclude, "If there ever was a saint, he's one."

It was amusing to observe how they prepared themselves for forming their opinion. They all heard of his being a great saint, and some fancied he would eat nothing at all for one day, and might attempt a little vegetables on the next. One novice, in particular, had made up his mind to this, and, to his great surprise, he saw Father Ignatius eat an extra good breakfast; and, when about to settle into a rash judgment, he saw the old man preparing to walk seven miles to a railway station on the strength of his meal. Another novice thought such a saint would never laugh nor make anybody else laugh; to his agreeable disappointment, he found that Father Ignatius brought more cheerfulness into the recreation than had been there for some time.

In one thing Father Ignatius did not go against anticipation; he was most exact in the observance of our rules. He would be always the first in for the midnight office. Many a time the younger portion of the community used to make arrangements overnight to be in before him, but it was no use. Once, indeed, a student arrived in choir before him, and Father Ignatius appeared so crestfallen at being beaten that the student would never be in before him again, and might delay on the way if he thought Father Ignatius had not yet passed. He seemed particularly happy when he could light the lamps or gas for matins. He was childlike in his obedience. He would not transgress the most trifling regulation. It was usual with him to say, "I cannot understand persons who say, 'Oh, I am all right if I get to Purgatory.' We should be more generous with Almighty God. I don't intend to go to Purgatory, and if I do, I must know what for." "But, Father Ignatius," a father would say,

"we fall into so many imperfections that it seems presumption to attempt to escape scot free." "Well," he would reply, "nothing can send us to Purgatory but a wilful venial sin, and may the Lord preserve us from such a thing as that; a religious ought to die before being guilty of the least wilful fault." We saw from this that he could scarcely imagine how a religious could do so, or, at least, that he was very far from the like himself.

One time we were speaking about the Italian way of pronouncing Latin, which we have adopted; he noticed some imperfections, and one of the Italian Fathers present remarked a few points in which Father Ignatius himself failed. One of them was, that he did not pronounce the letter *r* strong enough; and another, that he did not give *a* its full sound when it came in the middle of a word. For some time it was observed that he made a most burring sound when he pronounced an *r*, and went so far in correcting himself in the other particular as to sin against prosody. Sometimes he would forget little rubrics, but if any one told him of a mistake, he was scarcely ever seen to commit it again.

Whenever he had half an hour to spare he wrote letters. We may form an idea of his achievements in this point, when he tells us in the Journal that on two days which remained free to him once he wrote seventy-eight. A great number of his letters are preserved. They are very entertaining and instructive; a nice vein of humour runs through all those he wrote to his familiar friends.

These two letters may be looked upon as the extremes of the sober and humorous style in his letter-writing:—

"When I used to call on you, you seemed to be tottering, as one might say, on your last legs. Here you are, after so many years, without having ever seen health or prosperity, and with about as much life in you as then, to all appearance. All has been, all is, and all will be, exactly as it pleases God. This is the truth, the grand truth, I would almost say the whole and only truth. There may be, and are, plenty of things besides, which may be truly affirmed, yet this is the whole of what it concerns us each to know. For if this is once well understood, of course it follows that we

have but one affair to attend to, that is, to please God; because then, to a certainty, all the past, present, and future will be found to be perfectly and absolutely ordered for our own greatest good. If this one point be well studied, I think we can steer people easily enough out of all low spirits and melancholy. Many people can see the hand of God over them in wonderful mercy in their past history, and so be brought to a knowledge that their anxieties, and afflictions, and groans, in those bygone days were unreasonable then. Why do they not learn to leave off groaning over the present troubles? Because they do not trust God to manage anything right till they have examined His work, and understood all about it. But He will be more honoured if we agree with Him, and approve of what He does before we see what the good is which is to come of it. In your case, if we go back to the days when I first saw you at ——, when your father was in a good way of work, and you were in health, there was the prospect then, I suppose, before you of getting well settled in the world; and if all had continued smooth and prosperous, you might now be a rich merchant's wife in Birmingham, London, or New York, reckoned the ornament of a large circle of wealthy friends, &c. But might there not, perhaps, have been written over you as your motto? *Wo to you rich, for you have received your consolation. Wo to you that laugh now for you shall mourn and weep.* You may be disposed to answer, you do not think you would have been spoiled by prosperity. But if you are more or less troubled or anxious at being in poverty, sickness, or adversity, it shows that you would be, just in the same measure, unable to bear prosperity and health unhurt. Wealth and prosperity are dangerous to those only who love them and trust in them. If, when you are in adversity, you are sorry for it, and wish for prosperity, it shows love for this world's goods, more or less. And if a person loves them when he has them not, is it likely he would despise them if he had them? God saves multitudes by poverty and afflictions in spite of themselves. The same poverty and afflictions, if the persons corresponded with God's providence and rejoiced in them, would make them

first-rate saints. The same may be said, with as great truth, of interior afflictions, scruples, temptations, darkness, dryness, and the rest of the catalogue of such miseries. A person who is disquieted and anxious on account of these, either does not understand that God's gifts are not God, or if they do understand it, they love the gifts of God independently of the giver. And so I add that such a one, if he enjoyed uninterrupted peace and serenity of soul, would stop very short indeed of the perfection of love to which God intends to lead him if he will be docile. Now, as to your case, if you are still alive and still serving God, and desiring to do so better and better, it is clear that your afflictions, exterior and interior, have not spoiled or ruined you. And as God loves our peace and happiness, we may conclude that he would not have kept you down and low, if it had not been necessary for your good. What have you to do at last? Begin again to thank, praise, bless, adore, and glorify God for all the tribulations, past and future, and he may yet strengthen and preserve you to do abundance of good, and lay up a great treasure in heaven."

The next letter is to a nun about a book which was supposed to be lost:—

"The second perpetual calendar has been found. I had no thought it would; but took my chance to ask, and somebody had seen it, and it was looked for again and found. It has been a clumsy bit of business on our part; but it ends right. It gives another example of the wisdom of a certain young shepherdess celebrated in the nursery in my early days—

> "'Little Bopeep
> Has lost her sheep,
> And doesn't know where to find them.
> Let them alone,
> And they'll come home,
> And bring their tails behind them.'

"There is great philosophy in the advice given to the heroine of these lines.

"It seems by what you said the other day, that you ex-

pected a long tail to this sheep, but I don't think the tail ever grew. Any way, it never brought a tail so far as this house. However, if there does exist a tail to it, I recommend to you the calm philosophy of little Bo-peep, and it will, I dare say, follow in time."

The little rhyme given above was a favourite with Father Ignatius. When he saw any one looking for a thing with anxiety he generally rhymed it out with peculiar emphasis. It might be safely said that he never wrote a letter, preached a sermon, or held a conversation without introducing resignation to the will of God, the desire of perfection, or the conversion of England.

As he was always a Superior, the religious could come to him and speak whenever they pleased. He was ever ready to receive them, he laid down his pen, or whatever else he might be at, directly he saw a brother or father wished to speak to him, and he listened and spoke as if this conversation was the only duty he had to discharge.

In recreation he was a treasure. We gathered round him by a kind of instinct, and so entertaining was he that one felt it a mortification to be called away from the recreation-room while Father Ignatius was in it. He used to recount with peculiar grace and fascinating wit, scenes he went through in his life. There is scarcely an incident in this volume that we have not heard him relate. He was most ingenuous. Ask him what question you pleased, he would answer it, if he *knew* it. In relating an anecdote he often spoke in five or six different tones of voice; he imitated the manner and action of those he knew to such perfection, that laughter had to pass into admiration. He seldom laughed outright, and even when he did, he would very soon stop. If he came across a number of *Punch*, he ran over some of the sketches at once and then he would be observed to stop, laugh, and lay it down directly, as if to deny himself further enjoyment. It is needless to say there was nothing rollicking, or off-handed in his wit—never; it was subdued, sweet, delicate, and lively. He would introduce very often amusing puzzles, such as passing the poker around, or the game of "He can do little who cannot do that, that, that." Then to see his

glee when some one thought he had found out the secret by his keenness of observation, and was far from it; and how he laughed at the *denouement* of the mystery, when all was over, was really delightful. He often made us try "Theophilus Thistlethwick," and "Peter Piper," and used to enjoy the blunders immensely. In fact, a recreation, presided over by Father Ignatius, was the most innocent and gladsome one could imagine.

He had a few seasons of illness in the closing years of his life; in 1861 he was laid up for several days with a sore foot, in Highgate. When one of us is ill, it is customary for the members of the house to take turn about in staying with him, and we are allowed to go at all times to visit an invalid. Whenever Father Ignatius was asked how his foot was, he would say it was "very well," because it brought him some pain, and that was a valuable thing if we only knew how to turn it to good account. He felt very grateful for the smallest service done him in sickness. It is supposed that he wrote more letters during his illness, and held more "profitable" conversations than in any other equal period of his life. No one ever found him idle. He read, or he wrote, or he talked, or he prayed, or he slept. Lying awake and listless in bed, even when suffering from acute pain, seemed an imperfection to him. Complaint was like a language he had forgotten, or knew not, except as one knows sin by the contrary virtue.

He suffered greatly from drowsiness. When he went to meditation he would nod asleep, and the exertions he made to keep himself awake made us pity him. He would stand up, even sometimes on one foot, extend his arms in the form of a cross, and do everything he could possibly think of in order to keep awake. During his rectorship in Sutton, after returning from a sick call on a cold winter's evening, he was obliged to walk about saying his office. He dared not sit down, or he would go off asleep, and had to avoid going near a fire, or no effort could keep him awake. Notwithstanding this, he was the first to matins, and seldom went to bed again before prime. When others were ill, Father Ignatius was all charity; he would make sure first that

they took their sickness in a right spirit, and thanked God for it, then he would see that all kinds of attention were paid to them. As for sick calls, no matter at what hour of the day or night they came, he would be the first to go out and attend them. He liked assisting at death-beds; he felt particular pleasure in helping people to heaven.

He received all kinds of visitors. He went immediately to see any one that wanted to speak to him, and never kept them a moment waiting if he could possibly help it. When distinguished visitors were coming he did not make the least preparation, but just treated them like any one else. His sister promised to visit him in Highgate in December, 1859. Neither she nor any member of his family had ever been in one of our monasteries; he therefore looked upon this as a kind of event. Father Ignatius had a wretched old mantle, and one of the students went to him to offer him his, which was quite new, for the day. He would not at all accept of it, and lectured the other upon human respect for his pains.

He was very fond of conducting the walk the students take every week. He brought the London students often through the City, and wonderful was his knowledge and reminiscences of the different places they passed by. He took them once to the Zoological Gardens. They went about looking at the different beasts, and he had his comments to make on each. He drew a moral reflection from the voraciousness of the lion, the fierceness of the hyæna, the vanity of the seal, and the stupor of the sloth. When he saw the flamingo, he stayed full ten minutes wondering what might be the use of its long, thin legs. The hippopotamus amused him beyond all. "Look at his big mouth," he would say; "what in the world does he want it for? Couldn't he eat enough with a smaller one?" During their walks, a lord, perhaps, would turn up, and address him as, "Ho, Spencer! is this you? How d'ye do? It is some years since I saw you?" After a few words they would part, and then he'd tell his companions about their college days, or field sports.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW EVENTS.

In 1858 we procured the place in Highgate, known now as St. Joseph's Retreat. The Hyde was never satisfactory; it was suited neither to our spirit nor its working. At last Providence guided us to a most suitable position. Our rule prescribes that the houses of the Order should be outside the town, and near enough to be of service to it. Highgate is wonderfully adapted to all the requisitions of our rule and constitutions. Situated on the brow of a hill, it is far enough from the din and noise of London to be comparatively free from its turmoil, and sufficiently near for citizens to come to our church. The grounds are enclosed by trees; a hospital at one end and two roads meeting at the other, promise a freedom from intrusion and a continuance of the solitude we now enjoy. Father Ignatius concludes the year 1858 in Highgate; it was his first visit to the new house.

Towards the end of the next year we find him once more in France with our Provincial. They went on business interesting to the Order, and were nearly three weeks away. Father Ignatius ends another year in Highgate. It was then he translated the small "Life of Blessed Paul" from the Italian, a work he accomplished in about one month with the assistance of an *amanuensis*.

He gave a mission with three of the fathers in Westland Row, Dublin, in the beginning of the year 1860, and started off immediately after for his circuit of little missions. Our Provincial Chapter was held this year, but all were re-elected; so Father Ignatius remained as he was, second Consultor. It was this year he visited Althorp, after an absence of eighteen years from the home of his childhood. This visit

he looked back to with a great deal of satisfaction, and his joy was increased when Lord and Lady Sarah Spencer returned his visit in Highgate, when he happened to be there, the next year. The friendly relations between him and his family seemed, if possible, to become closer and more cordial towards the end of his life.

He told us one day in recreation, when some one asked what became of the lady he was disposed to be married to, once in his life: "I passed by her house a few days ago. I believe her husband is a very excellent man, and that she is happy."

In 1862 he visited Althorp again. We saw him looking for a lock for one of his bags before he left Highgate for this visit, and some one asked him why he was so particular just then. "Oh," he said, "don't you know the servant in the big house will open it, in order to put my shaving tackle, brush, and so forth in their proper places, and I should not like to have a general stare at my habit, beads, and sandals." There was, however, a more general stare at them than he expected. During the visit, the volunteer corps were entertained by Lord Spencer. Father Ignatius was invited to the grand dinner; he sat next the Earl, and nothing would do for the latter but that his uncle should make a speech. Father Ignatius stood up in *his* regimentals, habit, sandals, &c., and made, it seems, a very patriotic one.

This visit to Althorp Father Ignatius loved to recall to mind. It was a kind of thing that he could not enjoy at the time, so far did it go beyond his expectations. He went merely for a friendly visit, and found a great many old friends invited to increase his pleasure. When the ladies and gentlemen went off to dress for dinner, it is said that Father Ignatius told Lady Spencer that he supposed his full dress would not be quite in place at the table; he was told it would, and that all would be much delighted to see a specimen of the fashions he had learnt since his days of whist and repartee in the same hall. At the appointed time he presented himself in the dining-room in full Passionist costume. Lord Spencer was quite proud of his uncle, and the speech, and the cheer with which it was greeted at the

Volunteers' dinner only enhanced the mutual joy of uncle and nephew.

As usual, this joy was tempered, and the alloy was administered by a clergyman, who evidently intended to get himself a name by putting himself into print in one of the local papers. This was a Mr. Watkins. He wrote a letter to the *Northampton Herald*, containing a great deal of shallow criticism and ignorant remarks on Father Ignatius, and a sermon he preached at the opening of the cathedral. A smart paper warfare was carried on for some time between the two, which earned the Rev. Mr. Watkins the disapproval, if not the disgust, of his Protestant clerical and lay neighbours. This was rather a surprise, as all the old acquaintances of the *quondam* Mr. Spencer had the highest regard for him; but this writer seems to have been one who never had the opportunity of forming a just opinion of his abilities or character. Ignorance may excuse his blunders, but the longest stretch of charity can scarcely overlook his manner of committing them.

After the visit to Althorp, Father Ignatius went to see Mr. De Lisle at Grace Dieu, and was present at the blessing of the present Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's. The secretary of the A. P. U. C. sent him another letter after this visit, which met the fate of similar communications on former occasions.

We find him in the beginning of the year 1863 in Liverpool, engaged in a mission at St. Augustine's.

After this mission he came to Highgate, on his way to Rome for our general chapter, and the few days he had on his hands before his departure were spent in visiting Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and other notabilities, as well as receiving a visit from his nephew.

He arrived in Rome for the last time on the 22nd April, 1863. How strangely do his different visits to this city combine to give an idea of the stages of opinion through which his chequered life was fated to pass. In 1821, he entered it, promising himself a feast of absurdities, determined to sneer at what he did not understand, and repel by his thick shield of prejudice whatever might force itself

upon him as praiseworthy. He found something in his next visit in the pagan remains to please his Protestant taste, and left it for Germany with a kind of regret. In less than ten years he is there to despise the glory of the Cæsars, and thinks more of a chapel which Peter's successor has endowed or adorned, than the platforms on which the fangs of the leopard tore the flower of our martyrs. His other visits were mostly official. He came glowing with the fervour of new projects, and left with only their embers generating a new step in his spiritual progress. Rome was always Rome, but he was not always the same. Any one who takes the trouble to compare his different visits with each other cannot fail to learn a lesson that will be more telling on his mind, than what comments upon them by another's pen could produce.

The General Chapter Father Ignatius was called to attend in 1863 had to deal with subjects that deeply concerned the interests of our Order. In this Chapter, our American province was canonically erected in the United States. A colony of ten Passionists was sent to California, and the Hospice of St. Nicholas, in Paris, established. Father Ignatius had, as usual, some papers to submit to the Roman Curia. The work to which his "little missions" were devoted had not yet received the seal of the Fisherman, and, until it was so blessed, its excellence could be a subject of doubt. He did receive the pontifical benediction for this, and for the institution of a new congregation of nuns, and began to enjoy the riches of this twofold blessing before he took his departure from the Eternal City.

Father Ignatius, ever himself, did not lose sight of lesser claims on his gratitude in the greater ones his zeal proposed to him. There was a family whom he had received into the Church during the course of his labours on the secular mission. The father, and four daughters, and a son, were all baptized by him. They were his great joy. He first received one girl, then the father, then another (who dreaded to speak to him), a third, and a fourth yielded to his charity and meekness in following the workings of grace. For them he always entertained a special regard, he would stay with

them when missionary work called him to a town in which they dwelled, and delighted to caress their children, edify themselves, and make himself at home in their dwellings during his stay. He obtained a rescript granting them a "plenary indulgence," signed by the Holy Father himself, which is still treasured up as a beautiful heirloom in their families. These favoured objects of his predilection were Mrs. Macky, of Birmingham; Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Marshall, of Levenshulme, Manchester.

Before leaving Rome in 1863 he preached to nuns and schools, upon the conversion of England, with the same zeal as he did in 1850, if not with greater. That leading star lived with him; it is to be hoped it has not died with him. If the nineteenth century were an age of faith, and that the belief in God's miraculous interposition would move any to make experiments of holy wonders, we should expect to find engraved on his heart after death: "The Conversion of England!"

On June 21, after exactly two months' stay, he left the terrestrial Rome, or city of God, for ever. He arrives in London on the 3rd August, visits convents for his "crusade," now doubly dear to him; communicates his glad tidings to the infant congregations of nuns of Sutton, and holds himself in readiness for the approaching provincial chapter. The nuns here mentioned are a society established, a few years before, by our Father Gaudentius. Their primary object is the care and instruction of factory girls, their subsidiary one, the plain instruction of poor children.

Father Ignatius loved this institute. One of his common sayings was, "I do not understand how a girl with a wooden leg, no means and great docility, cannot make the evangelical vows," and he found himself at home with a sisterhood where his problem would be solved in part at least. He brought their rules to Rome, at this time, and received all the Pontifical sanctions he could possibly expect under the circumstances.

On August 21 of this year, our Provincial Chapter was held at Broadway. Here Father Ignatius was elected Rector of St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton. He entered on the

office with a great deal of zeal and courage. In his first exhortation to the religious, he remarked that "new brooms sweep clean," but as he was a broom a little the worse for wear, which had been trimmed up for action after having so long lain by, the aphorism could not apply so well to him. It was nine years since he had filled the office of rector before, and the interval taught him many things regarding religious discipline which he now brought into action.

His rule might be called *maternal* rather than paternal, for it was characterized by the fondness of holy old age for youth. One change remarked in him, since his former rectorship, was, his spicing his gentle admonitions with a good deal of severity when occasion required it. He spoke to the community, after the evening recreation, once upon the conversion of England, and the bright look the horizon of religious opinion wore now in comparison to the time he first began his crusade. He hoped great things for England. At this part of his lecture, some ludicrous occurrence, which he did not observe, made one of the younger religious laugh. Father Ignatius turned upon him, and spoke with such vehemence that all seemed as if struck by a thunderbolt. They never heard him speak in that way before, and it was thought by many that the meek father could not "foam with indignation," even if he tried.

Towards the close of 1863 he professed several of the nuns of the Holy Family, for whom he had procured the indulgences at Rome, and he assisted at the deathbed of their first rev. mother early in 1864.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIALS AND CROSSES.

THE days of the religious life of Father Ignatius might be numbered by his trials and crosses. It was not that a goodly share fell to him, as became his great holiness; but he happened to be so very keenly tried, that what generally assuages the bitterness of ordinary trials served, by a special disposition of Providence, to make his the more galling. His trials were multiplied in their infliction; the friends to whom he might unburthen himself were often their unconscious cause; and the remedies proposed for his comfort would be generally an aggravation of his sufferings. He had an abiding notion of his being alone and abandoned, which followed him like a shadow, even unto the grave. This feeling arose from his spirit of zeal. He burned to be doing more and more for God's glory every day, and sought to communicate to others some sparks of the flames that consumed himself. His projects for carrying out his ideas seldom met the cordial approval of superiors, and when he received such sanction, it was only after his schemes had been considerably toned down. This restraint he had always to bear.

When his plans were tolerated, or even approved, he could not find one to take them up as warmly as he wished. In fact, he found no second. Catholics have an instinctive aversion to anything that wears the appearance of novelty in their devotions. Father Ignatius's plans for the sanctification of Ireland, the conversion of England, and the perfection all should tend to, were very good things. No one could have the least objection to them; but, somehow, every one could not see his way to working them out. When

Father Ignatius proposed the means he intended to adopt, the old Catholic shrugged his shoulders as if he had heard a temerarious proposition. It was new; the good old bishop that gave his life for his flock, or the saintly priest he had listened to from childhood, never proposed such a thing. He never read it in his books of piety, and though it seemed very good, it "did not go down with him." He listened to the holy Passionist, because he reverenced him; but he never encouraged his zeal with more than a cold assent.

Father Ignatius found this want of correspondence to his suggestions in every person; even his own brethren in religion failed to be of accord with him. He was perpetually speaking upon his favourite topics, and never seemed satisfied with the work of his fellow-labourers if they did not take up his ideas. He often drew down upon himself severe animadversions on account of this state of mind. When fathers returned to the retreat, tired and wearied after a number of missions, they felt it rather hard to be told that they had done very little, because they had not set about their work in his way. He would be told very sharply that they should wish to see what he had done himself; that his chimerical notions looked well on paper, or sounded nicely in talk; that there was a surer way of guiding people to heaven than talking them into fancies beyond their comprehension. These remarks only served to bring out the virtue and humility of the saintly man. He became silent at once, or turned the conversation into another channel.

He had a still severer trial in this point. He very frequently attributed the caution of his superiors to want of zeal, and used to lecture them without human respect on what he thought to be their duty. On one occasion he went so far as to complain of this to Cardinal Wiseman; but the explanation was so satisfactory that he gave expression to different sentiments for the future. Whenever they spoke positively, he immediately acquiesced, and was most exact in carrying out their injunctions. His zeal was unbounded, and one of his superiors always said: "Father Ignatius will become a saint by the very thwarting of his plans." If he had not the virtue of submitting his judgment, it is hard to

say into what extravagances he might rush. This one trial was the staple of his religious life for more than thirty years.

We shall now give a few instances from his letters, and from anecdotes recorded of him, to show the spirit with which he bore this and kindred trials and crosses.

In 1853 he received a very severe letter from one of our Belgian fathers, who is in high repute for learning and virtue. He forwarded the letter to Father Eugene, who was then Provincial, accompanied by these remarks:—

"I thought of answering the enclosed letter from Father —— at once, before sending it to your Paternity; but, on looking it over again, I have changed my mind. The rule which I make for myself is, to mind what my superiors say on this matter and the conversion of England, and to charge them to stop my proceedings if they disapprove of them. I shall take what they say as coming from God, who has a right to dispose of all souls, and who may judge that the time for grace in England is not come, or never has to come. Besides, they are the proper judges whether my proceedings are correct *in toto* or in part. Your Paternity has lately expressed your mind upon the matter, and I have no scruple on the subject; but it is well you should know what others feel. I beg you to take this letter from Father —— as kindly meant, and, with me, to be thankful for it."

Another to his Provincial:—

"With regard to the principal topic of your Paternity's letter, I will first thank you, and thank God that I am thought worthy to be spoken and written to, without dissimulation or reserve, of what people think of me. If I make use with diligence of their remarks, I shall be able to gain ground in the esteem of God, and, perhaps, also in men's esteem; but that is not of consequence. Now, I suppose it would be best not to have said so much in explanation of my intentions in time past; and certainly I have said things which were vexing in the course of these explanations. It is no justification of this to allege that your Paternity's style of writing admonitions and reproofs is more severe than that of some persons, because I ought to receive

all with joy. But the cutting tone of some of your letters excites me to answer more or less in a cutting tone on my side, and I have given way to this temptation. It appears to me, it would be better if with me and others your tone was not so cutting. But God so appoints it for us, and so I had better prefer his judgment to my own, and persevere correcting myself, till I can answer cutting letters with the same gentle, affectionate language as I might the mildest ones. In this way I shall be the greatest gainer. So I will conclude with leaving it to your Paternity to decide in what tone you will correct me—only begging that you will not omit the correction when you see me in the wrong, and that you will inflict it, for charity's sake, at the risk even of suffering pain from my hasty and improper answers, which I cannot expect to correct at once, though I will try to do it. Will you let me meet you at the station when you pass through London, and accompany you to the station for the Dover Railway?"

In another letter, he writes :—

"I am frequently assailed with black doubts about the prudence of all my proceedings; but these pass by, and I go on again with brighter spirits than ever, and, in the end, I am astonished how Providence has carried me clear of danger and perplexities when they have threatened me the most. I trust it will be so now.

"I beg your Paternity will write to me again what you decide about St. Wilfrid's functions, and tell me what I can do by writing letters or otherwise. I feel better qualified to do what I am told, than to give advice what others should do."

As may be seen from some of the letters introduced above, Father Ignatius had to endure trials from the want of sympathy with his ways, in many of the English converts. One celebrated convert went so far as to prohibit his speaking of the conversion of England to any of the members of a community of which he was Superior. Another used to tell him that "England was already damned," and that it was no use praying for it. A third treated him to some sharp cuts about the work of his little

missions, when answering an application of Father Ignatius to give one in his parish. These and many other crosses of the like nature, he used to complain of with deep feeling among his fellow religious. It is remarkable that those who crossed him had great respect for his holiness, and, very likely, their opposition proceeded from not giving him credit for much prudence.

An incident that happened to him in one of his journeys in Ireland will give an idea of how he bore humiliations. He was walking to one of the principal towns in Tipperary, and a vehicle overtook him on the road. The man in the car took compassion on the poor old priest, and asked him to "take a lift." Father Ignatius took his seat at once; before they had proceeded far together, his companion perceived that he spoke in an "English accent," and began to doubt his being a priest. There had been some ugly rows in the town, lately, on account of a gang of "soupers" that infested it, and it struck the good townsman that his waggon was carrying a veritable "souper. "What," thought he, "if the neighbours should see me carrying such a precious cargo?" And, without asking or waiting for an explanation, he unceremoniously told Father Ignatius "to get down, for he suspected he wasn't of the right sort." Father Ignatius complied at once, without the least murmur. When the man was about a mile ahead of his late fellow-traveller, and could not stifle the remorse occasioned by his hasty leave-taking, he resolved to turn back and catechise him. The result satisfied him, and the good father was invited to take a seat a second time. To atone for his almost unpardonable crime, as he thought it, the man invited him to stay at his house for the night, as it was then late. Father Ignatius said he was due at the priest's house, but in case he found nobody up there, he should be happy to avail himself of his friend's hospitality. They parted company in the town; Father Ignatius went to the priest's, and the other to his home. They were all in bed in the presbytery, and no answer was returned to the repeated knocks and rings of the benighted traveller. He went to the friend's house, but found *they*, too, were gone to bed. No word was left about

Father Ignatius, and his strange accent made the housewife refuse him admittance. He went off without saying a word in explanation. The man bethought himself shortly after, and sent messengers to seek him, who overtook him outside the town, walking off to the next, which he expected to reach before morning.

Another time he undertook the foundation of a convent in Staffordshire. With his usual indifference in matters temporal, he made no material provision whatever for the reception of the sisters, except a bleak, unfurnished house. The reverend mother came, with three or four sisters, and was rather disconcerted at what she found before them. Father Ignatius was expected in a day or two, and as the time of his arrival approached, the reverend mother went into the reception-room, and there sate—

"A sullen dame,
"Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Father Ignatius got a very hot reception. The lady scolded him heartily for his carelessness, and descanted most eloquently on the wants and grievances she had to endure since her arrival. He replied calmly that it was not his fault, that that department of the proceedings devolved on the parish priest. This only fired her the more—"Why didn't he tell the parish priest?" He then waited, quietly standing until she had exhausted her stock of abuse; whereupon he asked if she had done, and on receiving a nod in the affirmative, he said: "Oh, well, I know how I must approach your ladyship in future, I must make three bows in the Turkish fashion." So saying, he bowed nearly to the ground, retreated a step and bowed again, a third step backwards brought him to the door of the apartment, and when he had bowed still deeper than before, he stood up straight, took out a purse with some sovereigns in it, and spun it to the corner of the room in which the good nun sat petrified with astonishment:—"Take that now, and it may calm you a bit," was the good morning he bid her, as he closed the door after him, and went his way.

The tongue of slander assailed him again the last year of

his life. We will give the occurrence in the words of the only one to whom the reverend mother told it in confidence. Father Ignatius himself never spoke of it.

"'As our dear Lord loved him much, he wished to try him as he had tried the dearest and best-beloved of his servants. Therefore he permitted that his character should be assailed in the most vile manner by one who, through mistaken zeal, gave out the most injurious insinuations regarding our dear father and the late reverend mother. When Father Ignatius heard of it, he sent for the reverend mother to exhort her to bear the calumny with love and resignation. In speaking to her he said that God had asked all of him, and he had freely given all but his good name, and that he was ready now to offer as it had pleased God to ask for it; for all belonged to Him and he thanked Him for leaving him nothing. 'Will you not,' he continued, 'do the same? Do you not see that God is asking you for the dearest thing you can give? Give it, then, freely, and thank Him for taking it, for don't you see that by this you are resembling Him more closely? Besides, He has permitted this to happen, and if we do not give up our good name, which already belongs to Him, cheerfully and willingly, He will take it, in spite of us, and we shall lose the merit of our offering. How foolish, therefore, is it to go against God! Let us resign ourselves unreservedly into his hands. However, to remove any scandal that might follow, and to show this good priest that I have no ill-feeling against him, I will go and visit him on friendly terms.' And so he did."

Besides casual attacks of illness brought on by his want of care or great labours, he suffered during the latter part of his life from chronic ailments. His heart often troubled him, and medical men told him that he would very likely die of disease of the heart. He had an ulcer in one of his ancles for a number of years, and was often obliged to keep his bed on account of it. No one ever heard him complain, and yet his sufferings must have been very acute. We never remarked him rejoice so much over this painful sore, than when one of the fathers, who respected him much, and

wanted to test his mortification, became a Job's comforter. He said: "You deserve to be lame, Father Ignatius, you made such use of your feet in the days of your dancing and sporting, that Almighty God is punishing you now, and the instruments of your pleasure are aptly turned into instruments of pain." He said it was quite true, and that he believed so himself, and that his only wish was that he might not lose a particle of the merit it would bring him, by any kind of complaint on his part. He got a rupture in 1863, and he simply remarked, "I have made another step down the hill to-day."

Whilst labouring under a complication of sufferings he never abated one jot of his round of duties, though requested to do so by his subjects. He was Superior, and exercised his privilege by doing more than any other instead of sparing himself. He did not take more rest nor divide his labours with his companions. During the time of his rectorship in Sutton, he used to preach and sing mass after hearing confessions all morning; attend sick calls, preach in some distant chapel in the evening, return at eleven o'clock, perhaps, and say his office, and be the first up to matins at two o'clock again. The only thing that seemed to pain him was a kind of holy envy. He used to say to the young priests: "Oh, how well it is for you that are young and buoyant, I am now stiff and old, and must have but a short time to labour for Almighty God; still I hope to be able to work to the last." This was his ordinary discourse the very year he died, and the young fathers were much struck by the coincidence between his wishes and their completion.

Father Ignatius Paoli, the Provincial, gave the cook orders to take special care of the indefatigable worn-out Rector. He was not to heed the fasts of the Rule, or at least to give the Superior the full supply of meagre diet. Father Ignatius took the indulgence thankfully for two or three days after returning from a mission; but when he saw a better portion served up for himself oftener than was customary for the other missionaries, he remonstrated with the brother cook. Next day he was served in the same manner, he then gave a prohibition, and at last scolded him.

The good brother then told him that he was only carrying out the Provincial's orders. Father Ignatius was silent, but, after dinner, posted off to the doctor, and made him give a certificate of good health and ability to fast, which he forwarded to the Provincial. Father Provincial did not wish to deny him the opportunity of acquiring greater merit, and, at the same time, he would prolong so valuable a life. To save both ends he placed him under the obedience, as far as regarded his health, of one of the priests of his community, whom he strictly obeyed in this matter thenceforward.

Once he went on a sick-call in very wet weather, and either a cramp or an accident made him fall into a dirty slough, where he was wetted through and covered with mud. He came home in this state, and finding a friend of his at the house, who more or less fell into his way of thinking, he began to converse with him. The good father began to speak of the conversion of England, and sat in his wet clothes for a couple of hours, and likely would have stayed longer, so thoroughly was he engrossed with his favourite topic, if one of the religious had not come in, and frightened him off to change garments by his surprise and apprehension.

He seemed indifferent to cold; he would sit in his cell, the coldest day, and write until his fingers became numbed, and then he would warm them by rubbing his hands together rather than allow himself the luxury of a fire. He went to give a retreat somewhere in midwinter, and the room he had to lodge in was so exposed that the snow came in under the door. Here he slept, without bed or fire, for the first night of his stay. It was the thoughtlessness of his entertainers that left him in these cold quarters. In the morning some one remarked that very probably Father Ignatius slept in the dreary apartment alluded to. A person ran down to see, and there was the old saint amusing himself by gathering up the snow that came into his room, and making little balls of it for a kitten to run after. The kitten and himself seem to have become friends by having slept together in his rug the night before, and both were disappointed by the intrusion of the wondering visitor.

His humility was as remarkable to any one who knew him as was his zeal; and on this point also he was well tried. It is not generally known that in the beginning of his Passionist life he adopted the custom of praying before his sermons that God's glory would be promoted by them and himself be humiliated. At the opening of Sutton Church in 1852, he was sent for from London to preach a grand sermon in the evening. A little before the sermon he was walking up and down the corridor; the Provincial met him and asked more in joke than otherwise: "Well, Father Ignatius, what are you thinking of now?" "I am praying," he replied, "that if it be for the glory of God my sermon may be a complete failure as far as human eloquence is concerned." We may imagine the surprise of his Superior at hearing this extraordinary answer; it is believed that this was his general practice to the end. Contrary to the common notion that prevails among religious orders, he wished that the Order would receive humiliations as well as himself. He wished it to come to glory by its humiliations. On one occasion, he expected that the newspapers would make a noise about something that might be interpreted as humiliating to the community of which he was Superior. Father Ignatius addressed the community nearly in these words: "We shall have something to thank God for to-morrow; the Protestants will make a great noise in the papers about this affair, and we must be prepared for a full feast of misrepresentations. Let us thank God now in anticipation." He was disappointed, however, as the papers were content with a bare notice of the matter.

Many persons did not give him credit for great humility; they thought his continual quoting of himself, and his readiness to speak about his doings, was, if not egotism, at least inconsistent with profound humility. We cannot answer this imputation better than by giving Father Faber's description of simplicity, which every one knows to be the very character of genuine humility:—

"But let us cast an eye at the action of simplicity in the spiritual life. Simplicity lives always in a composed consciousness of its own demerit and unworthiness. It is

possessed with a constant sense of what the soul is in the sight of God. It knows that we are worth no more than we are worth in His sight, and while it never takes its eye off that view of self, so it does not in any way seek to hide it from others. In fact it desires to be this, and no more than this, in the eyes of others; and it is pained when it is more. Every neighbour is, as it were, one of God's eyes, multiplying His presence; and simplicity acts as if every one saw us, knew us, and judged us as God does, and it has no wounded feeling that it is so. Thus, almost without direct effort, the soul of self-love is so narrowed that it has comparatively little room for action; although it never can be destroyed, nor its annoyance ever cease, except in the silence of the grave. The chains of human respect, which in the earlier stages of the spiritual life galled us so intolerably, now fall off from us, because simplicity has drawn us into the unclouded and unsetting light of the eye of God. There is no longer any hypocrisy. There is no good opinion to lose, because we know we deserve none, and doubt if we possess it. We believe we are loved in spite of our faults, and respected because of the grace which is in us, and which is not our own and no praise to us. All diplomacy is gone, for there is no one to circumvent and nothing to appropriate. There is no odious laying ourselves out for edification, but an inevitable and scarcely conscious letting of our light shine before men in such an obviously innocent and unintentional manner that it is on that account they glorify our Father who is in Heaven."—*Blessed Sacrament*, Book II., c. vii.

The secret by which Father Ignatius arrived at this perfect way of receiving trials was his *thanking God* for everything. When some one objected to him that we could not thank God for a trial when we did not feel grateful, "Never mind," he would say, "you take a hammer to break a big stone; the first stroke has no effect, the second seemingly no effect, and the third, and so on; but somewhere about the twentieth or hundredth the stone is broken, and no one stroke was heavier than the other. In the same way, begin to thank God, no matter about the feeling, continue,

and you will soon break the hardest difficulties." His maxims and sayings on resignation would fill a good-sized volume were they collected together. We shall conclude this chapter with one picked by chance from his letters: "In trials and crosses we are like a sick child, when its mother wants it to take some disagreeable medicine. The child kicks and screams and sprawls, and spits the medicine in its mother's face. That is just what we do when God sends us crosses and trials. But, like the mother, who will persevere in giving the medicine until the child has taken enough of it, God will send us crosses and trials until we have sufficient of them for the health of our souls."

CHAPTER XX.

FORESHADOWINGS AND DEATH.

FATHER IGNATIUS, for some months before his death, had a kind of sensation that his dissolution was near. He paid many *last* visits to his old friends, and, in arranging by letter for the greater number of flying visits, he used generally to say, "I suppose I shall not be able to pay many more." Writing to Mrs. Hutchinson in Edinburgh from St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, in March, 1864, he says: "When I wrote to you some months ago in answer to your kind letter, I think I expressed a hope that I might again have the pleasure of conversation with you before the closing of our earthly pilgrimage. It was a distant and uncertain prospect then. Now it is become a near and likely one, and I write to express my satisfaction at it." He was heard to say by many that the volume of his journal he was writing would last him till the end of his life, and it is a curious circumstance that the last page of it is just half-written, and comes up to September 18, less than a fortnight before his death.

Our Father-General came from Rome to make the visitation of this province in May, 1864, and Father Ignatius acted as interpreter throughout the greater part of the visit. He was as young as ever in his plans for the conversion of England, sanctification of Ireland, and advancing all to perfection; and the approbation of the General to the main drift of his projects inflamed him with fresh ardour. A characteristic incident occurred during this visit. The Father-General was inspecting the books Father Ignatius was obliged to keep, as Rector of Sutton, and he found them rather irregular. The entries were neither clear nor orderly, and it was next to an impossibility to obtain any

exact notion of the income and expenditure of the house. The General called the Rector to his room, in order to rebuke him for his carelessness. He began to lecture, and when he had said something rather warm looked at Father Ignatius, to see what effect it might produce, when, to his surprise, he found that he had nodded off asleep. He awoke up in an instant, and complimented the Father-General on his patience. Such was the indifference he had reached to by the many and cutting rebukes he had borne through life.

In August, 1864, Father Ignatius wrote a long letter to Father Ignatius Paoli, our Provincial, about his doings, and he seemed as fresh in them as if he had but just commenced his crusade. We shall give one extract from this letter: "I could hardly have the spirit to keep up this work (the sanctification of Ireland) if it was not for aiming at a result so greatly for the glory of God, and working with a resolution to conquer. How exceedingly would it add to my spirit if I knew that our body was penetrated with the same thought, and we thus were supporting each other!" So late as September 8 he had prepared a paper embodying his intentions, which he intended to submit to Roman authority. Ever himself to the last.

Before leaving the retreat for his "*raid*," as he called it, in Scotland, he called all the members of the community, one by one, to conference; he did the same with a convent of nuns, of which he had spiritual charge. He gave them all special advices, which are not forgotten, and his last sermon to his brethren, a day or two before he left, on the conversion of England through their own sanctification, was singularly impressive. It moved many to tears; and, those who heard him, say it was the most thrilling ever heard from him on the subject. In talking over some matter of future importance with his Vicar, before he left for Scotland, he suddenly stopped short, saying, "Others will see after this," or some such words. All those who spoke with him confidentially recall some dubious half-meaning expressions that seemed to come from an inward consciousness of his approaching end.

He was remarked to be very sombre and reflective in his

last missions, but now and then his usual pleasant mood would show itself. The Rev. M. Conden, the priest at Cartsdyke, Greenock, in whose church he gave a little mission from September 14th to the 18th, writes as follows about his stay with him :—

"He preached morning and evening, heard confessions daily, pledged 200 young teetotallers, and received about £14 in voluntary offerings, for which he seemed most grateful. This mission, he said, was his 242nd of the kind; and the number of his teetotallers, since he himself took the pledge from Father Mathew in 1842, was 60,000.

"Every moment of his time here (refection hours alone excepted), from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., was employed either in the mission exercises, or at his office, or in prayer, or in writing letters to arrange his future movements. He never rested. He seemed to have *vowed* all his time to some duty or other.

"Wood Cottage (late the Free Church Manse, but now the priest's house in Cartsdyke) rests on an eminence overlooking the town, harbour, and bay of Greenock, and is at a distance of from five to ten minutes' walk from St. Laurence's chapel. I noticed that the zigzag uphill walk fatigued him, and I offered to provide a conveyance; but he would not permit me, 'as he could not read his office so well in the carriage as when walking.'

"As he passed twice or thrice daily to and from my house and the chapel, his massive form and mild mien, his habit half concealed by his cloak, his broad-brimmed hat, and his breviary in hand, attracted the attention of the old and the curiosity of the young. One day, some of the latter followed him and eyed him closely, through the lattice-work in front of the cottage, until he had finished his office in the garden. He then turned towards the youngsters, and riveted his looks on them with intense interest and thoughtfulness. You might have imagined that *they* never had seen his like before, and that *he* had seen children for the first time in his long life. At length one of the lads broke the spell by observing

to the others in a subdued and doubting tone, 'A big Hielander!' 'A Highlander,' said Father Ignatius, turning to me; 'they take my habit for an elongated kilt.'

"At dinner he was always very happy and communicative, that day in particular.

"'My religious habit,' said he, 'subjected me to many humorous remarks before the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and to annoyances after it. One time a boy would cry out at me, "There's the Great Mogul;" another, "There goes Robinson Crusoe." "That's Napoleon," a third would shout; whilst a fourth, in a strange, clear, wild, musical tone, would sing out: "No, that's the devil himself." But, he continued, 'nothing half so sharp was ever said of me as of a very tall, lath-like Oratorian, who stood leaning, one day, against a wall, musing on something or nothing. Some London wags watched him attentively for some time, and, being divided in their opinions about him, one of them at length ended the dispute by observing, in a dry and droll way, "Why, that fellow must have grown by contract!"'

"Even after his frugal refection, Father Ignatius would never rest. Then, too, he must either read his breviary, or say his rosary, or write letters. On the day he finished his mission (Sunday, September 18), I besought him, as he had allowed himself little or no sleep since he began it, before proceeding to Port-Glasgow, to commence a new mission there that same evening, to recline on the sofa, even for half an hour. 'Oh no!' said he; 'I shall try to have my nap in the carriage, on my way.' The distance from Cartsdyke to Port Glasgow being no more than two or three miles, and there being a toll-bar about midway, he could have very little of his nap.

"During his mission here, he remarked repeatedly, both publicly and in private, that his health was never better, and his mind never clearer. He promised himself yet twenty years to work for the conversion of England, the sanctification of Ireland, and the unity of all in the faith. 'Might he not live to see this realized? Twenty years might

do it, and were not his physical and mental powers fresh enough?

"But, with all this hope of heart and soul, I could, now and then, notice a shade of apprehension passing over his countenance, and hear, not without tears, his humble, but earnest self-reproaches at his inability to 'brighten up.' The manner in which he did this showed me plainly that he had a strong presentiment of his approaching end.

"My cottage being at some distance from my chapel, the bishop had allowed me to fit up in my house a little oratory, where I might keep the Blessed Sacrament, and say mass occasionally. By the time that Father Ignatius had concluded his mission, I had completed my oratory, and asked him to bless it. 'Under what title?' he asked. 'Under that of "Our Lady of the Seven Dolors," this (Sunday, September 18) being that festival of hers,' I replied. Father Ignatius became silent and absorbed for a considerable time and then said:—

"'Beautiful title! and appropriate! Here are the stations of the Cross! And this is the Feast of the Seven Dolors! Beautiful title!'

"'This,' he continued, 'reminds me of what I once read of St. Thomas of Canterbury.' When passing for the *last* time through France to England, he was asked, by a gentleman who entertained him, to bless a little oratory which might be a memorial of his visit. "Under what title?" asked the Archbishop. "I shall leave the selection to your grace," said the host. "Well then," rejoined the Archbishop, "let it be to the *first English martyr.*" He was *himself* the first martyr.

"'Our Lady of Dolors!' Beautiful Title! I am a Passionist. Here are the stations of the Cross; and this is the Feast of the Seven Dolors,' repeated Father Ignatius; and again he became absorbed and silent, so long that I thought he wanted never to bless my little oratory. He blessed it, however; and now is it by mere accident that on this, the eve of St. John of the Cross, Father Ignatius's disciple and friend, Father Alban, comes to bless the oratory cross,

and set up the little memorial tablet which I have prepared with the following inscription?—

ORATE PRO ANIMA
REV^SSMI. PATRIS IGNATII (SPENCER)
QUI DIE OCTODECIMO SEPTEMBRIS, A.D. 1864.
HOC ORATORIUM
SUB TITULO 'B. V. MARIAE DE SEPTEM DOLORIBUS,'
BENEDIXIT.
R.I.P."

In a letter to Father Joseph about this time, Father Ignatius says:—

"I proceed to say that I have two more moves fixed: for Sunday the 18th, to Port Glasgow; Thursday the 22nd, to Catholic Church, East Shaw Street, Greenock. *During the week following I shall suspend missionary work, and make my visit to Mr. Monteith, and re-commence on Sunday morning, October 2nd. I have got two places to go to in Scotland, Leith and Portobello, and I wish to get one more to go to first.*"

This sentence we put in italics, as it seems to signify a clear foreknowledge of his death. This one other place he did get, and it was Coatbridge, his last mission. His letters, after this, are more confused about his future; it would seem his clear vision failed him. At all events, this much may be gathered from his words, that he *knew* for certain his dissolution was near, and *very probably* knew even the day. There is nothing whatever in his plans for the future to militate against this conclusion. The most definite is the following, which we quote from his last letter to Father Provincial, dated from Coatbridge, Sept. 28: "I *am going* on Saturday to Leith; on Thursday, Oct. 6, to Portobello; on Monday, Oct. 10, to Carstairs (Mr. Monteith's), for a visit and *repose*." Did he know that repose was to be eternal? He kept to his first arrangement about the visit; but we must hear something about his last little mission.

We subjoin two accounts of this mission. The first was sent us by a gentleman, Mr. M'Auley of Airdrie, who

attended the mission, and the next by the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, the priest.

Mr. M'Auley writes: "I was witness to his missionary labours for the last five days of his life in this world. On Sunday, the 25th September, Rev. Michael O'Keefe, St. Patrick's Catholic Chapel, Coatbridge (a large village two miles from Airdrie, and eight from Glasgow), announced to his flock that Father Ignatius would open a mission there on the following Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, and close it on Saturday morning, 1st October. Accordingly, the beautiful little church was crowded on Tuesday at eight, when the saintly father made his appearance and addressed the people for upwards of an hour. He gave them a brief outline of his conversion, his different visits to Ireland and the Continent, the grand objects he had in view—namely, the conversion of his country to the Catholic faith, the faith of their fathers; as also, the conversion of Scotland and the sanctification of Ireland. He then showed the power of prayer, and said that the conversion of Great Britain could only be attained by prayer. He said the sanctification of Ireland should begin by rooting out the vices and disorders which prevail. These, he remarked, were drunkenness, cursing, and company-keeping, and that they would form the subjects of his discourses for the three following evenings.

"He then showed the utility of missions, and mentioned that this was his 245th; and closed, as he did on the subsequent evenings, by saying three *Hail Marys* for the conversion of England, one for the conversion of Scotland, and one for the sanctification of Ireland. Each of the first three was followed by, *Help of Christians, pray for us;* that for Scotland by, *St. Margaret, pray for us;* and that for Ireland by, *St. Patrick, pray for us.* He also mentioned that he had received from his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., an indulgence of 300 days for each Hail Mary said for the conversion of England. On the following four days he said mass every morning at seven o'clock, and, on the three first, heard confessions from six o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, with the exception of the time required for

his devotions and meals. On Saturday morning he heard two confessions before mass. I was the last he heard, and I trust the fatherly advice he then gave me shall never be eradicated from my memory."

Father O'Keefe writes:—

"I am just in receipt of your letter, and beg to inform you that I have not words to express the sorrow I feel for the sudden death of the good and holy Father Ignatius. *Deo gratias*, there is one more added to the Church triumphant. He reached my house about five o'clock on the 27th ult., and left this on Saturday morning at a quarter-past nine o'clock, during which time he enjoyed excellent health. He told me that he was going direct to Leith, to open his little mission there on Saturday night; and thence to Portobello for the same purpose, after he had done at Leith. He also told me that, after finishing his mission at Portobello, he would return home to St. Anne's Retreat. He intended to pay a visit to Mr. Monteith this week. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights he had supper at half-past ten o'clock, and then returned to the confessional until about a quarter-past eleven. On Friday night he told me to defer supper till eleven; yet, late though it was, he returned after supper to the confessional, and remained there until a quarter-past twelve. When he came in, I said: 'I am afraid, Father Ignatius, you are over-exerting yourself, and that you must feel tired and fatigued.' He said, with a smile: 'No, no; I am not fatigued. There is no use in saying I am tired, for, you know, I must be at the same work to-night in Leith.' He retired to his room at half-past twelve o'clock, and was in the confessional again at six o'clock in the morning. He said mass at seven; breakfasted at half-past eight; and, as I have already said, left this at a quarter-past nine for the train. On seeing him, after breakfast, in his secular dress, I remarked that he looked much better and younger than in his religious habit. The remark caused him to laugh very heartily. It was the only time I saw him laugh. He said: 'I wish to tell you what Father Thomas Doyle said when he saw me in my secular dress: "Father Ignatius, you look like a broken-

down old gentleman." And he enjoyed the remark very much.' "

The remainder of his life is easily told. He arrived at Carstairs Junction at 10.35 a.m.; came out of the train, and gave his luggage in charge of the station master. He then went towards Carstairs House, the residence of Mr. Monteith. There is a long avenue through the demesne for about half a mile from the station, crossed then at right angles by another, which leads to the grand entrance; this avenue Father Ignatius went by. He had just passed the "rectangle," and was coming straight to the grand entrance, when he turned off on a bye path. He perceived that he had lost his way, and asked a child which was the right one. He never spoke to mortal again.

On a little corner in the avenue, just within sight of the house, and about a hundred paces from the door, he fell suddenly and yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Creator. May we all die doing God's work, and as well prepared as Father Ignatius of St. Paul!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OBSEQUIES OF FATHER IGNATIUS.

THE divine attribute of Providence to which he was so fondly devoted during life guided him in his last moments. He did not intend to visit Carstairs before the 10th of October, but our Lord, who disposes all things sweetly, had ordained otherwise, by the circumstances. The train he came by was due at the junction at 10.35, and the train for Edinburgh would not start before 11.50. He had more than an hour to wait, and he thought perhaps he might as well spend part of that time at Mr. Monteith's as at the Railway Station; besides he could get a fast train to Edinburgh at 3.0, which would bring him to Leith a few minutes after six, and this would be time enough, as his mission was to commence on the next day, Sunday. Such seems to have been the simple combination of circumstances that directed his steps to Carstairs House, as far as human eye can see. We cannot but admire the dispositions of Providence; had he taken any other train, he might have died in the railway carriage, or at a station. How convenient that he died within the boundaries of the demesne of a friend by whom he was venerated, and to whose house he was always welcome!

And then how remarkable was that other circumstance of his being alone. Servants and workmen were passing up and down the place the whole morning, but at the moment God chose to call his servant, no human eye saw him, and no hand was ready to assist him. On measuring the respective distances from where he had turned off the avenue, to where his body was found, and to the house, it was seen that, had he gone on straight, he would have

fallen just on the threshold. It was God's will that angels instead of men should surround his lonely bed of death.

He must have arrived at the spot where his body was discovered about 11 o'clock. A few minutes after, one of the retainers was passing by, and ran at once to the house to give the alarm that a priest lay dead at such a part of the avenue. Mr. Monteith, and Mr. Edmund Waterton, who was on a visit there at the time, were going out to shoot. They laid down their guns, and went in haste to the spot. Monteith did not recognize the features; they were drawn together by the death-stroke. They searched for something to identify him. What was the good man's surprise when he found among the papers of the deceased a letter he had written himself to Father Ignatius a few days before. The truth then flashed across him. It was no other than his own godfather, his constant friend and counsellor, the man whom he venerated so much, Father Ignatius the Passionist. Immediately, a doctor was sent for, the body, which all now recognized, was brought to the nearest shelter, and every available means tried to restore consciousness, but to no effect. Medical examination showed that he died of disease of the heart, and in an instant. The spot whereon he lay bore the impress of his knee, and the brim of his hat was broken by his sudden fall on the left side. As soon as they were certain of life being extinct, the body was brought into the house, the luggage was sent for, a coffin was provided, the secular dress was taken off, and the corpse robed in the religious habit. The sacristy was draped in black, and two flickering tapers showed the mortal remains of a pure and saintly soul, as they lay there in a kind of religious state for the greater part of three days.

Telegrams were sent immediately to our principal houses, and to members of the Spencer family by Mr. Monteith. The shock was great, and not knowing the manner of his death did not serve to make it the less felt. Fathers of the Order went from the different retreats to Carstairs, and arrived there, some on Sunday, and some on Monday morning. Those who went were struck by the appearance of the corpse; the marble countenance never looked so noble as in

death, and we looked with silent wonder on all that now remained of one whom the world was not worthy of possessing longer.

About 10 o'clock a sad cortége was formed, and the coffin was carried by the most worthy persons present to the train that conveyed it to Sutton. Every one on hearing of his death appeared to have lost a special friend; no one could lament, for they felt that he was happy; few could pray for him, because they were more inclined to ask his intercession. The greatest respect and attention were shown by the railway officials all along the route, and special ordinances were made in deference to the respected burthen that was carried.

Letters were sent to the relatives of Father Ignatius by our Father Provincial, and they were told when the funeral would take place. No one came, and those who were sure to come were unavoidably prevented. Lord Lucan had not time to come from West Connaught, and Lord Spencer was just then in Copenhagen. His regard for his revered uncle, and his kindly spirit, will be seen from the following letter, which was published in the newspapers at the time, and is the most graceful tribute paid to the memory of Father Ignatius by any member of his noble family.

"*Denmark, Oct.* 16, 1864.

"Rev. Sir,—I was much shocked to hear of the death of my excellent uncle George. I received the sad intelligence last Sunday, and subsequently received the letter which you had the goodness to write to me. My absence from England prevented my doing what I should have much wished to have done, to have attended to the grave the remains of my uncle, if it had been so permitted by your Order.

"I assure you that, much as I may have differed from my uncle on points of doctrine, no one could have admired more than I did the beautiful simplicity, earnest religion, and faith of my uncle. For his God he renounced all the pleasures of the world; his death, sad as it is to us, was, as his life, apart from the world, but with God.

"His family will respect his memory as much as I am sure you and the brethren of his Order do.

"I should be much obliged to you if you let me know the particulars of the last days of his life, and also where he is buried, as I should like to place them among family records at Althorp.

"I venture to trouble you with these questions, as I suppose you will be able to furnish them better than any one else.

"Yours faithfully,

"SPENCER."

The evening before the funeral the coffin was opened, and the body was found to have already commenced to decompose. The tossing of the long journey from Scotland and the suddenness of the death caused this change to come on sooner than might be expected. A privileged few were allowed to take a last lingering look at the venerable remains, many touched the body with objects of devotion, and others cut off a few relics which their piety valued in proportion to their conception of his sanctity.

At 11 o'clock on Thursday, October 5th, the Office of the Dead commenced. A requiem mass was celebrated, and the funeral oration preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Lord Bishop of Birmingham, and particular friend of the deceased. We give the following extracts from an account of the funeral as given by the *Northern Press*; the Bishop's sermon is taken from the *Weekly Register*.

At eleven o'clock the solemn ceremonies commenced. The church, which was crowded, was draped in black, and the coffin (on which were the stole and cap of the deceased nobleman) reclined on a raised catafalque immediately outside the sanctuary rails. On each side of the coffin were three wax-lights, and around were ranged seats for the clergy in attendance. Solemn Office for the Dead was first chanted, and amongst the assembled clerics were the following:—The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne (Lord Bishop of Birmingham); Benedictines: Right Rev. Dr. Burchall (Lord Abbot of Westminster), Very Rev. R. B. Vaughan (Prior of St. Michael's, Hereford), Very Rev. T. Cuthbert Smith (Prior of St. George's, Downside), Very Rev. P. P. Anderson

(Prior of St. Laurence's, Ampleforth); the Revds. P. A. Glassbrooke, R. A. Guy, J. P. Hall, and Bradshaw (Redemptorists); the Very Rev. Canon Wallwork, the Rev. Fathers Walmsley, Grimstone, Costello, Kernane (Rainhill), M. Duggan, M.R. (St. Joseph's, Liverpool), S. Walsh (of the new mission of St. John the Evangelist, Bootle); Father Dougall; Father Fisher, of Appleton; Father O'Flynn, of Blackbrook, near St. Helen's; and the priests and religious of the Order of Passionists, who were represented by members of the order from France, Ireland, and England. A number of nuns of the convent of the Holy Cross, Sutton, occupied seats beside the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and with them were about twenty young girls apparelled in white dresses and veils, with black bands round the head, and wearing also black scarfs. When the Office for the Dead had concluded, a solemn Requiem Mass was begun. His Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham occupied a seat on a raised dais at the Gospel side of the altar; and the priests who celebrated the Sacred Mysteries were:—Celebrant—the Very Rev. Father Ignatius (Paoli), Provincial of the Order of Passionists in England and Ireland; Deacon—the Very Rev. Father Eugene, First Provincial Consulter; Sub-deacon—the Very Rev. Father Bernard, Second Provincial Consulter; Master of the Ceremonies—the Very Rev. Father Salvian, rector of St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcestershire. The mass sung was the Gregorian Requiem, and the choir was under the direction of the Rev. Father Bernardine (of Harold's Cross Retreat, Dublin, and formerly of Sutton). Immediately after the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne ascended the pulpit (which was hung in black) and preached the funeral sermon.

His Lordship, who was deeply affected, said:—

The wailings of the chant have gone into silence, the cry of prayer is hushed into secret aspiration, and stillness reigns, whilst I lift my solitary voice, feeling, nevertheless, that it would be better for me to weep over my own soul than to essay to speak the character of him who is gone from the midst of us. A certain oppression weighs upon

my heart, and yet there rises through it a spring of consolation when I think upon that strength of holiness which has borne him to his end; who, if I am a Religious, was my brother; if a Priest, he was of the Holy Order of Priesthood; but he was also, what I am not, a mortified member of an institute devoted to the Passion of our Lord, who bore conspicuously upon him the character of the meekness and the sufferings of his Divine Master.

My text lies beneath that pall. For there is all that Death will ever claim of victory from him. The silver cord is broken, and the bowl of life is in fragments; and yet this death is but the rending of the mortal frame that through the open door the soul may go forth to its eternity; upon the brink of which we stand, gazing after with our faith, and trembling for ourselves whilst we gain a glimpse of the Throne of Majesty, on which sits the God of infinite purity, whose insufferable light searches our frailty through.

I will not venture to recount a life which would ask days of speech or volumes of writing, but I will endeavour at least to point to some of those principles which animated that life, and were its stay as well as guidance. For principles are like the luminaries of Heaven, or like the eyes that cover the wings of the Cherubs that sustain the Chariot of God in the vision of Ezechiel. They are luminous points planted in the midst of our life, which enable us to see whatever we look upon in a new light, and to enhance the scene of our existence. Listen, then, dearly beloved, and hang your attention on my voice, whilst I speak of him who was once called in the world the Honourable and Rev. George Spencer, a scion of one of the noblest houses of the nobility of this land, but who himself preferred to be called Father Ignatius of St. Paul, of the Congregation of Regular Clerics of our most Holy Redeemer's Passion, a name by which he was loved by tens of thousands of the poor of these countries, and known to the Catholics of all lands.

Father Ignatius was born in the last month of the last year of the last century; at the time when his father was First Lord of the Admiralty. Brought up in the lap of luxury, and encircled with those social splendours that belong

to our great families, he was educated as most of our noble youths are; sent early to Eton, and thence to Cambridge. I will not stay to trace his early life. In his twenty-second year he received Anglican orders, and was inducted into the living that adjoined the mansion of his fathers, where, for seven years, he toiled to disseminate to those around him what light of truth had entered his own mind. He himself has recorded that he had about 800 souls committed to his care. And here we begin to see the opening of that genuine purity and earnestness in his character which he developed with time to such perfection. His simplicity of soul and passionate love of truth enabled him to see some of the leading characteristics of truth in its objective nature. He saw that truth was one, and that the Church, which is the depository and the voice of truth, must of necessity be one. He found his parish divided by the presence of the sects of Unitarians, Anabaptists, and Wesleyans. These he sought out, conversed with them, and discussed with them the unity of truth and the authority of the Church. But the more he urged them with his arguments the more he found that they threw him back upon himself, forcing him to see, by the aid of his own sincerity and love of truth, that he stood upon something like the self-same grounds which he assailed in them. The very sincerity with which he read the Gospel; the sincerity with which he prayed; the sincerity with which he strove to penetrate into those duties and responsibilities which then appeared to him to be laid upon his conscience; and his sincere love of souls, drew his own soul gradually and gently towards the one broad horizon of truth and the one authority. He had already, from reading the Gospel, determined on leading a life of celibacy as the most pure and perfect, and to keep himself from the world for the service of his Divine Master. And what effect that resolve had in humbling his heart and bringing down the light and grace of God into his spirit, he himself has told us in that narrative of his conversion which he drew up at the request of a venerable Italian bishop, soon after his conversion. The results, I say, he has told us; he presumes not to point to any cause as in himself.

But whilst yet perplexed between the new light he was receiving, and the resistance of the old opinion which he had inherited, he received a letter from an unknown hand, inviting him to examine the foundations of his faith; this led to correspondence, and so to contact with members of the Church, and the errors which had encompassed him from his birth dispersed by degrees, until at last the daylight dawned upon him, and grew on even to mid-day, and he hesitated not, even for one week, but closed his ministry, and entered into the Church of God and the fulness of peace. Then it was he found that the correspondent who had awakened him to inquire was a lady, who, converted before himself, was then dying in a convent in Paris which she had but recently entered; and he hoped, as he said, to have an intercessor in heaven in one who had so fervently prayed for him on earth.

No sooner had Father Ignatius entered the Church than he put himself with all simplicity and obedience under the guidance of the venerable prelate, my predecessor, Bishop Walsh, who sent him to Rome, there to enter on a course of ecclesiastical studies. In 1830, there we find him in the holy city, imbibing that Apostolic light, and bending himself over the written laws of that truth which was to fit him, not only for the priesthood, but also for a singular call and an unprecedented vocation. Father Ignatius was marked out by the Providence of God for a special apostleship, and he had something about him of the spirit of the prophet and of the eye of the seer. He pierced in advance into the work to which God called him, and there were holy souls who instinctively looked to him as an instrument for the fulfilling of their own anticipations. There was in Italy a Passionist Father, who from his youth had had written in his heart the work of England's conversion. It had been the object of all his thoughts, and prayers, and hopes. Father Dominic had moved all the souls he could with kindred ardour for this work. And before they had ever beheld each other, the hearts of those two men were sweetly drawn together. Let us hear what Father Dominic writes to an English gentleman, himself a convert, ardent for the conversion of his

country, on the day of Mr. Spencer's first sermon in Rome, after being ordained deacon: — "On this day," he writes, "on this day, the feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, Mr. Spencer begins in Rome his apostolic ministry; to-day, he makes his first sermon to the Roman people in the church of the English. Oh what a fortunate commencement! Certainly that ought to be salutary which commences in the name of the Saviour. Oh, how great are my expectations! God, without doubt, has not shed so many graces on that soul to serve for his own profit alone. I rather believe He has done it in order that he might carry the Holy Name of Jesus before kings, and nations, and the sons of Israel. Most sweet Name of Jesus, be thou in his mouth as oil poured out, which may softly and efficaciously penetrate the hardest marble."

This was written by a man who had never stepped on English soil, about one whom he had never seen in the flesh, but whom he felt to have one common object in one common spirit with himself. But it was written by a man in whose heart God had written in grace the words—*England's Conversion.*

It was whilst yet a Deacon, that Father Ignatius was visited at the Roman College by a Bishop who had come to Rome from the farthest corner of Italy, who on his soul had also the impression that great conversions were in store for England, and who asked that his eyes might be blessed with so rare a spectacle as that of a converted Anglican minister; and it was at the request of the Bishop of Oppido, for the edification of his flock, to whom the news had reached, that Father Ignatius wrote the narrative of his conversion; the translation of which brings us in view of another of those remarkable men who were then preparing themselves for entering on the work of the English mission, for that translation was done in Rome by Dr. Gentili.

It was under the direction of Cardinal Wiseman, then President of the English College, that Father Ignatius was pursuing his studies, when, at the end of two years, he broke a blood-vessel, and was summoned, in consequence,

by Bishop Walsh, to hasten his ordination and return to England. Cardinal Wiseman arranged that he should receive the order of priesthood from the Cardinal Vicar in that very Church of St. Gregory, from which the Apostles of England had been sent to our shores, and that he should say his first mass on the Feast of that Venerable Bede, whose name is so intimately entwined with the literature, the religion, and the history of England. How Father Ignatius himself viewed these signs and his approaching ordination, he himself expressed in a letter to Father Dominic, in these terms: "Ten days ago I received orders from my Bishop, Dr. Walsh, to proceed to England without delay. You know the value and security of obedience, and will agree with me that I ought not to doubt of anything. The first festival day that presented itself for ordination was that of St. Philip Neri. Judge, then, what was my joy when, after that day had been fixed upon, I discovered that it was also the Feast of St. Augustine, the first Apostle of England, sent by St. Gregory. It seems to me that Providence wishes to give me some good omens. It is enough, if I have faith and humility."

Of the grace of humility, that virtue of the heroic virtues which had already taken possession of his heart, I cannot give you better proof than his own communing with the heart of Father Dominic, who had hinted rumours of his rising to ecclesiastical dignities. He writes in reply: "I can assure you it would give me the greatest displeasure. My prayer is that God would grant me a life like that of His Son and the Apostles, in poverty and tribulations for the Gospel. I must submit, if it be His will to raise me to any high worldly dignity; but it would be to me the same as to say that I am unworthy of the heavenly state, which I long for upon earth. Jesus Christ sent the Apostles in poverty. St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, and so many other great missionaries, preached in poverty, and I wish to do the same, if it be the will of God."

Here you behold the heart of this ecclesiastic, so young as yet in the Church, yet so mature in spiritual sense. On his return home, he meets his dear friend Father Dominic

face to face for the first time, in the diocese of Lucca, and the latter writes to his friend in England :—

"How willingly would I go to England along with dear Mr. Spencer; but the time destined by the Divine mercy for this has not yet arrived. I hope, however, that it will arrive. I hope one day to see with my own eyes that kingdom, which for so many years I have borne engraven on my heart. May God be merciful to us both, that so we may meet together in the company of all our dear Englishmen above in heaven, to praise and bless the Divine Majesty throughout all ages."

I have lingered upon the first communing together of these two men, because it is so instructive to see how it was not merely in the schools, even where religion was studied under the shadow of the successor of St. Peter, but still more by drawing fire from the hearts of saintly men, that Father Ignatius was prepared for his future work. Returned to England, he has left it on record how affectionately he was received by his venerable father and his noble brother, Lord Althorp, then in the midst of his official career as a chief leader of the destinies of his country. Who that remembers those days does not recall the amenities of a character of humanity so gentle and true, that even in the midst of the most intense political strife he embittered no one, and drew on him no personal attack. By his noble relatives, Father Ignatius was received with the old affection, and their entire conduct towards him was an exception indeed to the treatment which so many members of other families have experienced in reward for their fidelity to God and to their conscience. For fifteen years Father Ignatius toiled in the work of the mission in the diocese of Birmingham, generously expending both himself and the private funds allowed him by his family in the service of souls. He founded the mission of Westbromwich, and the mission of Dudley; he raised there churches and schools, and preached and conversed with the poor unceasingly. He was called to Oscott, and a new office was created for him, that of Spiritual Dean, that he might inspire those young men who were preparing for the ministry with his own

missionary ardours. The office began with him, and ended when he left the establishment, although unquestionably one of the greatest functions which could be exerted in our colleges would be the office of enkindling in youthful hearts that fire of charity for souls which is the true creator of the missioner. But the time was coming when he was to pass from the ordinary life of a missioner, led in an extraordinary manner, and to pass into that religious congregation where he was to carry out his special mission, his Apostleship of prayer. During those fifteen past years he had not lost sight of Father Dominic. In 1840, that holy man, with the name of England written on his heart, reached Boulogne with a community of his brethren. In the same year he visited Oscott, where those two men of God embraced each other anew; and in the following year the desire and prayer of so many years was realized. The Passionist Fathers were established at Aston, in Staffordshire, with Father Dominic as their head and founder; and whoever will look over the correspondence, so deeply interesting at this moment, which is printed as an appendix to the life of the Blessed Paul of the Cross, will see how great a part the Rev. George Spencer had in the work of bringing the Passionists into England.

It was in the year 1846, that, making a retreat under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, God revealed to his heart his vocation to join the Passionists, and become the companion and fellow-worker with Father Dominic. He cast himself at the feet of that holy man, and petitioned for the singular grace of being admitted to the Order. Their joint aspirations for England had brought them together, and their love of the Cross made them of one mind, and after the first ironic rebuff with which the spirit of the petitioner was tested, I can imagine the smile with which that man of God, so austere to himself whilst so loving to his neighbour, recalled the time, long past, when they wondered if ever they should meet in the flesh face to face. There before him was the man drawn by his prayers into his very bosom, of whom he had predicted, sixteen years ago, that he would carry the name of Jesus for the conversion of England

before the kings and nations of the earth. In the Order he was distinguished by his simplicity, his humility, his self-mortification, his patience in suffering, and his obedience. I would gladly dwell on the traits of those virtues which formed his personal character, but time urges me to proceed. He filled successively the office of Consultor, of Novice-master, and of Rector, and it was to him that Father Dominic provisionally consigned his authority at his death. But his great and singular work was his Apostleship of prayer for England. Many had been the questionings in many hearts, as to whether this country would ever in any serious numbers return to the faith or not. And many had been the speculations as to how this could be accomplished; some dreamt it must come by missions; others, by learned writings; others, by the preaching of the Gospel; some had one scheme, some another, but in each there was something defective, something not altogether divine; something that was human, and resting more or less on the will of man. But Father Ignatius consulted the light and grace of his own soul, he penetrated to the true principle, he recalled his own history, he saw that conversion is the work of God, that the work itself is the work of grace, and that all that man can do, is to invoke God to put forth His power. Prayer that is pure, sincere, earnest, and of many souls, God always hears and inclines to grant. There are many ways of approaching to God, but there is one which He loves for its tender alliance with the Divine Humanity, for its humility and its beautiful faith, and that is the approach through her who is at once the Virgin Mother of God and ours. Let us plead to God through the Mother of God, and let her plead for her sons on earth to her Son in Heaven, and behold our prayer is tripled in its strength. So Ignatius looked to God through the eyes of Mary, prayed to God through the heart of Mary, and appealed through the purity of Mary, for a people who had forgotten her. And he went forth on his Apostleship of prayer over Italy and France, and Hungary and Austria, and the rest of Germany; and over Belgium and England, and Ireland and Scotland, and he corresponded with the other kingdoms of Christendom. He

went before emperors and kings, and before ministers of state, and asked them to pray for the conversion of his country. He sought the Bishops in their dioceses, and the priests in their parishes, and holy religious in their convents, and devout lay persons in their houses, and prayed them to pray to God, and to set other souls to pray for the conversion of England. His faith was strong that from her conversion a great radiation of truth would spread forth in the world, and that all that was needed was the general prayer of believing souls, that God might grant so great a grace to the world. And so the name of Father Ignatius grew familiar on the lips of Christendom. Prayer arose in many countries; the Bishops issued pastorals, a day in the week was appointed for prayer for England. Prelates spoke of it in synods, and the clergy discussed it in their conferences. And all pious souls added on new prayers to their habitual devotions for the conversion of England. And as for the apostle of this prayer, he went on nourishing the flame which he had enkindled, and stirring the zeal of his brethren until, to use his own words, often repeated to his superior, this prayer, and the preaching of this prayer to God through Mary, had become a part of his nature, an element inseparable from his existence. He had but recently recommenced the work of this mission in a somewhat altered form, basing the conversion of the English upon the sanctification of the Irish people, but still his cry was—Pray for England. There can be no doubt, as sundry facts point out, but that he had a strong impression of late that his end was drawing near. And not long before his death he called the brethren individually to his room, and exhorted each with solemn earnestness to be instant in the mission of prayer for England.

And what has been the result of this Apostleship? That result Father Ignatius himself summed up but a few days before his death. On the 8th of September, he addressed a letter to an Italian periodical, from which I translate the following passage as the fit conclusion of this subject. He says:—

"It is more than thirty-four years since a worthy Bishop of a Neapolitan diocese came to seek me in the English

College at Rome, wishing to look with his own eyes upon a converted Anglican clergyman; a sight so grateful to a noble Catholic heart, and in those days so rare. On what proof he spoke, I know not, but he assured me that the first Carmelite Scapular ever given, and given by that English Saint, Simon Stock, was secretly kept in England, and that he looked on this as a pledge that our country would one day come back to the faith. Be this assertion well or ill founded, the memory of him who made it is dear to me as is the memory of the presence of every one who bespeaks hope and peace for England.

"What have we seen in our days? Conversions to the faith so numerous and so important that the whole world speaks of them. And this movement towards Catholicism is of a character so remarkable, that the history of the Church presents nothing like it.

"It is true that other nations have been converted, whilst England has stood to her Protestantism; but a first step has been made in this country, which, as far as I know, has no parallel. In other cases, it was the sovereign who made the first movement, having had no learned opposition or persecution from his subjects; and, as in the instance of St. Stephen, of Hungary, the conversions which followed came easily, and as it were naturally; or conversion began with the poor, who, though it cost them persecution and privation, had yet but little to lose. But this has not been the case in England. Here the work of conversion grew conspicuous among the ministers of the Protestant Church, of whom hundreds of the most esteemed and learned have been received into the bosom of the Church, and also among the noble and the gentle families of the kingdom; so that it may be said that scarcely is there a family that is not touched by conversion, in some near or more distant member of it. I say that this order of conversion is new, this operation of grace is most singular. Great numbers of those clergymen had prospects before them by remaining in Protestantism, flattering enough, of earthly felicity, wealth, and honour; and by their conversion they fell upon poverty, distress, and contempt, especially those men who, by reason

of their families, could not embrace the clerical state. The sacrifices of the lay gentry have not always been so great; but even here how many have closed against themselves the path of honours and distinctions; how many have been discarded by their kindred and friends; how many of the gentle sex have abandoned the prospect of a settlement in life befitting their rank and station; while all have turned from the world to obey the voice of God; and that in a country like this, where the world holds out allurements so specious and so attractive in every kind.

"But these great results can neither be attributed to the force, the eloquence, or the industry of man. Man has positively had no part in the work, except by prayer, and this praying has been professedly offered to God through Mary; through whom all the heresies of the world are destroyed."

I have no time to dwell upon this summary of results so beautifully told and so remarkably timed. But it is impossible not to notice that the great tide of conversion that has flowed so unusually, has passed through the two classes to which Father Ignatius himself belonged, that of the clergy and that of the gentry. It is a wonderful result following a most unprecedented combination of the voices of Catholic souls of many nations in prayer, set in motion by the very man who is summing up the result of the work, before he goes to his reward; nor do I believe, although his tongue is silent, and his features settled into cold obstruction, as we looked on them last night, that the prayer of his soul has ceased; no, his work goes on, his Apostleship is not dead. Purged by the sacrifice, I seem to see his spirit all this time. For you know that when a holy man quits this life, and has not loved it as he has loved God, he goes away no further than God, and God is very near to us. Have you never lost a dear parent or a child, and have you not found that when freed from the body the spirit of that one had more power over you; seemed to be freer to be with you at all solemn times, and to impress you with its purely spiritual qualities and virtues, all gross things having ceased though the purification of death and the final grace? and so I conceive it.

spirit standing by my side and saying still, at each interval of my voice,—"Pray for England: pray for her conversion." To you, fathers of the rude frieze, brethren of his Order, with the name of Christ on your breast, and the love of His passion in your heart, he says—"Pray for England: pray for her conversion." Superiors of the Benedictine Order, whom a special circumstance has brought here to-day, Father President-General, representative of St. Benedict, as of St. Augustine, and monastic successor of that first Apostle of England, to you, and to you, Priors of the Order, he says—"Fail not from the work of your forefathers, pray for England: pray for her conversion." To you, brethren of the priesthood, men consecrated to this mission, who know his voice familiarly, to you he says with the burning desire of his heart,—"Pray for England: pray for her conversion." Daughters of the virginal veil, who are his children, whilst in the inferior soul you suffer the grief of loss, in your superior soul you rejoice that he is with God; to you also he says:—"Pray for England: pray for her conversion." Dearly beloved brethren, how often in his missions and his ministries has he written those words upon your hearts. Let them not die out. Let them live on with something of his flame of charity. Be you as his missioners; carry these words to your children and your brethren. He prays yet, and will ever pray until the work be finished. Even in the presence of his God, neither the awe nor the majesty of that unspeakable presence can I conceive to interrupting the prayer which has become a portion of his nature—"O God, have mercy on England. Turn, O Jesus, Thy meek eyes upon that people. Let pity drop from Thy glorious wounds, and mercy from Thy heart. In what she is blind, in what she sins, forgive her, for she knows not what she does. Have mercy on England." When joined to his beloved Dominic, and with blessed Paul, and meeting Gregory, and Augustine, and Bede, I conceive him urging them to join yet more earnestly with the prayers he left ascending from the earth, following his mission still in the heavens; nay, even pressing to be heard in the circles of the angels, whose meekness and purity he loved so well, and

still his cry is: "Pray for England: pray for her conversion."

It remains for us to turn one last look upon his mortal remains, to consider our own mortality, and to prepare for our approaching end. How beautiful, how suitable was his departure. Father Ignatius had often wished and prayed that, like his Divine Lord, like St. Francis Xavier, and like his dear friend and master in the spiritual life, Father Dominic, he might die at his post, yet deserted and alone. God granted him that prayer. He had just closed one mission and was proceeding to another; he turned aside for an hour on his way to converse with a dear friend and godson; he was seen ten minutes before conversing with children. Was he only inquiring his way, or did he utter the last words of his earthly mission to those young hearts? And here alone, unseen but of God and His angels, he fell down, and that heart which had beaten so long for the love and conversion of England stopped in his bosom. Crucified was he in his death as in his life to this world, that he might live to God.

When his lordship, the Bishop, descended from the pulpit, the procession to the place of burial was formed, and issued from the church in the following order, the choir singing the *Miserere*:—

The Children of the Schools of the Convent of the Holy Child.

The Rev. Father Bernard (Superior of the Order of Passionists, Paris), carrying a Cross, and having on each side an Acolyte, bearing a lighted candle.

The Thurifer.

Boys two abreast.

The Regular Clergy.

The Secular Clergy.

THE COFFIN.

The Lord Bishop of Birmingham.

The Laity.

As the melancholy *cortége* moved along, the clergy chanted the *Miserere*, and when the procession arrived at the grave

the coffin (which was of deal) was placed inside a leaden one, which was again enclosed in an outer shell of [illegible]. Upon this was a black plate, bearing the following inscription:—

FATHER IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL
(THE HON. AND REV. GEORGE SPENCER)
DIED OCT. 1, 1864, AGED 6[illegible] YEARS.

R. I. P.

Placed inside the coffin was a leaden tablet, on which the following was engraved:—

"MORTALES EXUVIÆ

"Patris Ignatii a S. Paulo, Congregationis Passionis, ex Comitibus Spencer. Minister Anglicanus primum; dein ad Ecclesiam Catholicam conversus, sacerdotio Romæ insignitus est anno 1832. Mirum, qua animi constantia [illegible] et amplius annos pro conversione patriæ laboraverit. Inter alumnos Passionis anno 1847 adscriptus, omnium virtutum exemplar confratribus semper extitit. Angliam, Hiberniam, Scotiam, necnon Italiam, Germaniam, et Galliam peragravit, populum exhortans ad propriam sanctificationem, et ut, veluti sacro agmine inito, preces fundant pro conversione Angliæ. Dum perjucundum opus in Scotia prosequeretur, calendis Octobris anni 1864, sacrificio [illegible] peracto, ad invisendum antiquæ consuetudinis amicum (Dom. Robertum Monteith) pergens, ante januam amici [illegible] morbo correptus, a Deo cujus gloriam semper [illegible] et ab angelis quorum puritatem imitaverat, opitulante supremam diem clausit, ætatis suæ anno 65to. Requiescat in pace."

TRANSLATION.

"The mortal remains of Father Ignatius of St. Paul, belonging to the Congregation of the Passion, and of the noble family of Spencer. He was at first an Anglican minister, then, having been converted to the Catholic Church, was ordained into the priesthood at Rome in the year 1832. It is wonderful with what constancy of mind for more than thirty years he laboured for the conversion of his country

He was numbered among the sons of the Passion in the year 1847, and always presented an example of all virtues to his brethren. He travelled through England, Ireland, Scotland, and even Italy, Germany, and France, exhorting the people to their own sanctification, and forming themselves, as it were, into a sacred army, to pour forth prayers for the conversion of England. While he was prosecuting his pleasing work in Scotland, on the 1st of October, 1864, and, having offered up the sacrifice of the mass, he was going on a visit to a friend he had long been acquainted with (Mr. Robert Monteith), when he was carried off by sudden death in front of his friend's door, being assisted by God, whose glory he had ever sought, and by the angels whose purity he had imitated. He closed his life in the 65th year of his age. May he rest in peace."

When all the arrangements were completed, the coffin was placed upon the tier appropriated for its reception, and the bishop and clergy retired.

Thus has ended the life of one who for fifteen years pursued his missionary work, as a priest of the Order of the Passion, with an ardour that has seldom been surpassed. Truly may it be said of him, "Dying, he lives."

Favours are said to have been obtained from heaven through his intercession, since his death; and it is even recorded that miracles have been performed by his relics. These facts have not been, as yet, sufficiently authenticated for publication; and, therefore, it is judged better not to insert them. We confidently hope that a few years will see him enrolled in the catalogue of saints, as the first English Confessor since the Reformation.

Every step we make, as we recede from this last scene, brings us nearer to the moment when the *requiescat* ought to be heard over ourselves. For

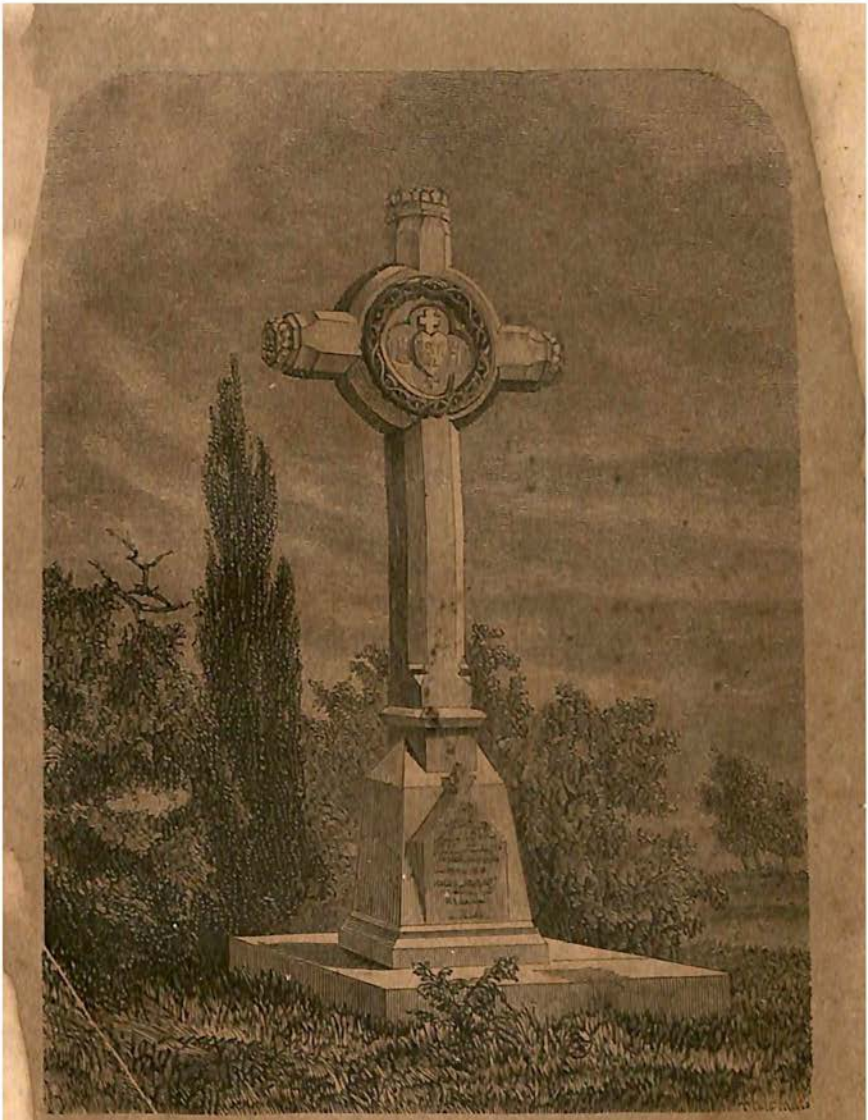
"The pride of luxury, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

However [illegible] spent in pursuit of riches [illegible]

shroud that envelops our bones will have to be given [illegible]. How vain are the appliances of comfort and pleasure wh[illegible] wealth can spread around us! when the body we pamp[illegible] to be the food of worms. How vain is power and exte[illegible] territory! when the snapping of the thread of our existence will leave us completely in the hands of others, and con[illegible] us to less than seven feet of earth.

Let the example of the holy Passionist, whose life [illegible] studied, make us recognise this truth, before it is too lat[illegible] that all is vanity but the service of God. He tasted [illegible] sweets of this world until he found out their bitterne[illegible] let his example deter others from plunging into the whi[illegible] dissipation, from which few can come out uninjured. [illegible] laid down his honours, his titles, his property, at the fo[illegible] of the cross, and he joyfully placed its transverse bea[illegible] upon his shoulder. There was nothing this world co[illegible] give him which he did not sacrifice unhesitatingly. [illegible] never took back from the altar a single particle of the of[illegible]ings he placed upon it. Since the moment he understo[illegible] that the end of his existence was the happiness of [illegible] blessed, he went straight to his eternal goal, and turned [illegible] to the right hand nor to the left. God was always in [illegible] mind; God was on his lips; God was in his works. [illegible] cannot admire his sacrifices, for it would be a mistake [illegible] suppose his mind was not noble enough to feel that all [illegible] could give was only a barter of earth for heaven.

Let the world applaud its heroes, and raise expens[illegible] monuments to remind others of their renown. Fat[illegible] Ignatius sought not the praise of the world; its frow[illegible] were all he desired. He looked not for its sympathy, [illegible] crossed its ways, he gave the lie to its maxims, he tramp[illegible] it under his feet. But the servants of God will not for[illegible] him. They will turn off the high road to come as pilgr[illegible] to the spot where his pure soul left its earthly tenem[illegible] To mark out the place, Mr. Monteith has erected a cr[illegible] upon the corner of the avenue where the saintly father [illegible] [illegible] is an engraving of the monument, and it fi[illegible] [illegible] up this history, as it perpetually points to his examp[illegible]



ON THIS SPOT THE HONBLE. AND REV. GEORGE SPENCER, IN RELIGION, FATHER IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, PASSIONIST, WHILE IN THE MIDST OF HIS LABOURS FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS, AND THE RESTORATION OF HIS COUNTRYMEN TO THE UNITY OF THE FAITH, WAS SUDDENLY CALLED BY HIS HEAVENLY MASTER TO HIS ETERNAL HOME. OCTOBER 1ST, 1864.

R. I. P.

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